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REQUIRED READING

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APRIL.

READINGS FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

IX.—LOUIS XVI.

About twenty years of age, amiable, irresolute, of simple tastes and earnest piety, Louis XVI. succeeded to the throne at a time when these qualities of gentleness could avail but little against the crowning evils of the age, and when the supreme genius and iron will of a Cromwell or a Napoleon could alone have averted the destruction by which the state was menaced. Signs of dissolution and prophecies of woe were already abroad. Long wars and the lavish expenditure of the last century and a half, had reduced the finances of the kingdom to a deplorable condition. The public credit was at its lowest ebb. The treasury presented a deficit of forty millions. The people, over-taxed, restless, half-savage, and dangerously intelligent, abandoned agriculture and sought a precarious subsistence by smuggling and spoliation. A spirit of political and religious infidelity pervaded the middle and lower classes. The throne had too long been degraded by excess, and tarnished by scandal, to command the affection of the multitude. The nobles were scorned rather than revered, and not even the ancient stronghold of terror remained. The clergy, by their cruelties, their ignorance, and their debaucheries had alienated the great body of the people, and brought down upon themselves the satire and indignation of the enlightened. In Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and D'Alembert, the new opinions had found their chief advocates and leaders. Before their sweeping censures Christianity, loyalty, tradition had trembled, and sunk away. They were speedily reinforced by all the intelligence of the age. A host of distinguished men hastened to their support, and the innovators carried all before them—leveling good as well as evil, trampling upon much that was pure in their reckless hatred of that which was foul, and sapping the foundations of truth, mercy and chivalry, while compassing the necessary destruction of falsehood, despotism, imposition and vice.

To the government of this crumbling edifice and this mur-

muring people came Louis, with his good heart, his boyish timidity, and his woful inexperience. His queen, Marie Antoinette, was a daughter of Maria Theresa, fair, generous and impetuous. Surrounded by eager courtiers, and saluted for the first time as king and queen, they fell upon their knees, and cried, weeping, "Oh God, guide us! Protect us! We are too young to reign!"

The king's first act was to reëstablish the parliament, and place the financial department in the hands of the impartial and provident Turgot. Unfortunately for himself and the country, Louis suffered his mind to be prejudiced against this able minister, and, dismissing him in 1776, gave his office to M. Necker, a less efficient but a less unpopular politician. A war with England was now proposed by the king's ambitious statesmen, who beheld at this juncture an opportunity of wresting from their ancient rival a large proportion of her foreign commerce. England and her American colonies were at variance. Not much more than a year had elapsed since the great battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, and the American independence was but just declared. It now became the obvious policy of France to foment this war, to support the rebellious colonists, and to transfer to the navies of Louis XVI. that maritime superiority which had so long been the bulwark of the English liberties. The king, from motives of forbearance, was unwilling to commence this war; but, being overruled by his ministry, signed a treaty of alliance with the United States in the commencement of the year 1778. This treaty was equivalent to a declaration of war, and the first important action took place by sea off the isle of Ushant on the 27th of July. The fleets numbered thirty sail each; not a ship was captured or sunk on either side; and the fortune of the day was indecisive. In the following year, an alliance with Spain doubled the naval strength of Louis XVI. The French and Spanish admirals united their fleets, and hovered about the coasts of England without making any descent; whilst the Count d'Estaings, with twelve ships of the line, took the islands of Granada and St. Vincent, and made an unsuccessful attack upon St. Lucia, which had been lately conquered by the English. On the 16th of January, 1780, Admiral Rodney, then on his way to the relief of Gibraltar, encountered and defeated a Spanish fleet commanded by Don Juan de Langara. He then sailed on, unopposed, to Gibraltar, and next proceeded to the West Indies. While there he thrice engaged with the Count de Guichen, who had succeeded to the command of the French fleet. None of these actions were productive of important results. The Count de Guichen was replaced in 1781 by the Count de Grasse, a man of great skill and courage, who defeated the English admiral, Hood, on the 28th of April, and added Tobago to the conquests of France. In this year another enemy rose against England. The Dutch declared war, and George III. was involved at one time, by sea and land, in four great contests, namely, with France, Spain, America and Holland. In the month of October, however, the surrender of Yorktown by Lord Cornwallis virtually ended the contest between England and the United States; and the four European

powers alone carried on hostilities. The month of April, 1782, was signalized by a hard-fought and sanguinary engagement between the Count de Grasse and Admiral Rodney. They met on the 12th, off the island of Dominique, with nearly equal forces, and the French were disastrously defeated with a loss of eight ships, a terrible sacrifice of life, and the captivity of the Count de Grasse. England was not, however, destined to profit much by the victory; for, as Admiral Rodney was sailing back with his well-won captures, a fearful storm arose, and most of the prizes were lost. Among these was the *Ville de Paris*, a fine ship of 110 guns, lately presented to the king by the citizens of Paris. On the 13th of October, in the same year, the fortress of Gibraltar was made the scene of a formidable assault, which failed utterly. The besiegers were commanded by the Duke de Crillon, an officer in the Spanish service; the Count d'Artois, brother to Louis; and the Duke de Bourbon. Negotiations for peace were now commenced, and her late successes by sea enabled England to treat at a less disadvantage than might have been expected, considering the circumstances of the war. The preliminaries were signed at Versailles on the 20th of January, 1783. France restored to England all her conquests, with the exception of St. Lucia, Tobago, the establishments on the river Senegal, and some trifling possessions in Africa and the East Indies. England relinquished all that she had captured. Spain acquired the island of Minorca.

More embarrassed than ever by the cost of the late war, the finances of France had now fallen into a worse state than before. The public debt was increased. The people exasperated by a system of taxation which spared the wealthy and oppressed the poor, and imbued, moreover, with those democratic principles which had found their way from America to France, became still louder in the expression of their discontent. M. De Calonne had by this time succeeded M. Necker. He was brilliant, fluent, ready with expedients. Dreading the recriminations and plain-speaking that must have attended a meeting of the States-general, this minister proposed to convene the Notables—that is to say, an assemblage of persons gathered from all parts of the kingdom, and chiefly from the higher ranks of society. This measure had been taken by Henry IV. and by Louis XIII.; it was not, therefore, without precedent, and much was hoped by the nation. They met, to the number of 137, in February, 1787. M. De Calonne laid before them the condition of the exchequer, and proposed to submit to taxation all the landed property of the kingdom, including that of the privileged classes. But he addressed an assembly composed almost exclusively of the privileged classes, and they would not hear his arguments. On the 9th of April, finding his position untenable, he resigned his office, and was succeeded by M. De Brienne. Still the notables refused to abate their ancient immunities, and were in consequence dissolved on the 25th of May. The absolute necessity of procuring money now compelled the king arbitrarily to register a royal edict, which met with strong opposition from the parliament. This body was then banished to Troyes, but again recalled in the month of September. In 1788, M. de Brienne, weary of combating the difficulties of his office, resigned in favor of M. Necker. This gentleman, as the first act of his second ministry, proposed to convoke the states-general, and on the 5th of May, 1789, that august assembly filled the Hall de Menus in the Palace of Versailles. The king, in a brief speech, spoke hopefully of the present and the future, trusted that his reign might be commemorated henceforth by the happiness and prosperity of his people, and welcomed the states-general to his palace. Unforeseeing and placid, he beheld in this meeting nothing but the promise of amelioration, nor guessed how little prepared for usefulness or decision were its twelve hundred. It soon became evident that the real strength of the states-general lay in the commons. They formed the third estate, and numbered as many members as the clergy

and noblesse together. They took upon themselves to decide whether the deliberations of the Assembly should be carried on in three chambers or one—they covered their heads in presence of the king—they constituted themselves the "National Assembly," and invited the clergy and aristocracy to join them. The timid sovereign sanctioned these innovations, and the Assembly proceeded to exercise its self-conferred functions. Supplies were voted for the army; the public debt was consolidated; a provisional collection of taxes was decreed; and the inviolability of the members proclaimed. In the meantime the nobles, headed by the king's second brother, the Count d'Artois, were collecting in the neighborhood of the court and capital such troops as they could muster from every quarter of the kingdom. Necker was exiled, and it became evident that the king's imprudent advisers had counselled him to have recourse to violence. Paris, long prepared for insurrection, rose *en masse*. Necker alone had possessed the confidence of the citizens, and his dismissal gave the signal for arms. Camille Desmoulins, a young and enthusiastic patriot, harangued the populace at the Palais Royal.

The guards, when called out to disperse the mobs, refused to fire. The citizens formed themselves into a national guard. The foodless multitude attacked and pillaged in various quarters. The barriers were fired; and on the 14th of July, this wild army appeared before the walls of the Bastille. Stanch in his principles of military honor, the aged Marquis de Launay, then governor of the prison, refused to surrender, raised the drawbridge, and fired upon the multitude. His feeble garrison, consisting of eighty-two invalids and thirty-two Swiss, was menaced by thousands. The siege lasted four hours. The besiegers were joined by the French guards—cannon were brought—De Launay capitulated—the drawbridge was lowered, and the Bastille taken. Taken by a lawless sea of raging rebels, who forthwith massacred the governor, his lieutenant, and some of the aged invalids—set fire to the building, and razed it to the ground—freed the few prisoners found in the cells—garnished their pikes with the evidences of murder, and so paraded Paris. From this moment the people were supreme. The troops were dismissed from Versailles—Necker was recalled—the king visited Paris, and was invested at the Hotel de Ville with the tri-colored emblem of democracy.

Then began the first emigration. The Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, the Polignacs, and other noble and royal families, deserted in the moment of peril, and from beyond the frontiers witnessed the revolution in ignoble safety. The king and his family remained at Versailles, sad at heart amid their presence-chambers and garden-groves, just four leagues from volcanic Paris. Hither, from time to time, during the few days that intervened between the 14th of July and the 4th of August, came strange tidings of a revolution which was no longer Parisian, but national—tidings of provincial gatherings—of burning chateaux—of sudden vengeance done upon unpopular officials, intendants, tax-gatherers, and the like. It was plain that the First Estate must bow its proud head before the five-and-twenty savage millions, make restitution, speak well, smile fairly—or die. The memorable 4th of August came, when the nobles did this, making an ample confession of their weakness. The Viscount de Noailles proposed to reform the taxation by subjecting to it every order and rank; by regulating it according to the fortune of the individual; and by abolishing personal servitude, and every remaining vestige of the feudal system. An enthusiasm, which was half fear and half reckless excitement, spread throughout the Assembly. The aristocrats rose in their places and publicly renounced their seigniorial dues, privileges, and immunities. The clergy abolished tithes and tributes. The representative bodies resigned their municipal rights. All this availed but little; and should have been done many months before to have weighed with the impatient commons. The people scorned a generosity which relinquished only that which was untenable, and cared little for

the recognition of a political equality that had already been established with the pike. The Assembly was at this time divided into three parties—that of the aristocracy, composed of the greater part of the noblesse and clergy; that of the moderate party, headed by M. Necker; and that of the republicans, among whom the most conspicuous were Lafayette, Sièyes, Robespierre, and the great, the impetuous, the profligate Mirabeau. But theirs was not the only deliberative body. A minor assembly, consisting of one hundred and eighty electors; a mass of special assemblies of mechanics, tradesmen, servants, and others; and a huge incongruous mob at the Palais Royal, met daily and nightly for purposes of discussion. These demonstrations, and the extreme opinions to which they hourly gave rise, alarmed the little court yet lingering around the king. They persuaded him that he must have military assistance, and the troops were, unhappily, recalled to Versailles.

The regiment of Flanders and a body of dragoons came, and on the 1st of October the newly-arrived officers were invited to a grand banquet by their comrades of the royal body-guard. After the dinner was removed and the wine had begun to circulate, the queen presented herself with the Dauphin in her arms, and her husband at her side. Cries of loyalty and enthusiasm burst forth—their healths were drunk with drawn swords—the tri-colored cockades were trampled under foot, and white ones, emblematic of Bourbon, were distributed by the maids of honor. The news of this fatal evening flew to Paris. Exasperated by the arrival of the soldiery—by the insult offered to the tri-color—by the fear of famine and civil war—the mob rose in fury, and with cries of "Bread! bread!" poured out of Paris and took the road to Versailles. Here, sending messages, threats, and deputations to the king and to the Assembly, the angry thousands encamped for the night, in inclement weather, round about the palace. Toward morning a grate leading into the grand court was found to be unfastened, and the mob rushed in. On they went, across the marble court and up the grand staircase. The body-guards defended themselves valiantly and raised the alarm—the queen fled, half-dressed, to the king's chamber—the "living deluge" poured through galleries and reception-rooms, making straight for the queen's apartments. On this terrible day, Marie Antoinette was, above all, the object of popular hatred. Separated now from the revolutionists by the hall of the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, where the faithful remnant of body-guards had assembled to defend them to the last, the royal family listened tremblingly to the battering of the axes on the yet unbroken doors. At this moment of peril came Lafayette, with the national guard of Paris, and succeeded in clearing the palace, in pacifying the multitude, and in rescuing, for the time, the hapless group in the king's apartments. The mob, now driven outside, demanded that Louis should show himself, and go to Paris with his family. Refusal and remonstrance were alike useless. The royal carriage was brought out, the king and his family took their places, the mob thronged round, and so, with the defeated body-guards in the midst, and some bloody trophies of the struggle carried forward upon pikes, the mournful procession went from Versailles to Paris. Lodged thenceforth in the Tuileries, treated with personal disrespect, and subjected to all the restrictions of imprisonment, Louis and his queen supported indignities with dignity, and insult with resignation.

On the 4th of September, M. Necker relinquished his office. He had been so courageous as to oppose the decree of the 16th of June, by which all distinctions of titles, armorial bearings, and other hereditary honors were abolished. From having been the idol of the republicans he now found himself dangerously unpopular, and so retired in safety to Geneva. During all this time the emigration of the noblesse went on. Assembling upon the German frontier toward the spring-time of the year 1791, they formed themselves into an army under the command of the Prince of Condé, and adopted for their motto, "Conquer or die." Fearful, however, of endangering the

king's personal safety, they took no measures to stay the tide of rebellion, but hovered by the Rhine, watchful and threatening. Soon the king and queen, their two children, and the Princess Elizabeth, sister to the king, were the only members of the royal family left in Paris. Flight had long been talked of and frequently delayed; but at last everything was arranged, and Monday night, June 20, 1791, was fixed for the attempt. Eluding the vigilance of the guards, they stole out of the palace in disguise, and after numerous delays and misapprehensions, during which the queen lost her way in the Rue de Bac, they entered a hackney-coach driven by the Count de Fersen, and exchanged it, at the gate St. Martin, for a carriage and four. Thus, never pausing, they passed Chalons, and arrived at St. Menes. Here they were to have been met by some cavalry, commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé; but the time fixed for their arrival was so long gone by that the escort, weary of waiting, had given them up, and gone on to Varennes. Stopping to change horses at St. Menes, the king was recognized; and at Varennes, within reach of Bouillé's soldiers, he was stopped and questioned. The national guard flew to arms—an aid-de-camp came up in breathless haste, seeking the fugitives and bearing the decree of arrest—the horses' heads were turned toward Paris, and the last chance for life and liberty was past! After a return-journey of eight days, the king and his family reentered the capital, and were received in profound silence by an immense concourse. More closely guarded, more mistrusted than ever, he was now suspended by the National Assembly from those sovereign functions which he had so long ceased to exercise or possess. In the meantime the articles of a new Constitution had been drawn up, and were publicly ratified by the royal oath and signature on the 14th of September. The National Assembly, having completed this work, dissolved itself on the 30th, and the members of the new, or legislative assembly, took their seats on the 1st of October, 1791.

And now the violences of late committed, and the anarchy existing not only in Paris, but in all districts of France, had roused the indignation of Europe. Francis II., Emperor of Austria, entered into an alliance with the king of Prussia, hostilities were threatened, and the Assembly declared for war, on the 20th of April, 1792. An invasion of the Austrian Netherlands was attempted; but the French soldiers fled upon the first sight of the Prussian columns, and General Rochambeau laid down his command. On the 25th of July, the Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the allies, issued a violent and imprudent manifesto, declaring himself authorized to support the royal authority in France; to destroy the city of Paris; and to pursue with the extremity of military law all those who were disposed to resist the policy of Europe. He at the same time put his immense army in motion, and advanced over the frontier with 70,000 Prussians and 68,000 Austrians and emigrant French. Perhaps no effort on the part of his most eager enemy could have so injured the cause and periled the safety of Louis XVI. The Assembly replied by fitting out an army of 20,000 national volunteers, and giving the command to General Dumouriez. Brunswick took Verdun and Longwy, and advanced toward the capital, confident of victory; but, being met by the active and sagacious Dumouriez, was forced to retreat. Verdun was won back again on the 12th, and Longwy on the 18th of October. An Austrian army, engaged in the siege of Lille, was compelled to abandon the attempt; and Custine on the Rhine took possession of Trèves, Spire, and Mayence. War having also been declared against the King of Sardinia, Savoy was taken; and the great victory of Jemappes, won by General Dumouriez, on the 6th of November, subjected the whole of the Austrian Netherlands, with the exception of Luxembourg, to the power of France. On all sides the national troops repelled the invaders, resumed the offensive, and asserted the independence of a victorious revolution.

In the meantime, enraged at this interference of the foreign

powers, and fluctuating (according to the reports from the scene of war) between apprehension and exultation, the Parisian mob and the extreme republican party came to regard the king with increased enmity. He was named in the Assembly with violent opprobrium; the mob, incited to fury by Robespierre and his associates, demanded the abolition of the royal authority; and on the 10th of August the palace of the Tuileries was attacked. The national guards, who had been appointed to the defence of the courtyard, went over to the insurgents, and pointed their cannon against the chateau. Only the gallant Swiss were left, and they, overpowered by numbers and fighting gallantly to the last, were literally cut to pieces. The king and his family escaped to the National Assembly, and on the 14th were removed to the old Temple prison. From this time the reign of terror may properly be said to have begun. The chronicles of September are written in blood. Supreme in power as in crime, the party of the *Fédérés*, or Red Republicans, secured the barriers, sounded the tocsin, and proceeded to clear the prisons by an indiscriminate massacre. Nobles and priests, aged men and delicate women, all who were guilty of good birth, loyalty, or religion, were slain without distinction. The inmates of the Abbaye, the Conciergerie, the Carmes, La Force, and the Bicêtre were all murdered, after a hideous mockery of trial, at which neither innocence nor evidence availed. The head of the beautiful and hapless Princess de Lamballe was paraded about Paris on a pike, and displayed before the eyes of the wretched prisoners in the Temple, whose confidential friend and companion she had been. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil only saved her father's life by drinking a goblet of blood. Mademoiselle Cazotte flung herself between her father and the murderers. Instances of the sublimest resignation, of the loftiest courage, are abundant amid the records of this appalling period. Thirteen thousand souls are said to have been sacrificed in Paris alone, and similar massacres were perpetrated at Orleans, at Rheims, at Lyons, and at Meaux. On the 21st of September, the legislative assembly, having presided for the allotted space of one year, was succeeded by a new body of representatives, chiefly consisting of the extreme republican party, and known by the name of the National Convention. To abolish the statutes of the kings, to leave the offices of government open to men of every condition, to persecute the members of the more moderate faction, and to impeach the king before the bar of the convention, were among the first acts of the new government.

On the 11th of December, 1792, Louis, still placid and dignified, appeared before the tribunal of his enemies. He was accused of plots against the sovereignty of the people—of intrigues with the European powers—of tampering with Mirabeau, since dead—in short, of everything that might be construed into an effort for life, liberty, or prerogative. His trial lasted for more than a month, and during that time he was separated from his family. Hitherto Louis and his wife had at least shared their sorrows, and, by employing themselves in the education of the Dauphin, had beguiled somewhat of the tedious melancholy of prison life. Now it was over, and they were to meet but once again—to bid farewell. On Christmas day the king drew up his will, and on the following morning was summoned to the Convention for the purpose of making his defense. This paper was read by his counsel, and, at its conclusion, Louis spoke a few simple words relative to his own innocence and the affection which he had always felt toward his people. He was then conducted back to the Temple, and the discussions went on till the 15th of January, 1793, when it was resolved to put to the vote the three great questions of culpability, of the expediency of an appeal to the people, and of the nature of the punishment to be inflicted. On Tuesday, the 15th, the first two questions were put, and the replies recorded. By all the king was voted guilty, and by a majority of two to one the appeal to the people was negatived. On Wednesday, the 16th, the question of punishment was in like manner propounded. The agitation

of Paris was something terrible to witness. A savage mob gathered about the doors of the Assembly, heaping threats upon all who dared to be merciful. Even those who most desired to save the king became intimidated, and some who had spoken bravely in his favor the day before now decreed his death. From Wednesday to Sunday morning this strange scene lasted. Seven hundred and twenty-one members, in slow succession, with trembling, with confidence, with apologetic speech, or fierce enforcement, mounted the tribune one by one, gave in their "Fate-word," and went down to hear the judgment of their successors. Paine, the English democrat, entered his name on the side of mercy. Louis Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and father to the late Louis Philippe, had the unparalleled infamy to vote for death. Even the brave President Vergniaud, who had pleaded for Louis with passionate earnestness only a day or two before, wavered in his allegiance at the last, and spoke the fatal word. At length, when all had voted, death was found to be decreed by a majority of twenty-six voices. The king's counsel appealed against the sentence; but the appeal was rejected, and the Assembly recommenced voting, to fix the time of execution. Death without delay—death within four-and-twenty hours, was the result. On Sunday morning, January the 20th, the messengers of the Convention told Louis he must die. A priest, a delay of three days, and an interview with his family, was all that he asked. They granted him the first and last request; but the delay was refused. In the evening he was permitted to see his wife, sister and children. They met in a chamber with glass doors, through which the municipal guards watched all the cruel scene. Falling into each other's arms, they were for some time speechless with sorrow, and the conversation that ensued was interrupted by cries and sobs. Then the king rose, promising to see them again on the morrow, and so ended this agony of two hours. About midnight, having recovered his serenity, and prayed with his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, he went to bed and slept soundly. Waking at five, he heard mass and received the sacrament. At eight the municipals summoned him to execution, and, willing to spare the feelings of those whom he loved, he left without a second farewell. There was a silence of death upon all the city. Silent were the lines of soldiers—silent the gazing multitudes—silent the eighty thousand armed men who guarded with cannon the space around the scaffold. Through all these rolled the solitary carriage, and to these the king, advancing suddenly as the last moment came, said in an agitated voice, "Frenchmen, I die innocent. I pardon my enemies, and I hope that France" . . . At this moment he was seized by the executioners, the drums beat and drowned his voice, and in a few seconds he was no more. All at once the strange silence was broken—the executioner upheld the severed head—the shouts of the wild populace filled the air—and then they gradually cleared off, and the business of the day went on in Paris as if no unusual thing had been done. Such was the end of Louis XVI., a virtuous and well-intentioned sovereign, on the 21st of January, 1793.—*Edwards*.

X.—THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION (1792-1796).

The government, after the king (Louis XVI.) was deposed, was placed in the hands of the National Assembly—or Convention, as it now called itself—of deputies chosen by the people.

There is nothing but what is sad and terrible to be told of France for the next four or five years, and the whole account of what happened would be too hard for you to understand, and some part is too dreadful to dwell upon.

The short account of it is that, for years and years before, the kings, the nobles, and some of the clergy too, had cared for little but their own pride and pleasure, and had done nothing to help on their people—teach, train, or lead them. So now these people were wild with despair, and when the

hold on them was a little loosened, they threw it off, and turned in furious rage upon their masters. Hatred grew, and all those who had once been respected were looked on as a brood of wolves, who must be done away with, even the young and innocent. The king, queen, his children, and sister (Madame Elizabeth), were shut up in a castle called the Temple, because it had once belonged to the Knights Templar, and there they were very roughly and unkindly treated. A national guard continually watched them, and these men were often shockingly rude and insulting to them, though they were as patient as possible. Great numbers of the nobles and clergy were shut up in the other prisons; and when news came that an army of Germans and emigrant nobles was marching to rescue the king, a set of ruffians was sent to murder them all, cutting them down like sheep for the slaughter, men and women all alike. The family in the Temple were spared for the time, but the emigrant army was beaten at Jemappes; and the brave nobles and peasants who had risen in the district of La Vendée, in hopes of saving them, could not make head against the regular French army, all of which had joined in the Revolution, being angered because no one not of noble birth could be an officer. All his friends did for the king only served to make his enemies hate him trebly; and three men had obtained the leadership who seemed to have had a regular thirst for blood, and to have thought that the only way to make a fresh beginning was to kill every one who had inherited any of the rights that had been so oppressive. Their names were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and they had a power over the minds of the Convention and the mob which no one dared resist, so that this time was called the Reign of Terror. A doctor named Guillotin had invented a machine for cutting off heads quickly and painlessly, which was called by his name; and this horrible instrument was set up in Paris to do this work of cutting off the old race. The king—whom they called Louis Capet, after Hugh, the first king of his line—was tried before the Assembly, and sentenced to die. He forgave his murderers, and charged the Irish clergyman, named Edgeworth, who was allowed to attend him in his last moments, to take care that, if his family were ever restored, there should be no attempt to avenge his death. The last words of the priest to him were: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to the skies."

The queen and her children remained in the Temple, cheered by the piety and kindness of Madame Elizabeth until the poor little prince—a gentle, but spirited boy of eight—was taken from them, and shut up in the lower rooms, under the charge of a brutal wretch (a shoemaker) named Simon, who was told that the boy was not to be killed or guillotined, but to be "got rid of"—namely, tormented to death by bad air, bad living, blows and rude usage. Not long after, Marie Antoinette was taken to a dismal chamber in the Conciergerie prison, and there watched day and night by national guards, until she too was brought to trial, and sentenced to die, eight months after her husband. Gentle Madame Elizabeth was likewise put to death, and only the two children remained, shut up in separate rooms; but the girl was better off than her brother, in that she was alone, with her little dog, and had no one who made a point of torturing her.

Meanwhile the guillotine was every day in use. Cart-loads were carried from the prisons—nobles, priests, ladies, young girls, lawyers, servants, shopkeepers—everybody whom the savage men who were called the Committee of Public Safety chose to condemn. There were guillotines in almost every town; but at Nantes the victims were drowned, and at Lyons they were placed in a square and shot down with grape shot.

Moreover, all churches were taken from the faithful. A wicked woman was called the Goddess of Reason, and carried in a car to the great cathedral of Notre Dame, where she was enthroned. Sundays were abolished, and every tenth day was kept instead, and Christianity was called folly and superstition;

in short, the whole nation was given up to the most horrible frenzy against God and man.

In the midst, Marat was stabbed to the heart by a girl named Charlotte Corday, who hoped thus to end these horrors; but the other two continued their work of blood, till Robespierre grew jealous of Danton, and had him guillotined; but at last the more humane of the National Convention plucked up courage to rise against him, and he and his inferior associates were carried to prison. He tried to commit suicide with a pistol, but only shattered his jaw, and in this condition he was guillotined, when the Reign of Terror had lasted about two years.

There was much rejoicing at his fall; prisons were opened, and people began to breathe freely once more. The National Convention governed more mildly and reasonably; but they had a great deal on their hands, for France had gone to war with all the countries round; and the soldiers were so delighted at the freedom they had obtained, that it seemed as if no one could beat them, so that the invaders were everywhere driven back. And thus was brought to light the wonderful powers of a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been educated, at a military school in France, as an engineer. When there was an attempt of the mob to rise and bring back the horrible days of the Reign of Terror, Colonel Bonaparte came with his grape shot, and showed that there was a government again that must be obeyed, so that some quiet and good order was restored.

Some pity had at last been felt for the poor children in the Temple. It came too late to save the life of the boy, Louis XVII., as he is reckoned, who had for the whole ninth year of his life lain alone in a filthy room, afraid to call any one lest he should be ill-used, and without spirit enough to wash himself, so that he was one mass of sores and dirt; and he only lingered till the 8th of June, 1795, when he died, thinking he heard lovely music, with his mother's voice among the rest. In the end of the same year his sister was released, and went to Russia to join her uncle, who had fled at the beginning of the Revolution, and was now owned by the loyal among the French as Louis XVIII.

In the meantime the French army had beaten the Germans on the frontier, and had decided on attacking their power in the north of Italy. Bonaparte made a most wonderful passage of the Alps, where there were scarcely any roads but bridle-paths, and he gained amazing victories. His plan was to get all the strength of his army up into one point, as it were, and with that to fall upon the center of the enemy; and as the old German generals did not understand this way of fighting, and were not ready, he beat them everywhere, and won all Lombardy, which he persuaded to set up for a republic, under the protection of the French.

All this time, the French were under so many different varieties of government, that you would not understand them at all; but that which lasted longest was called the Directory. People were beginning to feel safe at last; the emigrants were coming home again, and matters were settling down a little more.—Yonge.

XI.—NAPOLEON I. (1796-1814.)

When Bonaparte had come back from Italy, he persuaded the Directory to send him with an army to Egypt to try to gain the East, and drive the English out of India. He landed in Egypt, and near Grand Cairo gained the battle of the Pyramids, and tried to recommend himself to the people of Egypt by showing great admiration for Mahomet and the Koran. But his ships, which he had left on the coast, were attacked by the English fleet, under Sir Horatio Nelson, and every one of them taken or sunk except two, which carried the tidings home. This was the battle of the Nile.

The Sultan of Turkey, to whom Egypt belonged, fitted out an army against the French, and Bonaparte marched to meet it half way in the Holy Land. There he took Jaffa, cruelly

massacred the Turkish garrison, and beat the Sultan's army at Tabor: but Acre was so bravely and well defended, under the management of a brave English sailor, Sir Sidney Smith, that he was obliged to turn back without taking it. He led his troops back, suffering sadly from hunger and sickness, to Egypt, and there defeated another Turkish army in the battle of Aboukir. However, he there heard news from home which showed him that he was needed. The French had, indeed, gone on to stir up a revolution both in Rome and Naples. The pope was a prisoner in France, and the king of Naples had fled to Sicily; but the Russians had come to the help of the other nations, and the French had nearly been driven out of Lombardy. Beside, the Directory was not able to keep the unruly people in order; and Napoleon felt himself so much wanted, that, finding there were two ships in the port, he embarked in one of them and came home, leaving his Egyptian army to shift for themselves.

However, he was received at home like a conqueror; and the people of France were so proud of him, that he soon persuaded them to change the Directory for a government of three consuls, of whom he was the first. He lived in the Tuileries, and began to keep something very like the old court; and his wife, Josephine, was a beautiful, graceful, kind lady, whom every one loved, and who helped very much in gaining people over to his cause. Indeed, he gave the French rest at home, and victories abroad, and that was all they desired. He won back all that had been lost in Italy; and the battle of Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, when the Austrians were totally routed, was a splendid victory. Austria made peace again, and nobody was at war with France but England, which conquered everywhere by sea, as France did by land. The last remnant of the French army in Egypt was beaten in Alexandria, and obliged to let the English ships transport them to France; and after this there was a short peace called the peace of Amiens, but it did not last long; and as soon as Bonaparte had decided on war, he pounced without notice on every English traveler in his dominions, and kept them prisoners till the end of the war.

He had made up his mind to be Emperor of the French, and before declaring this, he wanted to alarm the old royalists; so he sent a party to seize the Duke d'Enghien (heir of the princes of Condé), who was living at Baden, and conduct him to Vincennes, where, at midnight, he was tried by a sham court-martial, and at six in the morning brought down to the courtyard, and shot, beside his own grave.

After this every one was afraid to utter a whisper against Bonaparte becoming emperor, and on the second of December, 1804, he was crowned in Notre Dame, with great splendor. The pope was present, but Bonaparte placed the crown on his own head—a golden wreath of laurel leaves; and he gave his soldiers eagle standards, in memory of the old Roman Empire. He drew up an excellent code of laws, which have been used ever since in France, and are known by his name; and his wonderful talent did much to bring the shattered nation into order. Still, England would not acknowledge his unlawful power, and his hatred to her was very great. He had an army ready to invade England, but the English fleet never allowed him to cross the Channel; and his fleet was entirely destroyed by Lord Nelson, at the great battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805.

But Napoleon was winning another splendid victory at Ulm, over the Austrians; and not long after, he beat the Prussians as entirely at Jena, and had all Germany at his feet. He was exceedingly harsh and savage to the good and gentle queen Louisa, when she came with her husband to try to make better terms for her country, thus sowing seeds of bitter resentment, which were to bear fruit long after. The Russians advanced to the aid of Germany, but the battles of Eylau and Friedland made them also anxious for peace. There never, indeed, was a much abler man than Napoleon; but he had no honor, honesty

or generosity, and had very little heart amid all his seeming greatness. He made his family kings of conquered countries. His brother Louis was King of Holland; Jerome, of Westphalia, and the eldest brother, Joseph, King of Naples; but in 1808, he contrived to cheat the King of Spain of his crown, and keep him and his son prisoners in France, while Joseph was sent to reign in Spain, and General Murat, the husband of his sister Caroline, was made King of Naples. The Portuguese royal family were obliged to flee away to Brazil; but the Spaniards and Portuguese would not submit to the French yoke, and called the English to help them. So year after year the Duke of Wellington was beating Napoleon's generals, and wearing away his strength; but he still went on with his German wars, and in 1809, after two terrible battles at Aspern and Wagram, entered Vienna itself. Again there was a peace; and Napoleon, who was grieved to have no child to leave his empire to, had the wickedness and cruelty to decide on setting aside his good, loving Josephine, and making the Emperor Francis, of Austria, give him his young daughter, Marie Louise. In 1810, the deed was done; and it was said that from that time all his good fortune left him, though he had one little son born to him, whom he called King of Rome.

He set out with what he named the Grand Army, to conquer Russia; and after winning the battle of Borodino, he entered Moscow; but no sooner was he there than the whole town was on fire, and it burnt on, so that it was not possible to stay there. Winter was just coming on, the Russian army was watching everywhere, and he could only retreat; and the unhappy Grand Army, struggling in the snow, with nothing to eat, and beset by the enemy everywhere, suffered the most frightful misery. Napoleon left it in the midst, and hurried home; but no sooner had this blow been given him, than the Germans—the Prussians especially, to whom he had been so harsh—rose up and banded together against him. France was worn out with the long wars; and though Napoleon still showed wonderful skill, especially at the battle of Leipsic, he was driven back, inch by inch, as it were, across Germany, and into France, by the Emperors of Austria and Russia and King of Prussia; for though each battle of his was a victory, force of numbers was too much for him. He went to the palace of Fontainebleau, and tried to give up his crown to his little son, but the Allies would not accept this; and at last, in the spring of 1814, he was forced to yield entirely, and put himself into the hands of the English, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian sovereigns. They decided on sending him to a little isle called Elba, in the Mediterranean Sea, where he was still to be treated as a prince. His deserted wife, Josephine, loved him so much that she died of grief for his fall; but Marie Louise returned to her father, and did nothing to help him.—Yonge.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

III.—AGENCY.

Agency is one of the most common relations of individual to individual. It is a delegation of power that few can avoid, in a greater or less degree of importance. The wife who purchases goods for household purposes in her husband's name, is acting purely as his agent; and the clerk who sells the articles to her acts, in the transaction, as agent for the merchant in whose employment he is.

The legal maxim, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, which we will make read here, "What one does by another he does himself," is the essential idea of agency; that is, it places on sure foundation the question of responsibility, at least, as to where it belongs. This is the whole doctrine so far as responsibility or liability is concerned.

That it is particularly necessary in business life to have this delegation of power, and this centralization of responsibility,

needs no explanation. The publisher of this magazine could be a publisher only in imagination without it, for he would have no influence in his own sanctum, except with himself; and we should feel no security in dealing with a company with no recognized and responsible manager.

We have to deal with a fixed fact. Agency exists. The owners of magnificent stores, the stockholders in the railroad and steamship lines are all indebted to an army of agents whose active brains and eager efforts keep cars and steamers in motion, purchase and sell goods, and keep the accounts of the business world in proper balance.

How is an agency established? Our readers probably could answer this question in part; try it and see if we are not right.

We must answer by remarking that it depends somewhat upon what is wanted of an agent. Thus, if one be possessed of real estate, situated in some distant place, and is desirous of making a sale, and of selecting and commissioning some one to represent him in such a transfer of property, the appointment would be by a power of attorney, executed as described in our later article on real estate, "to which reference is hereby made."

To represent another in ordinary business transactions one may act by virtue of a written or verbal agreement. Thus, if A places goods in B's hands for the purpose of selling through B, this will be sufficient to constitute an agency, and for the purposes of this business B is A's agent, and all would be protected in dealing with him in such capacity. A bookkeeper in the counting room of his employer is fairly presumed to have authority to receipt bills, to pay bills, render accounts, and in some cases to make purchases, particularly if such part by him done has been sanctioned by the merchant in the past. But he has no authority to sign his employer's name to notes, bills or checks unless specially authorized.

A minor, though not capable of being a party to a contract himself, may do so for an employer, and thus be an agent, and his principal is responsible for his acts in such capacity, unless they be *tortious*, or wrongs in themselves. There would obviously be no security for innocent parties in fixing upon any other solution of the question of liability, because if A permits B, though a minor, to act for him and thereby takes advantage of his services in that capacity when they are favorable to his interests, it would be inequitable for him to shift the responsibility when it becomes onerous.

While the principal is responsible for the acts of his agent, when not beyond the authority given, it is the duty of the agent to obey the instructions of his principal. This he is always to do unless some unforeseen situation presents itself, which requires the exercise of a discretionary power and immediate action. And then, an agent would be justified in acting contrary to instructions, or without instructions only when reasonable foresight and experience would approve of the course pursued by him. This for legitimate pursuits, our readers always remembering that an agent is not justified in doing an illegal or immoral act, and that, even though specially instructed so to do. The agency must be apparent and known to exist, that third parties may know themselves to be dealing with one in such capacity, and that agents may not be made to assume responsibilities which do not belong to them. This may be accomplished by advertising in and transacting all business in the principal's name; or where the name of the principal is not necessarily made use of in the course of the business, the fact of the agent's business employment being known as such would doubtless be sufficient.

A clerk having occasion, in the course of business, to sign his employer's name to letters, in receipting bills and such routine business, does it in this manner:

E. E. EMMONS,

Per S.

Where special authority is given to sign checks, notes and

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accept bills in his principal's or employer's name, the agent will add his own name, with the word "Attorney."

It must be remembered that an agency, so far as an agency transaction is concerned, must stand by itself, and not be associated with agent's private business; that principal's and agent's property should be kept entirely distinct.

A commission merchant, although an agent so far as his dealings with his principal or consignor, is not such in relation to other parties, since he does business in his own name, and is recognized as a merchant and not an agent, although his business may be largely a commission business. He is bound to obey instructions of his principal or consignor, whom he charges a percentage for the handling of the goods consigned, incidental expenses, and, in cases where he assumes the indebtedness resulting from the sales, an extra commission.

Since mention has been made of commission merchants, we must individualize once more, and mention brokers. A broker simply effects a sale or purchase, as of merchandise or stocks. Unlike commission merchants they neither have, for the purpose of effecting the one, nor acquire by the accomplishment of the other, absolute possession of the chattels bought or sold.

In whatever capacity as special agent for another, one is acting, he is ever bound to keep and render proper account of the business entrusted to his care 'to keep his principal properly informed regarding it; to use due diligence in business; to treat the property of his principal with same care and handle with same prudence, as a man of ordinary carefulness and forethought would his own. All this means only, that he should act with ordinary skill, and should render to his principal fair and honest service.

What terminates the agency? Death or insanity of either party; completion of work undertaken; expiration of time agreed upon; by express declaration of either party at pleasure, the other having due notification, and by such action acquiring a valid claim for whatever damages result on account thereof.

Partnership.

It is of constant occurrence that persons deem it advisable to unite themselves together for the prosecution of some general or particular business, paying their respects, by such act, to the old saw, "In union there is strength." They agree by such an association to undertake the business, which induced them to unite their efforts with the hope of attaining to better results. The partners may or may not equally participate in the activities of the business to be undertaken, and may or may not stand on equal footing so far as relates to the sharing of the gains and losses. All of this is governed by their agreements at the outset, and its subsequent mutually agreed upon changes.

Like other species of contracts, the conditions of partnerships may be agreed upon verbally, may be in writing, and may result by implication. Of the three, which? Regarding this and all other engagements, establish a rule to which adhere rigidly. The rule: Have a thorough understanding with all parties with whom you contract; reduce it to writing, and have all interested parties sign. In this way the difficulties of misunderstandings and convenient forgetfulness will be less troublesome. It is worth all it costs to bear this precaution in mind.

Partners assume different relations and responsibilities as regards the partnership and the business world. There are the ostensible partners who boldly advertise themselves as such, and as such assuming the hazards incident to commercial enterprises; then the nominal partner who seeks to help a partnership by lending it his name, and thereby holding himself out as a member of it and making himself liable to creditors for partnership debts, providing credit was given, because of his supposed connection with the firm, as a regular partner; secret partners, who keep their names from the public, seeking by this means to avoid liability, but at same time sharing with the other partners the profits arising from the business. If

such partnership becomes known to creditors, they may enforce collection of claims due from the partnership, as against the property of the secret partner; and the special partner, recognized by the laws of some of the states, which limit his liability to the amount of his investment, on condition that he gives public notice of such partnership agreement in a manner prescribed.

The partnership is organized, the partners assuming such relation to the partnership as they mutually agree upon, bearing in mind the above description of liabilities.

The element agency becomes quite conspicuous here, for each partner is an agent of the partnership and invested with plenary power to bind the other partners by his acts, when within the business sphere of the firm. It will be observed that we say in the line of the copartnership business, because otherwise it would not be sanctioned. As an illustration: A member of a partnership engaged in the flour trade would not have authority to bind his partners, if he attempted to involve them in stock speculations, unless previous similar enterprises by him had been approved by them, in which case there might be a fair presumption that such authority existed. This leads us to the question of liability; and liable they are, each and every partner, unless by virtue of exception previously mentioned, exempted. Their individual property, in the event of there being insufficient partnership assets to liquidate the indebtedness of the firm, must respond to the creditors' call.

Now, since the acts of a partner may result in a manner disastrous to all associated with him, it is his duty to act with all fidelity and perfect good faith; to give his attention carefully to the business, acting as his best judgment may advise for the benefit of all. While, however, a breach of these obligations creates a liability for such misfeasance or wrong act as a partner may be guilty of, it does in no way affect outside parties, unless cognizant of and participating in same.

Gains and losses how shared? The object of our partnership is the hope of gain; its effect may be the realization of loss.

This question of division ought to be solved by reference to the articles of agreement, which should have expressed the whole partnership contract, and have been signed by all the partners. This not done? Well then, we say, all should share in equal proportions the gains or losses, first making unequal investments equal by an allowance of interest on net investments, and equalizing individual ability and experience by allowing each partner that salary to which, measuring his services by comparison with those rendered by other partners, he seems to be fairly entitled. Where capital and skill are equal, an equal sharing in the gains or losses is equitable.

Dissolution.

The following conditions serve to dissolve a partnership:

The expiration of the time for which the partnership was organized; ordinarily the completion of the business for the purpose of accomplishing which the partnership was formed;

The misfeasance of a partner; whenever a partner fails to act in harmony with his associates, or disposes of his interest in the partnership affairs;

By the death of any one of the partners;

By decree of the court ordering the same;

By the consent of all the partners at any time.

After the dissolution, a partner acts no longer for his former copartners to the extent of entering into or incurring new obligations. Each partner however has full power to collect debts due the firm, signing the firm name to receipts, and also to liquidate outstanding obligations of the firm, unless by special agreement these powers are conferred on one partner alone. This is an arrangement which affects the partners only, third persons being protected in a settlement with any member of a late partnership dissolved.

After the business is wholly settled, all liabilities being paid, and not till then, is a partner entitled to his share of the partnership funds.

Notice of the dissolution of a partnership should be publicly given, it being necessary in the case of one or more retiring from the firm, in order to secure them from future liability. Individually this notice is given by mail to all with whom the firm has been dealing. This, in addition to ordinary publication of notice in newspaper, is sufficient.

SALES—Personal Property.

A sale is the transfer of certain property from one to another for a certain sum paid or to be paid, those being parties to it, to make it valid, who are competent to enter into a contract.

A sale effected entitles the purchaser to possession of the goods on payment of price agreed upon; or, if purchaser be given credit, at once, unless there be some special agreement to the contrary.

In the case of goods shipped to a purchaser who becomes insolvent before they have been delivered, the vendor may order the carrier to hold them subject to his (vendor's) order, thereby exercising a privilege given him by law, and called the right of stoppage *in transitu*.

All sales are not made with an actual knowledge on the part of the vendee of the quality of his purchase, some being by sample. Sales in this manner give credence to the inference that the samples constitute a part of the goods sold, and therefore the goods must be of same quality as the samples, else the vendor does not comply with the conditions of the contract to which he is a party, and the purchaser may refuse to complete the sale by acceptance of the goods.

The quality of goods sold must be as represented by the vendor, if he warrants them by such representation, in order to secure a sale. In sales each one is supposed to be on his guard. "Let the purchaser beware," is the maxim. And if, without actual fraud, concealment or misrepresentation on the part of the vendor, the vendee is deceived in a purchase because of poor judgment, he alone must suffer the consequences and take the loss. A warranty of an article puts the vendor under the necessity of making compensation to vendee, if the article is defective wherein warranted.

A purchase of stolen property gives to the purchaser no title as against the true owner, or the one from whom the property was stolen, even though the purchase be made in good faith, and for a full consideration. "Let the purchaser beware."

There is but one species of personal property to which this will not apply, and that negotiable commercial paper.

Some contracts regarding sales must be in writing, and signed by the party to be charged, or his agent. What are they? See article on contracts.

READINGS IN ART.

I.—ITALIAN PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.*

Italian painting is divided into a number of schools, each of which has some illustrious artist as its founder, and a train of skillful and exact workmen following his methods. To study the style and methods of the master is to study the school. The most famous of these artists have been selected to represent the Art of Italy, the first of whom, the father of Italian painting, is

GIOTTO.

Giotto was born near Florence, in 1266. Employed as a boy in watching sheep, he is said to have been one day discovered by the artist Cimabue, as he was sketching one of his flock upon a stone. The painter, surprised at the promise shown by the boy, who was not more than ten years old, took him to Florence, and made him his pupil. Giotto's earliest works were executed at Florence, and at the age of thirty he had already attained such fame that he was invited to Rome by Pope

* The present paper has been abridged from "Italian Paintings," by Edward J. Poynter, R. A., and Percy R. Head.

Boniface VIII., to take part in the decoration of the ancient Basilica of Saint Peter. The *Navicella* mosaic which he there executed, representing the Disciples in the Storm, is preserved in the vestibule of the present Saint Peter's. The famous story of "Giotto's O" belongs to this episode in his career. When the envoy sent by the pope to engage his services begged for some drawing or design which might be shown to his holiness in proof of the artist's talent, Giotto, taking an ordinary brush full of color, and steadying his arm against his side, described a perfect circle on an upright panel with a sweep of the wrist, and offered this manual feat as sufficient evidence of his powers. The story shows the importance attached by a great artist to mere precision in workmanship, and teaches the useful lesson that genius, unsupported by the skill only to be acquired by discipline and labor, is wanting in the first condition which makes great achievements possible. This visit to Rome took place about 1298; soon afterward we find Giotto engaged on his frescoes in the church of Saint Francis at Assisi, a series of allegorical designs illustrating the saint's spiritual life and character. In 1306 he was working at the fine series of frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua, which represent thirty-eight scenes from the lives of the Virgin and of Christ. We here see Giotto in the fullness of his powers; the incidents are treated with a charming simplicity and sentiment for nature, and he rises to great solemnity of style in the more important scenes. Important works by Giotto are found in many other places beside those mentioned above, including especially Naples, Ravenna, Milan, Pisa and Lucca. Perhaps the finest are those which have been discovered of late years in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence under coats of whitewash which happily had preserved them almost intact; the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent attached to the church, is in remarkable preservation, and is a magnificent example of the style of the time. The twenty-six panels which he painted for the presses in the sacristy of the same church are good illustrations of his method of treatment; natural and dignified with the interest concentrated on the figures; the background and accessories being treated in the simplest possible manner, and hardly more than symbols expressing the locality in which the scene is enacted. Giotto was the first of the moderns who attempted portrait-painting with any success, and some most interesting monuments of his skill in that branch of art have been preserved to us. In 1840, discovery was made, in the chapel of the Podestà's palace at Florence, of some paintings by Giotto, containing a number of portraits, among them one of his friend, the poet Dante; the portraits being introduced, as was usual among the early painters, and indeed frequent at all periods, as subordinate actors in the scene represented. Giotto was not only a painter; as a sculptor and architect he was also distinguished. Giotto died at Florence in January, 1337, and was buried with public solemnities in the cathedral. His style, though marked by the hardness and quaintness of a time when *chiaro-scuro* and perspective were very imperfectly understood, displays the originality of his genius in its thoughtful and vigorous design, and shows how resolutely the artist relied, not on traditions, but on keen and patient observation of nature.

FRA ANGELICO.

The earliest of the great fifteenth-century painters belongs in the character of his works rather to the preceding century. The monk Guido di Pietro di Fiesole, commonly called Fra Angelico from the holiness and purity which were as conspicuous in his life as in his works, was born in 1387 at Vicchio, in the province of Mugello. At the age of twenty he entered the order of the Predicants at Fiesole, and took the name of Giovanni, by which he was afterward known. His first art work was the illumination of manuscripts. Quitting the monastery in 1409, he practiced as a fresco-painter in various places until 1418, when he returned to Fiesole, and continued to reside there for the next eighteen years. In 1436 he again quitted

his retreat, to paint a series of frescoes on the history of the Passion for the convent of San Marco in Florence. This work occupied nine years, and on its completion Angelico was invited to Rome. The chief work which he undertook there was the decoration of a chapel in the Vatican for Pope Nicholas V. In 1447 he went to Orvieto to undertake a similar task, but returned in the same year, having done only three compartments of the ceiling, and leaving the rest to be afterward completed by Luca Signorelli. He then continued to reside in Rome, where he died and was buried in 1455. The most striking characteristics of Angelico's art spring from the temper of religious fervor with which he practiced it. He worked without payment; he prayed before beginning any work for the Divine guidance in its conception; and believing himself to be so assisted, he regarded each picture as a revelation, and could never be persuaded to alter any part of it. His works on panel are very numerous, and are to be found in many public and private galleries; of the finest of these are, a "Last Judgment," belonging to the Earl of Dudley, and the "Coronation of the Virgin" in the gallery of the Louvre. After his death he was "beatified" by the church he had served so devotedly—a solemnity which ranks next to canonization; and Il Beato Angelico is the name by which Fra Giovanni was and is most fondly and reverently remembered. His style survived only in one pupil who assisted him at Orvieto.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci belonged to the Florentine school, the fifteenth century, of which he was the first great example. Leonardo was the son of a notary of Vinci, near Florence, and was born at that place in the year 1452. He became the pupil of Andrea Verrocchio, the Florentine sculptor and painter, and progressed so rapidly that he soon surpassed his master, who is said to have thereupon given up painting in despair. Leonardo's studies at this time ranged over the whole field of science and art; beside being a painter and a sculptor, he was a practiced architect, engineer, and mechanic; profoundly versed in mathematics and the physical sciences; and an accomplished poet and musician. The famous letter in which he applied to the Duke of Milan for employment, enumerates only a few of his acquirements; he represents himself as skilled in military and naval engineering, offensive and defensive, and the construction of artillery, and as possessing secrets in these matters hitherto unknown; he can make designs for buildings, and undertake any work in sculpture, in marble, in bronze, or in terra-cotta; and "in painting," he says, "I can do what can be done as well as any man, be he who he may." He concludes by offering to submit his own account of himself to the test of experiment, at his excellency's pleasure. He entered the Duke's service about the year 1482, receiving a yearly salary of 500 scudi. Under his auspices an academy of arts was established in Milan in 1485, and he drew round him a numerous school of painters. Of the many works executed by Leonardo during his residence at Milan, the greatest was the world renowned picture of the "Last Supper," painted in oil upon the wall of the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Whether it was the fault of the wall or the medium used by the painter, the great picture rapidly faded, and by the end of fifty years had virtually perished. It is still shown, but decay and restoration have left little of the original work of Leonardo. The best idea of it is to be got from the old copies, taken while the picture was yet perfect; of these the most valuable is the one executed in 1510 by Marco d'Oggione, now in the possession of the Royal Academy of London. His other important achievement, while at Milan, was a work of sculpture, which unfortunately perished within a few years of its completion. It seems to have occupied him at intervals for eleven years, for the completed model was first exhibited to the public in 1493. All that we now know of it is from the numerous sketches in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The model was still in existence in 1501,

after which nothing more is recorded of it. He also at this time made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral, which was never carried out. In 1499 Leonardo left Milan and returned to Florence. He received a commission in 1503 to paint the wall at one end of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, the decoration of the other end being at the same time entrusted to Michelangelo. Leonardo's picture was never completed, and Michelangelo's apparently never begun; but the cartoons for their two compositions, known respectively as the "Battle of the Standard" and the "Cartoon of Pisa," excited the greatest admiration, and were termed by Benvenuto Cellini "the school of the world;" both have been lost or destroyed; all that we know of Leonardo's composition is gained from a drawing of it by Rubens in black and red chalk in the gallery of the Louvre, to which, though spirited enough, he contrived to impart the coarse Flemish character with which all his work is disfigured. In 1514 Leonardo visited Rome, and was to have executed some work in the Vatican, had not an affront put upon him by the pope given him offence and caused him to leave Rome. He went to the King of France, Francis I., who was then at Pavia, took service with him, and accompanied him to France, in the early part of 1516. He was, however, weakened by age and in bad health, and did little or no new work in France. In a little more than three years' time, in May 1519, he died, at Cloux, near Amboise, at the age of sixty-seven.

Those pictures of Leonardo, which we may regard with confidence as the work of his own hand, fully justify the exceptional admiration with which he has always been regarded. He was excessively fastidious in his work, "his soul being full of the sublimity of art," and spent years over the execution of some of his works. The painting of the portrait of Madonna Lisa is said to have extended over four years, and to have been then left incomplete. His mind also was at times equally bent on scientific matters, and for long periods he was entirely absorbed in the study of mathematics. For these reasons he produced but few pictures; if, however, he had left none, his drawings, which fortunately exist in large numbers, would suffice to account for the enthusiasm which his work has always excited. It is certain that we do not see his pictures in the state in which they left his easel; from some causes, unnecessary to discuss, they have blackened in the shadows, and the colors have faded. Vasari praises beyond measure the carnations of the Mona Lisa, which, he says, "do not appear to be painted, but truly flesh and blood;" but no trace of these delicate tints now remains.

Leonardo was the author of many treatises, some of which only have been published. The most celebrated is the "Trattato della Pittura," still a book of high authority among writings on art.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

Was born at Castel Caprese, near Arezzo, in 1475. In 1488 he entered the school of Ghirlandaio, the master giving a small payment for the boy's services. His precocious abilities soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, and until the death of that prince in 1492, Michelangelo worked under his especial patronage. His earliest drawings show a spontaneous power which made Fuseli say that "as an artist he had no infancy;" but for many years he confined himself almost entirely to sculpture; and some of his greatest achievements in that kind of art were executed before he undertook his first considerable work with the pencil. This was the "Cartoon of Pisa," finished in 1505, and intended as a design for a mural picture to face that of Leonardo in the Council Hall at Florence. This cartoon is lost, but a copy in monochrome, containing probably the whole of the composition, exists in England. During its progress he had broken off to visit Rome, and execute some sculptural work for the pope; and in 1508 he went to Rome again to begin the great achievement of his life, the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. The paintings of the ceiling illustrate

the Creation and the Fall of Man, together with other scenes and figures typical of the Redemption. The middle part of the ceiling is divided into nine compartments, containing the "Creation of Eve" (placed in the center, as symbolizing the woman of whom the Messiah was born), the "Creation of Adam," the "Temptation, Fall and Expulsion" in one composition, the "Separation of Light from Darkness," the "Gathering of the Waters," the "Creation of the Sun and Moon," the "Deluge," the "Thanksgiving of Noah," and the "Drunkennes of Noah." At the corners of the ceiling are four designs of the great deliverances of the children of Israel, the Brazen Serpent, David and Goliath, Judith with the head of Holofernes, and the punishment of Haman. There are six windows on each side of the chapel; the lunettes which surround them, and the spaces above them, are occupied by groups of the ancestors of Christ. Between the windows, at the springing of the vault, are colossal seated figures of the Prophets and Sibyls who foretold the coming of the Savior. They are arranged alternately as follows:—Jeremiah, Persian Sibyl, Ezekiel, Erythraean Sibyl, Joel, Delphic Sibyl, Isaiah, Cumæan Sibyl, Daniel, Libyan Sibyl; Jonah and Zachariah are placed one at each end of the chapel, between the historical compositions at the angles of the ceiling. These single figures are the most striking features of the design, and calculated skilfully to help the architectural effect. The side walls of the chapel, below the springing of the vault, had already been decorated with frescoes executed by Sandro Botticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandaio, Luca Signorelli, and Perugino. Michelangelo's frescoes were finished toward the end of the year 1512. Vasari's statement that he painted them all in twenty months without any assistance is undoubtedly exaggerated; it possibly refers to the completion of the first half of the ceiling.

For the next twenty years Michelangelo did little or nothing in painting; but in 1533, at the age of fifty-nine, he began the cartoons for the fresco of the "Last Judgment" on the wall behind the altar in the Sistine Chapel. This celebrated composition is entirely of nude figures, no accessories being introduced to add to the terror of the scene. Each figure throughout this vast composition has its appropriate meaning, and the power of design and mastery of execution are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The picture was finished in 1541. Two frescoes in the neighboring Pauline Chapel, the "Conversion of Saint Paul," and the "Crucifixion of Saint Peter," which were finished in 1549, were his last paintings. He had accepted, in 1547, the position of architect of Saint Peter's, stipulating that his services should be gratuitous. He continued to carry the building forward, altering materially the original design of Bramante, until his death, which took place in February, 1564. His body was taken to Florence, and buried in Santa Croce.

Although the genius of Michelangelo has exercised a vast and widely diffused influence over all subsequent art, yet this master, unlike Raphael, formed no school of his own immediate followers. It must be admitted that Raphael owes him much, for he never found his full strength until he had seen Michelangelo's works at Rome, when his style underwent immediate improvement. None of those who worked under Michelangelo dared to walk directly in his steps; there is in his style, as there was in the character of the man himself, a certain stern individuality which gives the impression of solitary and unapproachable greatness. Of his assistants, the most eminent was Sebastiano del Piombo.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO

Always called Raphael, was born at Urbino in 1483. His father died when he was eleven years old, and the boy was placed by his uncles, who became his guardians, with Perugino. His handiwork at this time is no doubt to be traced in many of Perugino's pictures and frescoes; and, as may be seen, he was an important coadjutor with Pinturicchio at Siena. The earliest picture known to be painted entirely by himself is a "Crucifixion," in the collection of Lord Dudley, done at the

age of seventeen, which closely resembles the style of Perugino. In 1504 he first visited Florence, where he enjoyed the friendship of Francia and Fra Bartholomæo, and made acquaintance with the works of Leonardo and Michelangelo—new influences which considerably affected his style. With the exception of short visits to Perugia, Bologna, and Urbino, he was resident in Florence until 1508. In that year he went to Rome at the invitation of Pope Julius II., and was for the rest of his life continually in the employment of that pontiff and his successor, Leo X. Raphael died on his birthday, the 6th of April, 1520, aged exactly thirty-seven years.

Raphael's manner as a painter is divided into three styles, corresponding with the broad divisions of his life's history. Unlike Michelangelo, whose genius and individuality is stamped on the earliest works from his hand, Raphael gained, as his experience of what had been done by his contemporaries was enlarged, a deeper and further insight into his own powers. His first, or Peruginian style, characterizes those works which he produced while still the companion of his master, before his first visit to Florence; of these pictures the most important are the "Sposalizio" (or "Marriage of the Virgin," in Milan, and the "Coronation of the Virgin," in the Vatican. His second, or Florentine, style covers the four years from his arrival in Florence in 1504, to his departure for Rome in 1508; here the manner of Fra Bartolomæo had great influence upon him; to this period belong the "Madonna del Cardellino" ("of the Goldfinch," in the Uffizi, "La Belle Jardinière," of the Louvre, the "Madonna del Baldacchino," in the Pitti (which was left incomplete by Raphael, and finished by another hand), and the "Entombment" in the Borghese Gallery, at Rome, his first attempt at a great historical composition. It is in his third, or Roman, style that Raphael fully asserts that sovereignty in art which has earned him the name of Prince of painters, and appears as the head of his own school, which, generally called the Roman School, might perhaps, as he collected round him followers from all parts of Italy, more fitly be termed the Raphaelian. This third period includes all his great frescoes in the Vatican, with a host of easel pictures; for, short as Raphael's life was, his works are wondrously numerous, and our space permits mention of only a few of even the most celebrated.

It has been questioned whether Raphael's art gained by what he learnt from Michelangelo, some critics affirming that his earlier style is his best. This, however, must be considered to be entirely a matter of taste. Most painters—unless, like Fra Angelico, so entirely absorbed in the mystical side of their art as never to change their style—as they gain in power of expression, lose something of their youthful emotional fervor; and it is possible to assert that in the magnificent design of the "Incendio del Borgo" the dramatic element is more in evidence than in the "Disputa." But what is lost on the emotional and religious side is compensated for by the gain in power of representation; and it is difficult to stand before the cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," and not to confess that Giotto himself could not have imparted a more implicit trustfulness and childlike belief in the power of the Redeemer to the look and gesture of St. Peter; and while the magnificent simplicity of the youths drawing the net is conceived in an equal spirit of truthfulness to nature, the grandeur of style and the knowledge displayed in the drawing is so much pure gain on his earlier manner.

The Loggie, or open corridors of the Vatican, were also adorned by Raphael's scholars with a series of fifty-two paintings of Biblical subjects from his designs; the whole series was known as "Raphael's Bible."

In 1515 he was commissioned to design tapestries for the Sistine Chapel; of the ten cartoons (distemper paintings on paper) for these tapestries three have been lost; the other seven after many dangers and vicissitudes came into the possession of Charles I. of England. They are perhaps the most remarka-

ble art treasures belonging to England, and are at present exhibited, by permission of Her Majesty, in the South Kensington Museum.

Among the greatest oil pictures of Raphael's third period may be enumerated the "Madonna di Foligno" in the Vatican; the "Madonna della Sedia" in the Pitti Palace at Florence; the "Saint Cecilia" at Bologna; the "Madonna of the Fish," and the picture of "Christ Bearing His Cross," known as the "Spasimo," in the splendid collection at Madrid; the "Madonna di San Sisto" at Dresden, which obtained for the artist the name of "the Divine;" and finally the "Transfiguration" at the Vatican, the sublime picture on which his last working hours were spent, and which was carried at his funeral before its colors were dry.

TIZIANO VECELLIO,

Commonly called by the anglicised form of his Christian name, Titian, was born at Cadore, near Venice, in 1477. His studies in art began at the age of ten, under a painter named Zuccato, from whose studio he passed to Gentile Bellini's, and from his again to that of his brother Giovanni. Space forbids us to do more than indicate the chief landmarks in Titian's long, eventful, and illustrious life. When his reputation as a great artist was new, before he was thirty years old, he visited the court of Ferrara, and executed for the duke two of his earliest masterpieces, the "Tribute Money," now at Dresden, and the "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the National Gallery of London. In 1516 he painted his great altarpiece, the "Assumption," now removed from its church to the Accademia at Venice, and was at once placed by this incomparable work in the highest rank of painters. The "Entombment" of the Louvre was painted about 1523; and in 1528 he executed another magnificent altarpiece, the "Death of St. Peter Martyr," in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, which was destroyed in the fire of 1867. In 1530 Titian was invited to Bologna, to paint the portrait of the Emperor Charles V.; and he is supposed by some writers to have accompanied the emperor shortly afterward to Spain. Owing to the patronage which Charles V. and his son Philip II. liberally conferred on the artist, Madrid possesses a collection of his works second in number and importance only to the treasures of Venice. The "Presentation in the Temple," in the Accademia at Venice, dates from about 1539, and the "Christ at Emmaus," in the Louvre, from about 1546. In 1545 he painted at Rome the celebrated portrait of "Pope Paul III.," in the Naples Museum. Titian continued active in his art even up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1576, at the great age of ninety-nine. His style, as is to be expected, changed considerably in the course of his long life, and the pictures painted in his last years, though full of color, are infirm in drawing and execution; in the full vigor of his powers he was a draughtsman second to none, though never aiming at the select beauty of form attained by the Florentine school, and by Raphael. It was this that led Michelangelo to say that, with a better mode of study, "This man might have been as eminent in design as he is true to nature and masterly in counterfeiting the life, and then, nothing could be desired better or more perfect;" adding, "for he has an exquisite perception, and a delightful spirit and manner."

The splendid artistic power of Titian may perhaps be better discerned in his portraits than in the more ambitious works of sacred art. He stands unquestionably at the head of portrait painters of all ages and of all schools; not even Velasquez equaling him at his best. Beside religious pictures and portraits he painted a great number of subjects from classical mythology. Among the most famous, beside the "Bacchus and Ariadne," mentioned above—the pride of the English collection—may be named the "Bacchanals" of Madrid, the two of "Venus" in the Uffizi, at Florence, the "Danae," at Naples, and the often repeated "Venus and Adonis," and "Diana and Callisto." He is seen at his very best in the "Venus" of the Tribune, at Florence, perhaps the only work of his which

has escaped retouching, and in the exquisite allegory called "Sacred and Profane Love," at the Borghese Palace, at Rome. As a landscape painter, he possessed a sentiment for nature in all its forms which had never before been seen, and his backgrounds have never been equaled since. The mountains in the neighborhood of his native town, Cadore, of which, as well as of other landscape scenes, numerous pen and ink drawings by his hand are in existence, inspired him, doubtless, with that solemn treatment of effects of cloud and light and shade and blue distance for which his pictures are conspicuous.

It is unnecessary to deal with the school of painting which exists in Italy at the present day. It would be paying it too high a compliment to regard it as the legitimate successor of the art of those great epochs whose course we have tried to sketch. The modern Italian school is little more than an echo of the modern French. And seeing that there is no principle clearer or more certain than this, that a great national school of art can flourish only when it springs from a sane and vigorous national existence, it is not to be wondered at if a country so convulsed by the political passions and so vulgarized by the social triviality and meanness of modern times, should be in this respect cast down further than her more fortunate neighbors by the same causes which have soiled even the best art of the nineteenth century with something of dilettantism and affectation.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[April 6.]

THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him.—I. John, ii:15.

There are two ways in which a practical moralist may attempt to displace from the human heart its love of the world—either by a demonstration of the world's vanity, so that the heart will be prevailed upon simply to withdraw its regards from an object that is not worthy of it, or by setting forth another object, even God, as more worthy of its attachment, so as that the heart shall be prevailed upon not to resign an old affection, which shall have nothing to succeed it, but to exchange an old affection for a new one. My purpose is to show that from the constitution of our nature, the former method is altogether incompetent and ineffectual, and that the latter method will alone suffice for the rescue and recovery of the heart from the wrong affection that sometimes domineers over it. After having accomplished this purpose, I shall attempt a few practical observations.

Love may be regarded in two different conditions. The first is when the object is at a distance, and then it becomes love in a state of desire. The second is when its object is in possession, and then it becomes love in a state of indulgence. Under the impulse of desire, man feels himself urged onward in some path or pursuit of activity for its gratification. The faculties of his mind are put into busy exercise. In the steady direction of one great and engrossing interest, his attention is recalled from the many reveries into which it might otherwise have wandered; and the powers of his body are forced away from an indolence in which it else might have languished; and that time is crowded with occupation, which but for some object of keen and devoted ambition, might have drived along in successive hours of weariness and distaste, and though hope does not enliven, and success does not always crown this career of exertion, yet in the midst of this very variety, and with the alternations of occasional disappointment, is the machinery of the whole man kept in a sort of congenial play, and upholden in that tone and temper which are most agreeable to it. Insomuch, that if through the extirpation of that desire which forms the originating principle of all this move-

ment, the machinery were to stop, and to receive no impulse from another desire substituted in its place, the man would be left with all his propensities to action in a state of most painful and unnatural abandonment.

A sensitive person suffers, and is in violence, if, after having thoroughly rested from his fatigue, or been relieved from his pain, he continues in possession of powers without any excitement to these powers; if he possess a capacity of desire without having an object of desire; or if he have a spare energy upon his person, without a counterpart, and without a stimulus to call it into operation. The misery of such a condition is often realized by him who is retired from business, or who is retired from law, or who is even retired from the occupations of the chase, and of the gaming table. Such is the demand of our nature for an object in pursuit, that no accumulation of previous success can extinguish it, and thus it is that the most prosperous merchant, and the most victorious general, and the most fortunate gamester, when the labor of their respective vocations has come to a close, are often found to languish in the midst of all their acquisitions, as if out of their kindred and rejoicing element. It is quite in vain with such a constitutional appetite for employment in man, to attempt cutting away from him the spring or the principle of one employment, without providing him with another. The whole heart and habit will rise in resistance against such an undertaking. The else unoccupied female, who spends the hours of every evening at some play of hazard, knows as well as you, that the pecuniary gain, or the honorable triumph of a successful contest, are altogether paltry. It is not such a demonstration of vanity as this that will force her away from her dear and delightful occupation. The habit can not so be displaced as to leave nothing but a negative and cheerless vacancy behind it—though it may be so supplanted as to be followed up by another habit of employment to which the power of some new affection has constrained her. It is willingly suspended, for example, on any single evening, should the time that was wont to be allotted to gaming require to be spent on the preparation of an approaching assembly.

The ascendant power of a second affection will do what no exposition, however forcible, of the folly and worthlessness of the first, ever could effectuate. And it is the same in the great world. You never will be able to arrest any of its leading pursuits, by a naked demonstration of their vanity. It is quite in vain to think of stopping one of these pursuits in any way else, but by stimulating to another. In attempting to bring a worldly man, intent and busied with the prosecution of his objects, to a dead stand, you have not merely to encounter the charm which he annexes to these objects, but you have to encounter the pleasure which he feels in the very prosecution of them. It is not enough, then, that you dissipate the charm by your moral, and eloquent, and affecting exposure of its illusiveness. You must address to the eye of his mind another object, with a charm powerful enough to dispossess the first of its influence, and to engage him in some other prosecution as full of interest, and hope, and congenial activity, as the former. It is this which stamps an impotency on all moral and pathetic declamation of the insignificance of the world. A man will no more consent to the misery of being without an object, because that object is a trifle, or of being without a pursuit, because that pursuit terminates in some frivolous or fugitive acquirement, than he will voluntarily submit himself to the torture because that torture is to be of short duration. If to be without desire and without exertion altogether, is a state of violence and discomfort, then the present desire, with its correspondent train of exertion, is not to be got rid of simply by destroying it. It must be by substituting another desire, or another line of habit or exertion in its place, and the most effectual way of withdrawing the mind from one object, is not by turning it away upon desolate and unpeopled vacancy, but by presenting to its regards another object still more alluring.

These remarks apply not merely to love considered in the state of desire for an object not yet attained. They apply also to love considered in its state of indulgence, or placid gratification, with an object already in possession. It is seldom that any of our tastes are made to disappear by a process of natural extinction. At least, it is very seldom that this is done by the instrumentality of reasoning. It may be done by excessive pampering, but it is almost never done by the mere force of mental determination. But what can not be thus destroyed may be dispossessed, and one taste may be made to give way to another, and to lose its power entirely as the reigning affection of the mind. It is thus that the boy ceases, at length, to be the slave of his appetite, but it is because a manlier taste has now brought it into subordination, and that the youth ceases to idolize pleasure, but it is because the idol of wealth has become the stronger, and gotten the ascendancy—and that even the love of money ceases to have the mastery over the heart of many a thriving citizen, but it is because drawn into the whirl of city politics, another affection has been wrought into his moral system, and he is now lorded over by the love of power. There is not one of these transformations in which the heart is left without an object. Its desire for one particular object may be conquered; but as to its desire for having some one object, or other, this is unconquerable. Its adhesion to that on which it has fastened the preference of its regards, can not willingly be overcome by the rending away of a single separation. It can be done only by the application of something else, to which it may feel the adhesion of a still stronger and more powerful preference. Such is the grasping tendency of the human heart, that it must have something to lay hold of—and which, if wrested away, without the substitution of another something in its place, would leave a void and a vacancy as painful to the mind as hunger is to the natural system. It may be dispossessed of one object or of any, but it can not be desolated of all. Let there be a breathing and a sensitive heart, but without a liking and without affinity to any of the things that are around it, and in a state of cheerless abandonment, it would be alive to nothing but the burden of its own consciousness, and feel it to be intolerable. It would make no difference to its owner, whether he dwelt in the midst of a gay and goodly world, or placed afar beyond the outskirts of creation, he dwelt a solitary unit in dark and unpeopled nothingness. The heart must have something to cling to—and never, by its own voluntary consent, will it so denude itself of all its attachments that there shall not be one remaining object that can draw or solicit it.

[April 13.]

The misery of a heart thus bereft of all relish for that which is wont to minister to its enjoyment, is strikingly exemplified in those who, satiated with indulgence, have been so belabored, as it were, with the variety and the poignancy of the pleasurable sensations that they have experienced, that they are at length fatigued out of all capacity for sensation whatever. The disease of ennui is more frequent in the French metropolis, where amusement is more exclusively the occupation of higher classes, than it is in the British metropolis, where the longings of the heart are more diversified by the resources of business and politics. There are the votaries of fashion, who, in this way, have at length become the victims of fashionable excess, in whom the very multitude of their enjoyments has at last extinguished their power of enjoyment—who, plied with the delights of sense and of splendor even to weariness, and incapable of higher delights, have come to the end of all their perfection, and, like Solomon of old, found it to be vanity and vexation. The man whose heart has thus been turned into a desert can vouch for the insupportable languor which must ensue, when one affection is thus plucked away from the bosom, without another to replace it. It is not necessary that a man receive pain from anything in order to become miserable. It is barely enough that he looks with distaste at everything—and

in that asylum which is the repository of minds out of joint, and where the organ of feeling as well as the organ of intellect, has been impaired, it is not in the cell of loud and frantic outcries where you will meet with the acme of mental suffering. But that is the individual who outpeers in wretchedness all his fellows, who throughout the whole expanse of nature and society, meets not an object that has at all the power to detain or interest him; who neither in earth beneath, nor in heaven above, knows of a single charm to which his heart can send forth one desirous or responding movement; to whom the world, in his eye a vast and empty desolation, has left him nothing but his own consciousness to feed upon—dead to all that is without him, and alive to nothing but to the load of his own torpid and useless existence.

We hope that by this time you understand the impotency of a mere demonstration of this world's insignificance. Its sole practical effect, if it had any, would be to leave the heart in a state which to every heart is insupportable, and that is a mere state of nakedness and negation. You may remember the fond and unbroken tenacity with which your heart has often recurred to pursuits, over the utter frivolity of which it sighed and wept but yesterday. The arithmetic of your short-lived days, may on Sabbath make the clearest impression upon your understanding, and from his fancied bed of death may the preacher cause a voice to descend in rebuke and mockery on all the pursuits of earthliness, and as he pictures before you the fleeting generations of men, with the absorbing grave, whither all the joys and interests of the world hasten to their sure and speedy oblivion, may you, touched and solemnized by his argument, feel for a moment as if on the eve of a practical and permanent emancipation from a scene of so much vanity.

But the morrow comes, and the business of the world, and the objects of the world, and the moving forces of the world, come along with it, and the machinery of the heart, in virtue of which it must have something to grasp, or something to adhere to, brings it under a kind of moral necessity to be actuated just as before, and in utter repulsion toward a state so unkindly as that of being frozen out both of delight and of desire. Does it feel all the warmth and the urgency of its wonted solicitations, nor in the habit and history of the whole man can we detect so much as one symptom of the new creature, so that the church, instead of being to him a school of obedience, has been a mere sauntering place for the luxury of a passing and theatrical emotion; and the preaching which is mighty to compel the attendance of multitudes, and which is mighty to still and to solemnize the hearers into a kind of tragic sensibility, and which is mighty in the play of variety and vigor that it can keep up around the imagination, is not mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

The love of the world can not be expunged by a mere demonstration of the world's worthlessness. But may it not be supplanted by the love of that which is more worthy than itself? The heart can not be prevailed upon to part with the world by a single act of resignation. But may not the heart be prevailed upon to admit into its preference another, who shall subordinate the world, and bring it down from its wonted ascendancy? If the throne which is placed there must have an occupier, and the tyrant that now reigns has occupied it wrongfully, he may not leave a bosom which would rather detain him than be left in desolation. But may he not give way to the lawful sovereign, appearing with every charm that can secure his willing admittance, and taking unto himself his great power to subdue the moral nature of man, and to reign over it? In a word, if the way to disengage the heart from the positive love of one great and ascendant object, is to fasten it in positive love to another, then it is not by exposing the worthlessness of the former, but by addressing to the mental eye the worth and excellence of the latter, that all things are to be done away, and all things are become new.

To obliterate all our present affections by simply expunging them, so as to leave the seat of them unoccupied, would be to destroy the old character, and to substitute no new character in its place. But when they take their departure upon the ingress of others, when they resign their sway to the power and the predominance of new affections, when, abandoning the heart to solitude, they merely give place to a successor who turns it into as busy a residence of desire, and interest, and expectation as before—there is nothing in all this to thwart or to overthrow any of the laws of our sentient nature—and we see how, in fullest accordance with the mechanism of the heart, a great moral revolution may be made to take place upon it.

This, we trust, will explain the operation of that charm which accompanies the effectual preaching of the gospel. The love of God, and the love of the world, are two affections, not merely in a state of rivalry, but in a state of enmity—and that so irreconcilable that they can not dwell together in the same bosom. We have already affirmed how impossible it were for the heart, by any innate elasticity of its own, to cast the world away from it, and thus reduce itself to a wilderness. The heart is not so constituted, and the only way to dispossess it of an old affection is by the expulsive power of a new one. Nothing can exceed the magnitude of the required change in a man's character, when bidden, as he is in the New Testament, not to love the world; no, nor any of the things that are in the world, for this so comprehends all that is dear to him in existence as to be equivalent to a command of self-annihilation. But the same revelation which dictates so mighty an obedience, places within our reach as mighty an instrument of obedience.

It brings for admittance, to the very door of our heart, an affection which, once seated upon its throne, will either subordinate every previous inmate, or bid it away. Beside the world, it places before the eye of the mind Him who made the world, and with this peculiarity, which is all its own—that in the gospel do we so behold God, as that we may love God. It is there, and there only, where God stands revealed as an object of confidence to sinners—and where our desire after Him is not chilled into apathy by that barrier of human guilt which intercepts every approach that is not made to Him through the appointed Mediator. It is the bringing in of this better hope whereby we draw nigh unto God—and to live without hope is to live without God, and if the heart be without God, the world will then have the ascendancy. It is God apprehended by the believer as God in Christ, who alone can disport it from this ascendancy. It is when He stands dismantled of the terrors which belong to Him as an offended lawgiver, and when we are enabled by faith, which is his own gift, to see His glory in the face of Jesus Christ, and to hear His beseeching voice, as it protests good will to men, and entreats the return of all who will, to a full pardon and a gracious acceptance—it is then that a love paramount to the love of the world, and at length expulsive of it, first arises in the regenerating bosom. It is when released from the spirit of bondage, with which love can not dwell, and when to the number of God's children, through the faith that is in Christ Jesus, the spirit of adoption is found upon us; it is then that the heart, brought under the mastery of one great and predominant affection, is delivered from the tyranny of its former desires, and in the only way in which deliverance is possible. And that faith which is revealed to us from heaven, as indispensable to a sinner's justification in the sight of God, is also the instrument of the greatest of all moral and spiritual achievements on a nature dead to the influence, and beyond the reach of every other application.

[April 20.]

Thus may we come to perceive what it is that makes the most effective kind of preaching. It is not enough to hold out to the world's eye the mirror of its own imperfections. It is not enough to come forth with a demonstration, however pathetic,

of the evanescent character of all its enjoyments. It is not enough to travel the walk of experience along with you, and speak to your own conscience and your own recollection of the deceitfulness of the heart, and the deceitfulness of all that the heart is set upon. There is many a bearer of the gospel message who has not shrewdness of natural discernment enough, and who has not power of characteristic description enough, and who has not the talent of moral delineation enough, to present you with a vivid and faithful sketch of the existing follies of society. But that very corruption which he has not the faculty of representing in its visible details, he may practically be the instrument of eradicating in its principle. Let him be but a faithful expounder of the gospel testimony; unable as he may be to apply a descriptive hand to the character of the present world, let him but report with accuracy the matter which revelation has brought to him from a distant world, unskilled as he is in the work of so anatomizing the heart, as with the power of a novelist to create a graphical or impressive exhibition of the worthlessness of its many affections—let him only deal in those mysteries of peculiar doctrine, on which the best of novelists have thrown the wantonness of their derision. He may not be able, with the eye of shrewd and satirical observation, to expose to the ready recognition of his hearers the desires of worldliness—but with the tidings of the gospel in commission, he may wield the only engine that can extirpate them. He can not do what some might have done, when, as if by the hand of a magician they have brought out to view, from the hidden recesses of our nature, the foibles and lurking appetites which belong to it. But he has a truth in the possession, which, into whatever heart it enters, will, like the rod of Aaron, swallow up them all—and unqualified as he may be, to describe the old man in all the nicer shading of his natural and constitutional varieties, with him is deposited that ascendant influence under which the leading tastes and tendencies of the old man are destroyed, and he becomes a new creature in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let us not cease, then, to ply the only instrument of powerful and positive operation, to do away from you the love of the world. Let us try every legitimate method of finding access to your hearts for the love of Him who is greater than the world. For this purpose, if possible, clear away that shroud of unbelief which so hides and darkens the face of the Deity. Let us insist on His claims to your affection, and whether in the shape of gratitude or in the shape of esteem, let us never cease to affirm that in the whole of that wondrous economy, the purpose of which is to reclaim a sinful world unto Himself, He, the God of love, so sets Himself forth in characters of endearment, that naught but faith, and naught but understanding are wanting, on your part, to call forth the love of your hearts back again.

And here let me advert to the incredulity of a worldly man; when he brings his own sound and secular experience to bear upon the high doctrines of Christianity, when he looks upon regeneration as a thing impossible, when feeling as he does the obstinacies of his own heart, on the side of things present, and casting an intelligent eye, much exercised, perhaps, in the observations of human life, on the equal obstinacies of all who are around him, he pronounces this whole matter about the crucifixion of the old man, and the resurrection of a new man in his place, to be in downright opposition to all that is known and witnessed of the real nature of humanity. We think that we have seen such men, who, firmly entrenched in their own vigorous and homebred sagacity, and shrewdly regardful of all that passes before them through the week, and upon the scenes of ordinary business, look on that transition of the heart by which it gradually dies unto time, and awakens in all the life of a new felt and ever growing desire toward God, as a mere Sabbath speculation; and who thus, with all their attention engrossed upon the concerns of earthliness, continue unmoved to the end of their days, amongst the feelings and the appetites, and the pursuits of earthliness.

If the thought of death, and another state of being after it, comes across them at all, it is not with a change so radical as that of being born again, that they ever connect the idea of preparation. They have some vague conception of its being quite enough that they acquit themselves in some decent and tolerable way of their relative obligations; and that upon the strength of some such social and domestic moralities as are often realized by him in whose heart the love of God has never entered, they will be transplanted in safety from this world, where God is the Being with whom it may almost be said that they have had nothing to do, to that world where God is the Being with whom they will have mainly and immediately to do throughout all eternity. They admit all that is said of the utter vanity of time, when taken up with as a resting place. But they resist every application made upon the heart of man, with the view of so shifting its tendencies that it shall not henceforth find in the interests of time, all its rest and all its refreshment. They in fact regard such an attempt as an enterprise that is altogether aerial, and with a tone of secular wisdom caught from the familiarities of every-day experience, do they see a visionary character in all that is said of setting our affections on the things that are above, and of walking by faith, and of keeping our hearts in such a love of God as shall shut out from them the love of the world, and of having no confidence in the flesh, and of so renouncing earthly things as to have our conversation in heaven.

Now, it is altogether worthy of being remarked of those men who thus disrelish spiritual Christianity, and, in fact, deem it an impracticable acquirement, how much of a piece their incredulities about the doctrines of Christianity are with each other. No wonder that they feel the work of the New Testament to be beyond their strength, so long as they hold the words of the New Testament to be beneath their attention. Neither they nor any one else can dispossess the heart of an old affection, but by the impulsive power of a new one, and, if that new affection be the love of God, neither they nor any one else can be made to entertain it, but on such a representation of the Deity as shall draw the heart of the sinner toward Him. Now, it is just their unbelief which screens from the discernment of their minds this representation. They do not see the love of God in sending His Son into the world. They do not see the expression of his tenderness to men, in sparing him not, but giving him up unto the death for us all. They do not see the sufficiency of the atonement, or of the sufferings that were endured by him who bore the burden that sinners should have borne. They do not see the blended holiness and compassion of the Godhead, in that He passed by the transgressions of His creatures, yet could not pass them by without an expiation. It is a mystery to them how a man should pass to a state of godliness from a state of nature—but had they only a believing view of God manifest in the flesh, this would resolve for them the whole mystery of godliness. As it is, they can not get quit of their old affections, because they are out of sight from all those truths which have influence to raise a new one. They are like the children of Israel in the land of Egypt, when required to make bricks without straw—they can not love God, while they want the only food which can aliment this affection in a sinner's bosom—and however great their errors may be, both in resisting the demands of the gospel as impracticable, and in rejecting the doctrines of the gospel as inadmissible, yet there is not a spiritual man (and it is the prerogative of Him who is spiritual to judge all men) who will not perceive that there is a consistency in these errors.

[April 27.]

But if there be a consistency in the errors, in like manner is there a consistency in the truths which are opposite to them. The man who believes in the peculiar doctrines will readily bow to the peculiar demands of Christianity. When he is told to love God supremely, this may startle him to whom God has

been revealed in grace, and in pardon, and in all the freeness of an offered reconciliation. When told he should shut out the world from the heart, this may be impossible with him who has nothing to replace it—but not impossible with him who has found in God a sure and a satisfying portion. When told to withdraw his affections from the things that are beneath, this was laying an order of self-extinction upon the man who knows not another quarter in the whole sphere of his contemplation, to which he could transfer them—but it were not grievous to him whose view has been opened up to the loveliness and glory of the things that are above, and can there find, for every feeling of his soul, a most ample and delighted occupation. When told to look not at the things that are seen and temporal, this were blotting out the light of all that is visible from the prospect of him in whose eye there is a wall of partition between guilty nature and the joys of eternity—but he who believes that Christ has broken down this wall, finds a gathering radiance upon his soul, as he looks onward in faith to the things that are unseen and eternal. Tell a man to be holy—and how can he compass such a performance, when his alone fellowship with holiness is a fellowship of despair? It is the atonement of the cross, reconciling the holiness of the lawgiver with the safety of the offender, that hath opened the way for a sanctifying influence into the sinner's heart, and he can take a kindred impression from the character of God now brought nigh, and now at peace with him.

Separate the demand from the doctrine, and you have either a system of righteousness that is impracticable, or a barren orthodoxy. Bring the demand and the doctrine together, and the true disciple of Christ is able to do the one through the other strengthening him. The motive is adequate to the movement, and the bidden obedience of the gospel is not beyond the measure of his strength, just because the doctrine of the gospel is not beyond the measure of his acceptance. The shield of faith, and the hope of salvation, and the Word of God, and the girdle of truth—these are the armor that he has put on; and with these the battle is won, and the eminence is reached, and the man stands on the vantage ground of a new field and a new prospect. The effect is great, but the cause is equal to it—and stupendous as this moral resurrection to the precepts of Christianity undoubtedly is, there is an element of strength enough to give it being and continuance in the principles of Christianity.

The object of the gospel is both to pacify the sinner's conscience, and to purify his heart; and it is of importance to observe that what mars one of these objects, mars the other also. The best way of casting out an impure affection is to admit a pure one; and by the love of what is good, to expel the love of what is evil. Thus it is, that the freer the gospel, the more sanctifying the gospel; and the more it is received as a doctrine of grace, the more will it be felt as a doctrine according to godliness. This is one of the secrets of the Christian life, that the more a man holds of God as a pensioner, the greater is the payment of service that he renders back again. On the tenure of "Do this and live," a spirit of fearfulness is sure to enter; and the jealousies of a legal bargain chase away all confidence from the intercourse between God and man; and the creature striving to be square and even with his Creator, is, in fact, pursuing all the while his own selfishness instead of God's glory, and with all the conformities which he labors to accomplish, the soul of obedience is not there, the mind is not subject to the law of God, nor indeed under such an economy ever can be. It is only when, as in the gospel, acceptance is bestowed as a present, without money and without price, that the security which man feels in God is placed beyond the reach of disturbance, or that he can repose in him, as one friend reposes in another, or that any liberal and generous understanding can be established betwixt them—one party rejoicing over the other to do him good—the other finding that the truest gladness of his heart lies in the impulse of a

gratitude, by which it is awakened to the charms of a new moral existence. Salvation by grace—salvation on such a footing is not more indispensable to the deliverance of our persons from the hand of justice, than it is to the deliverance of our hearts from the chill and the weight of ungodliness.

Retain a single shred or fragment of legality with the gospel, and you raise a topic of distrust between man and God. You take away from the power of the gospel to melt and to conciliate. For this purpose, the freer it is, the better it is. That very peculiarity which so many dread as the germ of Antinomianism, is in fact the germ of a new spirit, and a new inclination against it. Along with the light of a free gospel, does there enter the love of the gospel, which in proportion as you impair the freeness, you are sure to chase away. And never does the sinner find within himself so mighty a moral transformation, as when under the belief that he is saved by grace, he feels constrained thereby to offer his heart a devoted thing, and to deny ungodliness.

To do any work in the best manner, you would make use of the fittest tools for it. And we trust that what has been said may serve in some degree for the practical guidance of those who would like to reach the great moral achievement of our text—but feel that the tendencies and desires of nature are too strong for them. We know of no other way by which to keep the love of the world out of our heart, than to keep in our heart the love of God—and no other way by which to keep our hearts in the love of God, than building ourselves up on our most holy faith. That denial of the world which is not possible to him that dissents from the gospel testimony, is possible, even as all things are possible to him that believeth. To try this without faith, is to work without the right tool or the right instrument. But faith worketh by love; and the way of expelling from the heart the love that transgresseth the law, is to admit into its receptacles the love which fulfilleth the law.

Conceive a man to be standing on the margin of this green world; and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance smiling upon every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive of this as being the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation; and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him on earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling places, and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he abandon the homebred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society?—and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by; and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories, and its sounds of sweeter melody; and he clearly saw that there a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heartfelt joy spread itself among all the families; and he could discern there a peace, and a piety, and a benevolence, which put a moral gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other, and with the beneficent Father of them all. Could he further see that pain and mortality were there unknown, and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him, perceive you not, that what was before the wilderness,

would become the land of invitation; and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beatific scenes and beatific society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visible around us, still, if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith, or through the channel of his senses—then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die unto the present world, and live to the lovelier world that stands in the distance, away from it.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Quiet and fair in tone; condensed to the last point, and still perfectly clear; written in such pure English that the youngest reader can understand, yet free from an affectation of baby talk, which is often considered indispensable in children's books—the "Young Folks' History of the United States" makes a refreshing contrast to the kind of school book with which Abbott and Loomis, and men of their stamp have inundated the country. Not that these latter, in spite of bombast and dryness, may not have served a purpose in their day and generation, no better men having come forward heretofore, but that a more thoughtful and scientific age demands better work.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Criticism on "Back-Log Studies."

In "Back-Log Studies" there are, no doubt, some essentially inartistic things—some long episodes; for example, such as the "New Vision of Sin" and the "Uncle in India," which are clearly inferior in texture to the rest, and not quite worth the space they occupy; but, as a whole, the book is certainly a most agreeable contribution to the literature of the Meditative school. And it is saying a great deal to say this. To make such an attempt successful there must be a lightness of touch sustained through everything; there must be a predominant sweetness of flavor, and that air of joyous ease which is often the final triumph of labor. There must also be a power of analysis, always subtle, never prolonged; there must be description, minute enough to be graphic, yet never carried to the borders of fatigue; there must also be glimpses of restrained passion, and of earnestness kept in reserve. All these are essential, and all these the "Back-Log Studies" show. If other resources were added—as depth of thought, or powerful imagination, or wide learning, or constructive power—they would only carry the book beyond the proper ranks of the Meditative school, and place it in that higher grade of literature to which Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" belongs. Yet it may be better not to insist on this distinction, for it is Mr. Warner himself who wisely reminds us that "the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is that of comparison."

It is as true in literature as in painting that "it is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim to immortality is made." The first and simplest test of good writing is in the fresh and incisive phrases it yields; and in this respect "Back-Log Studies" is strong. The author has not only the courage of his opinions, but he has the courage of his phrases, which is quite as essential. What an admirable touch, for instance, is that where Mr. Warner says that a great wood-fire in a wide kitchen chimney, with all the pots and kettles boiling and bubbling, and a roasting spit turning in front of it, "makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels!" Fancy the bewilderment of some slow and well-meaning man upon encountering that stroke of fancy; his going over it slowly from beginning to end, and then again backward from end to beginning, studying it with microscopic eye, to find where the resemblance comes in, until at last it occurs to him that possibly there may be a typographical error somewhere, and that, with a little revision, the sentence might become intelligible! He does not know that in literature, as in life, nothing venture,

nothing have; and that it often requires precisely such an audacious stroke as this to capture the most telling analogies.

There occurs just after this, in "Back-Log Studies," a sentence which has long since found its way to the universal heart, and which is worth citing, as an example of the delicate rhetorical art of under-statement. To construct a climax is within the reach of every one; there is not a Fourth-of-July orator who can not erect for himself a heaven-scaling ladder of that description, climb its successive steps, and then tumble from the top. But to let your climax swell beneath you like a wave of the sea, and then let it subside under you so gently that your hearer shall find himself more stirred by your moderation than by your impulse; this is a triumph of style. Thus our author paints a day of winter storm; for instance, the wild snow-drifts beating against the cottage window, and the boy in the chimney-corner reading about General Burgoyne and the Indian wars. "I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house, rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars, did not aspire to—'John,' says the mother, 'you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat.' But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. 'Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood.' How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all."

I defy any one who has a heart for children to resist that last sentence. Considered critically, it is the very triumph of under-statement—of delicious, provoking, perfectly unexpected moderation. It is a refreshing dash of cool water just as we were beginning to grow heated. Like that, it calls our latent heat to the surface by a kindly reaction; the writer surprises us by claiming so little that we concede everything; we at once compensate by our own enthusiasm for this inexplicable lowering of the demand. Like him! of course we like him—that curly-pated, rosy-cheeked boy, with his story books and his Indians! But if we had been called upon to adore him, it is very doubtful whether we should have liked him at all. And this preference for effects secured by quiet methods—for producing emphasis without the use of italics, and arresting attention without resorting to exclamation points—is the crowning merit of the later style of Mr. Warner.

HENRY JAMES, Jr.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., inherits from his father a diction so rich and pure, so fluent and copious, so finely shaded, yet capable of such varied service, that it is, in itself, a form of genius. Few men have ever been so brilliantly equipped for literary performance. Carefully trained taste, large acquirements of knowledge, experience of lands and races, and association with the best minds have combined to supply him with all the purely intellectual requisites which an author could desire.—*Bayard Taylor*.

As a story-teller, we know of no one who is entitled to rank higher since Poe and Hawthorne are gone, than Mr. James. His style is pure and finished, and marked by the nicety of expression which is so noticeable among the best French writers of fiction.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The "Portrait of a Lady" is a very clever book, and a book of very great interest. We do not know a living English novelist who could have written it. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Carlyle's Letters to Emerson.

Carlyle takes his place among the first of English, among the very first of all letter-writers. All his great merits come out in this form of expression; and his defects are not felt as defects, but only as striking characteristics and as tones in the picture. Originality, nature, humor, imagination, freedom, the disposition to talk, the play of mood, the touch of confidence—these qualities, of which the letters are full, will with the aid of an inimitable use of language—a style which glances

at nothing that it does not render grotesque—preserve their life for readers even further removed from the occasion than ourselves, and for whom possibly the vogue of Carlyle's published writings in his day will be to a certain degree a subject of wonder.

Carlyle is here in intercourse with a friend for whom, almost alone among the persons with whom he had dealings, he appears to have entertained a sentiment of respect—a constancy of affection untinged by that humorous contempt in which (in most cases) he indulges when he wishes to be kind, and which was the best refuge open to him from his other alternative of absolutely savage mockery.

It is singular, indeed, that throughout his intercourse with Emerson he never appears to have known the satiric fury which he directed at so many other objects, accepting his friend *en bloc*, once for all, with reservations and protests so light that, as addressed to Emerson's own character, they are only a finer form of consideration. * * * Other persons have enjoyed life as little as Carlyle; other men have been pessimists and cynics; but few men have rioted so in their disenchantments, or thumped so perpetually upon the hollowness of things with the idea of making it resound. Pessimism, cynicism, usually imply a certain amount of indifference and resignation; but in Carlyle these forces were nothing if not querulous and vocal. It must be remembered that he had an imagination which made acquiescence difficult—an imagination haunted with theological and apocalyptic visions. We have no occasion here to attempt to estimate his position in literature, but we may be permitted to say that it is mainly to this splendid imagination that he owes it. Both the moral and the physical world were full of pictures for him, and it would seem to be by his great pictorial energy that he will live.

Anthony Trollope.

His great, his inestimable merit was a complete appreciation of reality. This gift is not rare in the annals of English fiction; it would naturally be found in a walk of literature in which the feminine mind has labored so fruitfully. Women are delicate and patient observers; they hold their noses close, as it were, to the texture of life. They feel and perceive the real (as well as the desirable), and their observations are recorded in a thousand delightful volumes. Trollope therefore, with his eyes comfortably fixed on the familiar, the actual, was far from having invented a *genre*, as the French say; his great distinction is that, in resting there, his vision took in so much of the field. And then he felt all common, human things as well as saw them; felt them in a simple, direct, salubrious way, with their sadness, their gladness, their charm, their comicality, all their obvious and measurable meanings.

Du Maurier.

He is predominantly a painter of social, as distinguished from popular life, and when the other day he collected some of his drawings into a volume, he found it natural to give them the title of "English Society at Home." He looks at the "accomplished" classes more than at the people, though he by no means ignores the humors of humble life. His consideration of the peculiarities of costermongers and "cadgers" is comparatively perfunctory, as he is too fond of civilization and of the higher refinements of the grotesque. His colleague, the frank and as the metaphysicians say, objective, Keene, has a more natural familiarity with the British populace. There is a whole side of English life, at which du Maurier scarcely glances—the great sporting element, which supplies half of their gayety and all their conversation to millions of her Majesty's subjects. He is shy of the turf and of the cricket field; he only touches here and there upon the river. But he has made "society" completely his own—he has sounded its depths, explored its mysteries, discovered and divulged its secrets. His observation of these things is extraordinarily acute, and his illustrations, taken together, form a complete comedy of

manners, in which the same personages constantly re-appear, so that we have the sense, indispensable to keenness of interest, of tracing their adventures to a climax. So many of the conditions of English life are picturesque (and, to American eyes, even romantic), that du Maurier has never been at a loss for subjects. We mean that he is never at a loss for pictures. English society makes pictures all round him, and he has only to look to see the most charming things, which at the same time have the merit that you can always take the satirical view of them.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

He is equal as an artist to the best French writers. His books are not only artistically fine, but morally wholesome.—*Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes.*

The great body of the cultivated public has an instinctive delight in original genius, whether it be refined or sensational. Mr. Howells is eminently refined. His humor, however vivid in form, is subtle and elusive in its essence. He depends, perhaps, somewhat too much on the feelings of humor in his readers to appreciate his own. He has the true Addisonian touch; hits his mark in the white, and instead of provoking uproarious laughter, strives to evoke that satisfied smile which testifies to the quiet enjoyment of the reader. His humor is the humor of a poet.—*E. P. Whipple.*

Mr. Howells has been compared to Washington Irving for the exquisite purity of his style, and to Hawthorne for a certain subtle recognition of a hidden meaning in familiar things. A more thoroughly genial writer, certainly, we have not, nor one more conscientious in the practice of his art.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The Young Editor, from "A Modern Instance."

"Hullo!" he cried, with a suddenness that startled the boy, who had finished his meditation upon Bartley's trowsers, and was now deeply dwelling on his boots. "Do you like 'em? See what sort of a shine you can give 'em for Sunday-go-to-meeting-to-morrow-morning." He put out his hand and laid hold of the boy's head, passing his fingers through the thick red hair. "Sorrel-top!" he said with a grin of agreeable reminiscence. "They emptied all the freckles they had left into your face—didn't they, Andy?"

This free, joking way of Bartley's was one of the things that made him popular; he passed the time of day, and would give and take right along, as his admirers expressed it from the first, in a community where his smartness had that honor which gives us more smart men to the square mile than any other country in the world. The fact of his smartness had been affirmed and established in the strongest manner by the authorities of the college at which he was graduated, in answer to the reference he made to them when negotiating with the committee in charge for the place he now held as editor of the *Equity Free Press*. * * * They perhaps had their misgivings when the young man, in his well-blackened boots, his grey trowsers neatly fitting over them, and his diagonal coat buttoned high with one button, stood before them with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and looked down over his mustache at the floor, with sentiments concerning their wisdom which they could not explore; they must have resented the fashionable keeping of everything about him, for Bartley wore his one suit as if it were but one of many; but when they understood that he had come by everything through his own unaided smartness, they could no longer hesitate. One, indeed, still felt it a duty to call attention to the fact that the college authorities said nothing of the young man's moral characteristics in a letter dwelling so largely upon his intellectual qualifications. The others referred this point by a silent look to 'Squire Gaylord. "I don't know," said the 'Squire, "as I ever heard that a great deal of morality was required by a newspaper editor." The rest laughed at the joke, and the 'Squire continued: "But I guess if he worked his own way through college, as they say, that he hain't had time to be up to a great

deal of mischief. You know it's for idle hands that the devil provides, doctor."

"That's true, as far as it goes," said the doctor. "But it isn't the whole truth. The devil provides for some busy hands, too."

"There's a good deal of sense in that," the 'Squire admitted. "The worst scamps I ever knew were active fellows. Still, industry is in a man's favor. If the faculty knew anything against this young man they would have given us a hint of it. I guess we had better take him; we shan't do better. Is it a vote?"

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Humor he has, and of the very highest order. It is as delicate as Washington Irving's, and quite as spontaneous. But humor is hardly his predominant quality. He has all the wit of Holmes, and all the tenderness of Ik Marvel. He is often charmingly thoughtful, earnest and suggestive.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

There is only one other pair of microscopic eyes like his owned by an American, and they belong to W. D. Howells. These two men will ferret out fun from arid sands and naked rocks, and in one trip of a league, less or more, over a barren waste, see and hear more that is amusing and entertaining than the rest of the world will discover in crossing a continent. Such men should do our traveling for us.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From "Back-Log Studies."

The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its center; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince pies at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the grey-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone. Are there any homesteads now-a-days? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste.

From "Being a Boy."

It is a wonder that every New England boy does not turn out a poet, or a missionary or a peddler. Most of them used to. There is something in the heart of the New England hills to feed the imagination of the boy and excite his longing for strange countries. I scarcely know what the subtle influence is that forms him and attracts him in the most fascinating and aromatic of all lands, and yet urges him away from all the sweet delights of his home to become roamer in literature and in the world a poet and a wanderer. There is something in the soil and in the pure air, I suspect, that promises more romance than is forthcoming, and that excites the imagination without satisfying it, and begets the desire of adventure.

* * * * *

What John said was, that he didn't care much for pumpkin pie; but that was after he had eaten a whole one. It seemed to him then that mince would be better. The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered. *** His elders say that the boy is always hungry: but that is a very coarse way of putting it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is on the whole a very short time in which to eat them; at least he is told, among the first information he receives, that life is brief. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides on an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years; but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes—as to pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK.

The most favorably situated, and, for its extent, the most valuable region of the country was first settled by the Dutch, Hollanders and Swedes.

For some ten years there had been a trading post and small village on Manhattan Island; and, in 1623 the "Dutch West India Co.," with a charter covering the whole coast from the Strait of Magellan to Hudson's Bay, landed a colony of thirty families at New Amsterdam.

The first colonists were mostly Protestant refugees from Belgium, who came to America to escape the persecutions endured in their own country. A part of the colonists took up their abode at New Amsterdam; others went down the New Jersey coast, and landed on the eastern shore of the Bay of Delaware. The same year a colony of 18 families ascended the Hudson, and located at or near Albany. This was the most northern post, and was called Fort Orange.

A civil government was established for New Netherlands, in 1624, Cornelius May being the first governor.

In 1626 Peter Minuit was appointed governor, and during his administration he purchased of the native inhabitants the whole of Manhattan Island, containing more than 20,000 acres, for forty dollars.

Some settlements were also made on Long Island. The Dutch of New Amsterdam and the Pilgrims of New England were early friends, and helped each other. Both enjoyed a good degree of prosperity, and the population steadily increased.

For more than ten years the Indians, with few exceptions, received the strangers who came among them kindly and in good faith. When injured and wronged their resentment was kindled, and terribly did they avenge themselves on their enemies. The first notable instance was at Lewistown, on Delaware Bay, where Hosset, a governor of violent temper and little sagacity, seized and put to death a chief, who in some way offended him. The tribe was aroused, and assailed the place with such violence that not a man was left alive. When the next ship-load of colonists arrived, instead of a thrifty town, and friends eagerly waiting to receive them, they found but the bones of the slain, and the ashes of the homes that had sheltered them. Afterward there was not, for many years, the same sense of security; and in 1640 New Netherlands became involved in a general war with the Indians of Long Island and New Jersey, a war that, on both sides, was far from honorable, and marked with treachery, cruelty, and murders most revolting. If the whites were surprised and massacred by the Indians, there were as terrible massacres of Indians by the whites, who were, too often, the aggressors. An impartial historian says: "Nearly all the bloodshed and sorrow of those five years of war may be charged to Governor Kief. He was a revengeful, cruel man, whose idea of government was to destroy whatever opposed him." For his headstrong course and cruelty he lost

his position, and, to the great relief of the colonists, who had suffered much on his account, sailed for England. But the ship was wrecked on the coast of Wales, and the guilty governor found a grave in the sea. He was succeeded by Peter Stuyvesant, a resolute man, of more ability than most who preceded him. He, for seventeen years, managed the affairs of the colonists successfully. He conciliated the savages, settled the boundaries of his territory, and enforced the surrender of New Sweden, which became a part of his dominion. There was afterward some difficulty with the Indians, but more from a quarter whence no danger was expected. Lord Baltimore, of Maryland, claimed, under his charter, all the territory between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bay. Berkley claimed New Sweden, while Connecticut and Massachusetts were equally aggressive on the territories adjacent to their lines.

In 1664 the unscrupulous king of England, Charles II., issued patents to his brother, the Duke of York, covering the territory called New Netherlands, and more beside. It was in utter disregard of the rights of Holland, and of the West India Co., who had settled the country. No time was given for protest against the outrage. An English squadron soon appeared before New Amsterdam, and demanded the immediate surrender of the country, and the acknowledgment of the sovereignty of England. No effectual resistance could be made, and the indignant old governor, his council ordering it, had to sign the capitulation; and, on the 8th of September, 1664, the English flag was hoisted over the fort and town. The Swedish and Dutch settlements likewise capitulated, and the conquest was complete. From Maine to Georgia, in every settlement near the coast, the British flag was unfurled. This high-handed injustice, which robbed a sister state of her well earned colonial possessions, was but slightly mitigated by the fact that the armament was insufficient to enforce submission without the shedding of blood. The capitulation was on favorable terms, and with fair promises, that were never fulfilled. The government was despotic, and the people were sorely oppressed. The policy of the tyrannical governor was to tax the people till they could do nothing but think how possibly to pay the amount assessed.

In 1673, England and Holland being at war, the latter sent a small squadron to recover the possessions wrested from her in America. When the little fleet appeared before New York, the governor was absent, and his deputy, either from cowardice, or, knowing the people preferred to have it so, at once surrendered the city, and the whole province yielded without a struggle.

But the re-conquest of New York by the Dutch, gave them no permanent possession, as the war was soon closed by a treaty of peace, in which all the rights of Holland in America were surrendered.

The Dutch and Swedes again became subject to English authority. Popular government was overthrown, and the officers appointed by the crown, directly or otherwise, with few exceptions, were unjust and tyrannical. Their oppressive measures were met with resistance, and, so intense was the hatred excited, that obstructions were thrown in the way of everything that was attempted. The people, when not repelling the attacks of the French and the Indians, or carrying the war into the territory of the invaders—campaigns in which much was sacrificed and nothing gained—were in a constant struggle with the royal governors, intent on collecting the revenues and enriching themselves, but careless of the best interests of the people.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In 1681 William Penn, a man of convictions, who, with other Quakers, had suffered persecution on account of his religious convictions, obtained a charter with proprietary rights, for a large tract of American territory. Geographically its position was nearly central as regards the original colonies, but at first somewhat indefinitely bounded. In the final adjustment of

colonial limits it was made a regular parallelogram, a small addition being made to give access to Lake Erie, and a good harbor. The average length is 310 miles; the width, 160 miles. In naming his territory the proprietor modestly omitted any allusion to himself. He suggested Sylvania, because of the extensive and almost unbroken forest. The clerk prefixed "Penn." From this he appealed to the king, who decided the prefix should be retained; but, as a relief to the wounded modesty of the Quaker, said it would be in honor of the Admiral, his friend, and the deceased father of William. For whomever the compliment was intended, the citizens of the commonwealth have always liked the name.

The liberal plan for the government of West New Jersey, previously drawn up by Penn, was adopted, and the colonists encouraged to govern themselves. The powers conferred on him personally were never used in selfishness, or to advance his personal interests, but only to further the complete establishment of freedom, justice, and the best interests of the people.

To the Swedes and others who had settled within his territory before he took possession, he introduced himself in a way so conciliatory and assuring that their friendship was at once won. His first message as governor was an admirable document—plain, honest, sensible in its every utterance. Its brevity allows it to be printed in full. "My friends, I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These words are to let you know that it hath pleased God, in his providence, to cast you in my lot and care. It is a business that though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest heart to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the king's choice; for you are now fixed at the mercy of no governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and if you will, a sober, industrious people." * * *

Before the proprietor's arrival, with three shiploads of Quaker colonists, his deputy, as instructed, had respected the rights of all the settlers, of whatever nationality or religious faith, and had been specially careful to cultivate friendly relations, and form treaties with the Indian tribes located in or near the territory. The offers of friendship, honestly made, were received in the same kindly spirit that prompted them, and neither fraud nor violence was feared. Not long after Penn came, a general council was called of the chiefs and sachems, anxious to see him of whom they had heard, and whose promises, reported to them, they had believed. He met them, with a few friends, unarmed as they all were, and spoke kind words by an interpreter.

It was not his object to purchase lands, or to lay down rules to govern them in trading, but honestly to assure the untutored children of the forest of his friendly purposes and brotherly affection.

The covenant then made, not written with ink, nor confirmed by any oath, was sacredly kept. No deed of violence or injustice ever marred the peace or interrupted the friendly relations of the parties. For more than seventy years, during which time the province remained under the control of the Friends, the peace was unbroken. Not a war-whoop was heard, nor any hostile demonstration witnessed in Pennsylvania.

In December, 1682, a convention was held of three days' continuance, and all needful provision made for territorial legislation.

The generous concessions of the proprietor harmonized the views of the assembly, and the results of the convention were eminently satisfactory.

After a month's absence, during which there was a visit to the Chesapeake, and an amicable conference with Lord Baltimore, about the boundaries of their respective provinces, Penn returned, and busied himself in locating and making a plot of

his proposed capital. The beautiful neck between the Schuylkill and Delaware was wisely chosen; the land purchased of the Swedes, who had begun a settlement there, and map of the city provided. Three or four cabins were the only dwellings on the site, and the lines of the streets were indicated by marks on the trees. Thus in the woods was founded Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love.

From the inception of his American enterprise, Penn showed himself a true philanthropist, not seeking his own aggrandizement, but the good of others. The oppressed and persecuted trusted him and were not disappointed. He promised them freedom, the love of which was a master passion with him, and the charter of their liberties dated at Philadelphia, and adopted by the first General Assembly, was even more generous than they expected. He conceded all the rights of legislation to the representatives of the people, reserving for himself only the right to veto any hasty and objectionable enactments of the council. His administration as executive met with much favor, and the tide of prosperity was for years unabated. Such was the condition of affairs in Pennsylvania when King James II. abdicated his throne. Penn, being a friend of the Stuarts, and having received his liberal charter from Charles II., sympathized with the fallen monarch, and, though loyal, had less confidence in William and Mary. For his sympathy and supposed adherence to the cause of the exiled king, he was persecuted, several times arrested and cast into prison. But investigations showed the suspicions of disloyalty unfounded; and his rights, so unjustly and to the great grief of his colonists, wrested from him, were fully restored. The new sovereign was a Catholic, and his fellow-communicants, like other dissenters from the Establishment, had suffered much. His anxiety to restore to them all the immunities of citizenship disposed him to listen to the logic and eloquence of the accomplished Quaker, who boldly contended for the toleration of all creeds, and the unlimited freedom of conscience. His influence during these years, in keeping up the tide of immigration to America, and especially to Pennsylvania, was something wonderful.

In 1699 he again visited his American colony, now grown into a state—the increase in population and all the resources of a prosperous community far exceeding his expectations.

In 1701, having carefully and satisfactorily arranged all his affairs in America, Penn bade a final adieu to his many friends, and returned to England. He left them, largely through the influence of his teaching and example and spirit, at peace among themselves and with all their neighbors.

About this time a measure was proposed in England that, it passed, would seriously affect the colonists in all parts of the country. The ministers formed the design of abolishing all the proprietary estates, with the view of establishing royal governments in their stead. The presence of Penn was greatly needed in England to prevent the success of this scheme, and not without much effort was the purpose defeated. It required a man of power and influence in the king's court to do it. From this time the government, though still in Penn's right, was administered by his deputies, some of whom disappointed him. John Evans, an ambitious man, and not true to the peace principles of the Friends, greatly troubled the province by purchasing military equipments, and attempting to organize a regiment of militia. The council and citizens protested so strongly against his proceedings as irreconcilable with the policy of Penn, that Evans was removed from the office, and another appointed. His charge to the deputies appointed had been, "You are come to a quiet land; rule for him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it an honor to govern in their places." Those who heeded the charge had peace and prosperity in their borders. As proprietor of his vast possessions in America, Penn was not faultless; but his mistakes bore an amiable character. Conscious of his own integrity and freedom from cupidity, he placed too much

confidence in the untried virtue of others, and exposed inferior men in the way of temptation to dishonesty that they were not able to resist. The rascality of his agent, Ford, whose false accounts involved the honest proprietor in debt to a large amount, well nigh accomplished his financial ruin. He was imprisoned, and after weary months of confinement was released by influential friends, who compounded with the creditors in whose power the crafty agent had placed him.

The simplicity of his Quaker habits and enthusiasm for religion seemed inconsistent with his great influence in the corrupt court of the king, and he was suspected of acting a double part—was thrice arrested, charged with treasonable intentions, and as often acquitted. But the strain was too great. His natural force abated, and the infirmities of age came on him rapidly. His acquittal, and the complete vindication of his character cast a bright light on the clouds, and its radiance gave a kind relief for the six years of feebleness and suffering that remained after life's mission seemed mostly accomplished. The attacks of enemies and contemporary rivals are more readily condoned. But the abortive attempt of Lord Macaulay to asperse the character of the deceased governor, whose enterprise in the New World eclipsed all others, reflects little honor on the name of the great historian. Certainly the great Quaker's record on this side of the Atlantic can never be tarnished, and his principles of liberty and equality are better understood and appreciated by American freemen.

The colonial possessions of Penn were bequeathed to his three sons, by whom, and their deputies, the government was administered until the American Revolution. Afterward, in 1779, the entire claim of the Penn family to the soil and jurisdiction of the state, was purchased by the legislature for a hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling. The early history of the Keystone state is one of special interest and pleasure. The reader lingers over it because it recounts bloodless victories, and the triumph of kindness and right over violence and wrong.

When nations grow mercenary and grasping, the strong justifying their aggressions and conquests by the false plea that success, and the probable hereafter of the conquered races justify their assaults, the early annals of Penn's state will stand a perpetual protest against fraud and violence, however successful for a time. Might does not make right, even when the highest civilization confronts the lowest barbarism. Even savages had rights that the most cultured Englishmen were bound to respect.

The brotherhood of man includes those of lowest estate. So thought the founder of the great state that bears his name. With his charter in hand he fearlessly plunged into the vast wilderness, saying, "I will here found a free colony for all mankind." The words had the true ring, and the asylum was opened for men of every nation who loved liberty and hated the oppressor's wrongs. And it was a most fitting thing that the "bells of his capital should ring out the first glad notes of American independence."

GEORGIA.

Every philanthropist must take satisfaction in the founding of the colony in Georgia; for, perhaps beyond any other, it had its origin in the spirit of pure benevolence. The unfortunate debtor in England was by the laws liable to imprisonment; and thousands were, for this cause alone, languishing in prisons. The miserable condition of debtors and their desolate families, was at length thrust on the attention of Parliament. In 1723 a commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the poor, and report measures of relief. The work was accomplished, the jails thrown open, and the prisoners returned to their families. But, though liberated, they and their friends were in no condition to maintain themselves respectably in the land of their birth. There was a land beyond the sea where debt was not a crime, and poverty not necessarily a disgrace. To provide somewhere a refuge for the poor of England, and

the distressed Protestants of other countries, the commission appealed to George II. for the privilege of planting a colony of such persons in America. A charter was issued giving the desired territory to a corporation, for twenty-one years, *to be held in trust for the poor*. In honor of the king the new province was named Georgia. The high-souled philanthropist who initiated and went steadily forward in this enterprise was James Oglethorpe. Born a loyalist, educated at Oxford, a high churchman, a soldier, a member of Parliament, benevolent, generous, full of sympathy, and far-sighted in comprehending the results of his enterprise, he sacrificed much, giving the best position of a life so full of energy and promise to the noble charity of providing homes for the poor, under such conditions that the largest benefit could be received by them without any sense of degradation. Ridpath says: "The magnanimity of the enterprise was heightened by the fact that he did not believe in the equality of men, but only in the duty of the strong to protect the weak, and sympathize with the lowly. Oglethorpe was the principal member of the corporation, and to him the personal leadership of the first colony planted on the banks of the Savannah was naturally intrusted. His associations were with cultured people, and his refined tastes would be subjected to some crucial tests by the rude scenes in the wilderness, and his association with unlettered men. But he was not a man to shirk responsibility, and promptly determined to share the privations, hardships, and dangers of his colony."

With one hundred and twenty emigrants, in January, 1735, he safely reached the coast, proceeded up the river, and selected, for the site of his first settlement, the high bluff on which Savannah was built. There, amidst the pines, was soon seen a village of tents and rude dwellings, the nucleus of the fine city, intended for the capital of a new commonwealth, in which there would be freedom of conscience and no imprisonment for debt."

[End of Required Reading for April.]

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

I met an old man in my way;
For many years the light of day
Had been to him but memory;
Poor, blind, half-deaf, and lame was he:
My heart was bent to sympathize,
I looked toward the dead closed eyes,
Hopeful, by some apt words, a light
To bring to mingle with his night.

A falling tide was on the sand.
Slowly, that he might understand,
I said,
"The ebbing tide, and then the flood;
The darkest hour, then the dawn;
Death, then —"
Some inner sun's streaks in his face
Shone on this image of his case,
And twice, with Faith and Hope's sunshine,
He brightly filled my shortened line—
Death, then the morn—Death, then the morn!

FOR though you might not be able to break or bend the power of genius—the deeper the sea, the more precipitous the coast—yet in the most important initiatory decade of life, in the first, at the opening dawn of all feelings, you might surround and overlay the slumbering lion-energies with all the tender habits of a gentle heart, and all the bands of love.—*Richter.*

THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

By the Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

Among the monuments and illustrations of the spirit of philanthropy—the noblest distinction between ancient and modern civilization—the Cooper Institute has stood for a quarter of a century, an object of interest proportionate to the intellectual and moral elevation of those who behold it.

The early struggles, great success and marked mental progress of its founder, no less than a liberality as beautiful as it was then rare, invest his life with a peculiar charm. Nor did he retain his possessions until death loosened his grasp, employing in beneficence only that which he could no longer retain. Thus he became the ancestor of many who are their own executors. "May their tribe increase!" To these qualities was added a simplicity which made it impossible not to feel that Peter Cooper was a kind of universal "Uncle." It pleased Almighty God in a providence, which was no strain upon faith, as it seemed preëminently in harmony with the sense of fitness, to allow him to live until he had seen the desire of his heart, and could not doubt either the perpetuity, the wisdom or the success of his plans for promoting the welfare of the people. To comparatively few philanthropists on so large a scale, has this privilege been vouchsafed; for most of them are old before their accumulations justify large responsibilities.

The death of Peter Cooper gave to New York the opportunity, which was itself a blessing, of showing by spontaneous tributes whose reflex influence strengthens every spring of virtue, counteracting the barbarizing tendencies of the struggle for bread or riches or honors, and the weakening effects of mere idleness and the prevailing distrust of human goodness, its estimate of disinterestedness. The opportunity was improved, for never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant has the death of a private citizen evoked more tender exhibitions of respect and affection than that of the patriarchal Peter Cooper.

It is my purpose to describe this institution; to tell all about it, so that those who read and have not seen may know what those who have seen are pleased to recall.

On the 29th of April, 1859, Peter Cooper executed a deed in fee simple of the property known as the Cooper Institute without any reservation, to six trustees, upon the conditions specified in the act of the legislature authorizing the gift to be made, "that the above mentioned and desirable premises, together with the appurtenances and the rents, issues, income, and profits thereof shall be forever devoted to the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art."

The location of the property and its dimensions are thus described by the founder in his letter to the trustees accompanying the trust deed:

"GENTLEMEN:—It is to me a source of inexpressible pleasure, after so many years of continued effort, to place in your hands the title of all that piece and parcel of land bounded on the west by Fourth Avenue, and on the north by Astor Place, on the east by Third Avenue, and on the south by Seventh Street, with all the furniture, rents and income of every name and nature, to be forever devoted to the advancement of science and art in their application to the varied and useful purposes of life."

That the spirit of Peter Cooper and the purposes which he had in this munificent gift may be the more fully understood, and the reader may judge how near the trustees have come to fulfilling the same, I shall quote some salient passages from that unique letter. "The great object I desire to accomplish by the establishment of an institution devoted to the advancement of science and art is to open the volume of nature by the light of truth—so unveiling the laws and methods of Deity that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Being 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.' My heart's desire is, that the

rising generation may become so thoroughly acquainted with the laws of nature and the great mystery of their own being that they may see, feel, understand and know that there are immutable laws designed in infinite wisdom, constantly operating for our good—so governing the destiny of worlds and men that it is our highest wisdom to live in strict conformity to these laws."

The italics are his. Mr. Cooper felt a special interest in the advancement of women; nor did this interest take a mere sentimental, much less an unpractical, form. It did not effervesce in honeyed compliments or futile denunciation of the existing state. It was thus expressed: "To manifest the deep interest and sympathy I feel in all that can advance the happiness and better the condition of the female portion of the community, and especially of those who are dependent upon honest labor for support, I desire the trustees to appropriate two hundred and fifty dollars yearly to assist such pupils of the Female School of Design as shall, in their careful judgment, by their efforts and sacrifices in the performance of duty to parents, or to those that Providence has made dependent on them for support, merit and require such aid. My reason for this requirement is, not so much to reward, as to encourage the exercise of heroic virtues that often shine in the midst of the greatest suffering and obscurity, without so much as being noticed by the passing throng."

In prescribing rules for the practice of debate, and the facilities for the hearing of lectures, he says: "To aid the speakers, and those that hear, to profit by these lectures and debates, I hereby direct to have placed in the lecture room, in a suitable position, full-length likenesses of Washington, Franklin and Lafayette, with an expression of my sincere and anxious desire that all that behold them may remember that notwithstanding they are dead they yet speak the language of truth and soberness."

Here follows a provision far in advance of his time, but now becoming common, if not popular: "Desiring as I do that the students of this institution may become preëminent examples in the practice of all the virtues, I have determined to give them an opportunity to distinguish themselves for their good judgment by annually recommending to the trustees for their adoption such rules and regulations as they, on mature reflection, shall believe to be necessary and proper to preserve good morals and good order throughout their connection with this institution."

The letter contains an account of the religious opinions which had taken an "irresistible possession" of his mind. These—which may be inferred from the extracts made—and the offer of ten thousand dollars additional, to the board of trustees, for which they were to draw at their pleasure, as fast as the same could "be wisely used to advance the interests of the institution," conclude this remarkable letter.

Mr. Cooper continued to assist the Institute in every possible way until his death. In his will he bequeathed to it \$100,000. Soon after his death his children notified the trustees that "in accordance with what they understood to be Mr. Cooper's final wishes, they would in a few months contribute the sum of \$100,000 in addition to the bequest of \$100,000 contained in his will."

The trustees—of whom not one has died in the long period of their service, the only death being that of the President, Peter Cooper—give the following succinct statement of the principles upon which they proceeded in the execution of so weighty a trust. They say that they laid down as the fundamental basis of their operations the following principles:

First, that the details of the institution in all the departments should be arranged with especial reference to the intellectual wants and improvement of the working classes. And, second, that as far as might be consistent with the first principle, all interference with the plans or objects of other existing institutions in the city should be avoided. Guided by these principles the trustees arrived at the following broad scheme, as

best calculated to instruct, elevate, and improve the working classes of the city :

1. Instruction in the branches of knowledge which are practically applied in their daily occupations, by which they support themselves and their families.

2. Instruction in the laws by which health is preserved and the sanitary condition of families improved ; in other words, in personal hygiene.

3. Instruction in social and political science, by virtue of which communities maintain themselves, and nations progress in virtue, wealth and power.

4. Instruction addressed to the eye, the ear, and the imagination, with a view to furnish a reasonable and healthy recreation to the working classes after the labors of the day.

In pursuance of these objects and in harmony with the above comprehensive principles the following departments are maintained at the present time in most effective operation :

1. Free Reading Room and Library. Here between 430 and 440 periodicals are kept on file, and upward of 17,000 volumes are upon the shelves. In 1883 the number of books used was 194,963, the number of patent office reports examined 8,324, and the number of visitors to the patent office room 1,487. In all 559,707 persons visited the Free Reading Room and Library during 1883.

2. Free Art School for Women. There were no less than 1,450 applications for admission during the year, a number far in excess of the accommodations ; 275 were admitted to the morning classes, of whom 202 remained at the close of the term, and 160 received certificates. There are also a "pay class" for pottery painting in this department, and a pay class for drawing in the afternoon ; 43 were in the pottery class, and 221 in the drawing class.

3. Free School for Women in Wood Engraving. Thirty-two students were received during the year 1882, of whom 28 continued to the close of the term.

4. Free School of Telegraphy for Women. The number of applicants was 160, of whom 55 were admitted.

5. Free Night School of Science. In this important department are classes in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, descriptive geometry, differential and integral calculus, elementary mechanics, natural philosophy, engineering, astronomy, elementary chemistry, analytical chemistry, geology, mechanical drawing, oratory and debate. One thousand one hundred and sixty-nine were admitted into the School of Science, 705 remained till the close of the year, and 405 obtained certificates.

6. The Free Night School of Art. Here is taught perspective drawing, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, drawing from cast, form drawing, industrial drawing, ornamental free hand, rudimental free hand, modeling in clay. In this school were 1,797 pupils.

In addition to these departments a course of ten free lectures is given in the great hall on successive Saturday evenings for ten weeks. The lecturers are men of considerable eminence and generally specialists. Probably the most interesting ever delivered was the course by the famous naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, of London, England. This course crowded the hall, and was concluded January 19th of the present year by a lecture, with illustrations, on "The Ant."

The term begins in the free Night Schools for Science and Art on the 1st of October, and closes term work in April. Applications for admission must be made during the month of September on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and on Thursday evenings afterward. Each applicant must be at least fifteen years old, and bring a letter of recommendation from his employer. Ladies are admitted to any of the classes in the School of Science for which they are fitted, but not to the School of Art. The regular course of study requires five terms, and to those who successfully complete it the Cooper medal and diploma are awarded.

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The annual term in the Woman's Art School begins October 1st and ends May 30th. Ladies desiring admission must apply in person or writing, and give a written responsible reference as to character, fitness, and inability to pay for instruction. The ages are from sixteen to thirty-five years. Pupils who do not exhibit proficiency after two months' trial will be dropped. The morning classes are reserved for those who do not pay. But to meet the wants of those who wish to study as an accomplishment, "paying classes" are organized for the afternoon. Lessons are given in elementary drawing from objects, cast drawing, life drawing, oil painting, engraving. Lessons of two hours in length are given three times a week. Terms, \$15 for thirty lessons.

The rules of admission to the Free School in Telegraphy for Women are that the candidates shall present themselves for examination on the first Tuesday in October. They will be examined in reading poor manuscript, writing from dictation, penmanship and spelling. They must be at least sixteen years old, and *positively* not over *twenty-four*.

In the report for 1882, published in May, 1883, Mrs. Carter the Principal of the Woman's Art School, says : "One hundred and twenty-six present pupils are earning. Of these fifty-four are in the photograph classes, and eighteen in the engraving class. Twenty-six now in the school are teaching drawing, and three of these are in nineteen public schools in this city. One young woman who left the art school in the winter teaches twenty-five hours a week in eight public schools here at two dollars an hour."

The form of application to the Cooper Union includes name of applicant, residence, age, occupation, name of employer, place of business. Parents or guardians, in the case of minors, fill out the blanks, but applications must be made in person. It only remains to say that the applications are in advance of the capacity of the Institute, but that the democratic principle of "first come first served" is rigorously applied. Applications do not hold over from one year to another, but must be renewed. It is possible for persons from any part of the country to avail themselves of the facilities here afforded. Board for gentlemen can be obtained at very reasonable rates, not far from the Union. Two rooming together and lunching at restaurants can live well at a low rate. Ladies also can procure board in Brooklyn, or in the suburban towns, or even in the city itself, at a rate far below what is generally supposed possible.

Passing the Cooper Institute, as the writer does nearly every day, he looks with undiminished interest upon the young men and young women who go in and out of the building ; while to attend one of the lectures is a pleasure far greater than that of merely listening. If it were possible to assemble in one place all who have been helped upward and onward here, among them would be found men and women now in the most influential positions, and the intelligence visible in the countenances of those who, though still earning their bread by the sweat of the brow, are filled with elevating thoughts, and are consciously members of the aristocracy of intellect, would be an ample reward to founder, trustees and teachers, for all their work and labor of love. Nor is this all ; these pupils will transmit influences through their posterity to the end of time. Peter Cooper, like Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin, still speaks "words of truth and soberness." He shakes hands with every aspiring young man, saying : "My son, I will help you ;" with every young woman who cherishes a high ambition : "My daughter, I have a deep sympathy with you." It is useless to say, "Long may his memory endure !" It can not die.

In concluding this paper the writer must be permitted to express his satisfaction that the sketch is to appear in a magazine called into being by an institution which on another principle, equally efficient and much more widely diffused in the sphere of its influence, promotes the advancement of Science and Art by bringing them within the reach of all aspirants, without distinction of race, sex, age, or previous condition of servitude.

GREEN SUN AND STRANGE SUNSETS.

During the first half of September, the sun in Ceylon and India, and also in the West Indies, presented at rising and setting the appearance of a green or greenish-blue disc. Even when at his highest the sun appeared pale blue in Ceylon (from the other places no account of the sun's aspect at high noon has reached me). On September 2, at Trinidad, the sun looked like a blue globe after five in the evening, "and after dark," says the report, "we thought there was a fire in the town, from the bright redness of the heavens." At Ongole, as the sun approached the horizon, his disc passed from a bluish tinge to green, which became tinged with yellow as he approached the horizon. "After he had set, light yellow and orange appeared in the west, a very deep red remaining for more than an hour after sunset; whereas, under ordinary conditions, all traces of color leave the sky in this latitude," says the narrator, "within half an hour after the sun disappears." These accounts, from both the eastern and western hemispheres, seem clearly to associate the green sun which attracted so much attention in the tropics early in September, with the remarkable sunsets seen in Arabia, in Africa (North and South), and throughout Europe during October and November. For we see that whatever may have been the explanation of the green sun, the phenomenon must have been produced by some cause capable of producing after sunset a brilliant red and orange glow, for a time much exceeding the usual duration of the twilight afterglow. The occurrence of the afterglow, with the same remarkable tints and similar exceptional duration elsewhere—though some weeks later—shows that a similar cause was at work.

Two points are clear. First, the cause alike of the greenness of the sun and the ruddy afterglow was in the air, not outside; and, secondly, the matter, whatever it was, which made the sun look green when he was seen through it, and which under his rays looked red, was high above the surface of the earth. It can readily be shown, so far as this last point is concerned, that matter at a lower level than sixteen miles could not have caught the sun's rays so long after sunset as the glow was seen. On the other point it suffices, of course, to note that if some cause in the sun himself had been at work, the whole earth would have seen the green sun, while the afterglow would have found no explanation at all.

As to the actual cause to which both phenomena are to be ascribed, we must, I think, exculpate Krakatoa from all part or share in producing these strange effects. The appearance of a blue sun at Trinidad, followed two or three days later by a green sun in the East Indies, can not possibly be associated with the occurrence of an earthquake on the Javan shore a few days earlier. Beside, it must be remembered that we should have to explain two incongruous circumstances; first, how the exceedingly fine matter ejected from Krakatoa could have so quickly reached the enormous height at which the matter actually producing the afterglow certainly was; and, secondly, how having been able to traverse still air so readily one way, that matter failed to return as readily earthward under the attraction of gravity. Again the explanation, which at first seems a most probable one, that unusually high strata of moist air, with accompanying multitudes of ice particles, caused the phenomena alike of absorption and of reflection, seems negatived—first, by the entire absence of any other evidence of extraordinary meteorological conditions in September, October and November last; and, secondly, by the entire absence of any of the optical phenomena which necessarily accompany the transmission of sunlight through strata of air strewn with many ice particles.

We seem obliged then to adopt a theory, first advanced, I believe, by Mr. A. C. Ranyard, that the phenomena were

caused by a cloud of meteoric dust encountered by the earth, and received into the upper regions of the air, thence to penetrate slowly (mayhap not till many months have passed) to the surface of the earth. Mr. Ranyard calls attention to the circumstance that probably the early snows of the winter 1883-'84 would bring down the advanced guard of such meteoric dust; and even as I write I learn that Mr. W. Mathieu Williams has followed the suggestion. He carefully collected the snow which fell in his garden, eighty yards from his chimneys and half a mile from any to windward. Slicing off a top film of the snow with a piece of glass he thawed it, and found a sediment of fine brownish-black powder. Ferrocyanide of potassium added to the snow-water produced no change of color, showing the absence of iron in solution, nor was there any visible reaction on the black dust till he added some hydrochloric acid. Then the blue compound indicating iron was abundantly formed all round the granules, and presently, as their solution was effected, a bluish-green deposit was formed, and the whole liquid deeply tinged with the same color. "It was not," says Mr. Williams, "the true Prussian-blue reaction of iron alone, but just the color that would be produced by mixing small quantities of the cyanide of nickel (yellowish green) and the cyanide of cobalt (brownish white) with a preponderating amount of Prussian blue."

If this explanation of the green sun and the extraordinary sunsets should be confirmed, it appears to me that a most interesting result will have been achieved. Of course, it is no new thing that as the earth rushes onward through space she encounters yearly many millions of meteoric bodies, large and small; nor ought it to be regarded as strange that beside these separate bodies, millions of millions in the form of fine cosmic dust should be encountered; but the actual evidence, derived from the behavior of sunlight (the red and yellow rays reflected and relative superabundance of green and blue rays therefore transmitted), would be an interesting and important addition to our knowledge of matters meteoric.—*The Contemporary Review*.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By W. W. GIST.

A peep into a literary workshop is always interesting. There is always some curiosity to know how a man of letters does his work. This fascinating autobiography gives us a clear insight into Anthony Trollope's manner of study, and states many other facts that are intensely interesting.

Anthony Trollope's parents were both of a literary turn of mind. His father had no business capacity, and everything he attempted went wrong. His mother and brother came to America and opened a bazar at Cincinnati, hoping to amass a fortune. This proved a failure, and upon returning to England, Mrs. Trollope wrote a book on America, which brought a fair compensation. For years she supported the family by her pen. There is indeed something heroic in her watching by the bedside of her dying husband and son, and writing her books during the intervals that the sick did not demand her attention. Her first book was written when she was fifty years of age. She wrote in all one hundred and fourteen volumes.

Anthony Trollope's school advantages were poor, and the trials of his childhood were greater than those of the average youth. In 1834, at the age of nineteen, he entered the postal service and continued in it for thirty-three years, effecting many valuable reforms and proving himself an efficient government officer.

His literary work was done in such a manner as not to interfere in the least with his duties as inspector of postoffices. Few men have the power of will to hold themselves to the rigid, exacting plan of study that he imposed upon himself.

He hired a man to call him at 5:30 each morning, and his literary work was done between that hour and 8:30, before he dressed for breakfast. He did not, however, spend the whole of the three hours in writing. During the first half hour he read aloud what he had written the day before, so that his ear could detect any lack of harmony in expression, and that he might catch the spirit of his last day's work. Can anything be more systematic than his method of writing a book, as told in his own language:

"When I commenced a new book I always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. * * * I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred and fifty words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers, I have—not, of course, with their knowledge, but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time—and I have always done so. There has ever been the record before me, and a week passed with an insufficient number of pages has been a blister to my eye, and a month so disgraced would have been a sorrow to my heart."

He was not satisfied to hold himself rigidly to specified hours. Much of the time he wrote with his watch open before him, and his task was to complete a page every fifteen minutes. "I have found that the two hundred and fifty words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went." He seems to feel that the one only who has acquired a facile style can expect to produce a given quantity in a given time. "His language must come from him as music comes from the rapid touch of the great performer's fingers; as words come from the mouth of the indignant orator; as letters fly from the fingers of the trained compositor; as the syllables tinkled out by little bells form themselves to the ear of the telegrapher."

In comparing himself with the authors who follow no systematic method of work, he says: "They have failed to write their best because they have seldom written at ease. I have done double their work—though burdened with another profession—and have done it almost without an effort. I have not once, through all my literary career, felt myself even in danger of being late with my task. I have known no anxiety as to copy."

In another connection he speaks of having three unpublished novels in his desk, and adds: "One of these has been six years finished, and has never seen the light since it was first tied up in the wrapper which now contains it. I look forward with some grim pleasantry to its publication after another period of six years, and to the declaration of the critics that it has been the work of a period of life at which the power of writing novels had passed from me."

His method in writing enabled him to produce books quite rapidly, and this accounts in part for the unpublished works on hand. Only once did he permit a story to appear as a serial. In all other cases the story was completed before the printer saw any part of it.

He defends his habit of work as follows: "I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius.

I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels. Nothing, surely, is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed. It has the force of the water-drop that hollows the stone. A small daily task, if it be really daily, will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules."

His duties as a government officer required him to travel a great deal, and he soon learned to do much of his literary work while on his journeys. He wrote on a tablet while riding in the cars; one story was written while traveling on three different continents; "Lady Anna" was written while making a voyage from Liverpool to Australia.

Anthony Trollope had very positive views on the subject of criticism. Early in his literary career he reached this conclusion: "I made up my mind then that, should I continue this trade of authorship, I would have no dealings with any critic on my own behalf. I would neither ask for nor deplore criticism, nor would I ever thank a critic for praise, or quarrel with him, even in my heart, for censure." A critic of the *Times* once commended his books very highly. The critic afterward ventured to inform Mr. Trollope that he was the author of the criticism. The blunt reply was to the effect that he was under no obligations for the complimentary notice.

He once censured a professional critic for accepting a handsome present from an author whose works the critic had commended. His idea was that the man who has received a present for praising a book will not feel free to criticise adversely the next book by the same author. He states his views at length on this point: "I think it may be laid down as a golden rule in literature that there should be no intercourse at all between an author and his critic. The critic, as critic, should not know his author, nor the author, as author, his critic. * * * Praise let the author try to obtain by wholesome effort; censure let him avoid, if possible, by care and industry. But when they come, let him take them as coming from some source which he cannot influence, and with which he should not meddle."

He once made an earnest plea that the critic's name should be appended to his article, believing that this would make the writer more careful both of his censure and praise, and that the reader could determine the value of the criticism. On the subject of critical dishonesty he says: "If the writer will tell us what he thinks, though his thoughts be absolutely vague and useless, we can forgive him; but when he tells us what he does not think, actuated either by friendship or animosity, then there should be no pardon for him. This is the sin in modern English criticism of which there is most reason to complain."

Anthony Trollope thinks that it is wrong that a literary name should carry so much favor with it. He says: "I, indeed, had never reached a height to which praise was awarded as a matter of course; but there were others who sat on higher seats, to whom the critics brought unmeasured incense and adulation, even when they wrote, as they sometimes did write, trash which from a beginner would not have been thought worthy of the slightest notice. I hope no one will think that in saying this I am actuated by jealousy of others. Though I never reached that height, still I had so far progressed that that which I wrote was received with too much favor. The injustice which struck me did not consist in that which was withheld from me, but in that which was given to me. I felt that aspirants coming up below me might do work as good as mine, and probably much better work, and yet fail to have it appreciated."

Mr. Trollope is undoubtedly right in his general statement. While as a rule literary productions stand on their merits, the name of Tennyson or some other writer of equal fame will insure the sale of an article which, if written by an unknown writer, would be promptly rejected. Young writers need not complain of this. Distinguished names render articles marketable, and give them a commercial value that publishers can not ignore. To test the correctness of his theory, Mr. Trollope wrote

two novels anonymously, which were not received with favor.

Mr. Trollope's success in a pecuniary point of view was very slow. During the first ten years of his literary career he did not receive compensation enough to buy the pens, ink and paper he used. Twelve years passed before he received any appreciable increase of salary from his books. From that time his compensation was good. His books brought him in all something like \$350,000.

The chapter that he devotes to the English novelists of his day is very interesting. He places Thackeray first, George Eliot second, and Dickens third. Most readers would perhaps reverse this order. Of Thackeray's great work he says: "I myself regard 'Esmond' as the greatest novel in the English language, basing that judgment upon the excellence of its language, on the clear individuality of the characters, on the truth of its delineations in regard to the time selected, and on its great pathos." He pays a high tribute to Charlotte Bronte, and then adds: "'Jane Eyre' and 'Esmond,' and 'Adam Bede,' will be in the hands of our grandchildren, when 'Pickwick' and 'Pelham' and 'Harry Lorrequer' are forgotten; because the men and women depicted are human in their aspirations, human in their sympathies, and human in their actions." He commends Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade quite highly, but thinks the latter has no clear conception of literary honesty.

Mr. Trollope relates an amusing incident concerning one of his favorite characters. He was seated in a club room, when two clergymen entered and commenced to criticise his works. "The gravamen of their complaint lay in the fact that I introduced the same characters so often. 'Here,' said one, 'is the archdeacon whom we have had in every novel he has ever written.' 'And here,' said the other, 'is the old duke whom he has talked about till everybody is tired of him. If I could not invent new characters, I would not write novels at all.' Then one of them fell foul of Mrs. Proudie. It was impossible for me not to hear their words, and almost impossible to hear them and be quiet. I got up, and standing between them, I acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I said, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over.' And so I did. The two gentlemen were utterly confounded, and one of them begged me to forget his frivolous observations. I have sometimes regretted the deed, so great was my delight in writing about Mrs. Proudie, * * * and I still live much in company with her ghost."

Mr. Trollope made a number of visits to the United States, and was in Washington at the time of the Mason and Slidell controversy. Mr. Sumner was opposed to giving up the men. Mr. Seward's counsel prevailed with President Lincoln, and the men were released. He says that this "was the severest danger that the Northern cause encountered during the war." He describes a visit to Brigham Young as follows:

"I called upon him, sending to him my card, apologizing for doing so without an introduction, and excusing myself by saying that I did not like to pass through the territory without seeing a man of whom I had heard so much. He received me in his doorway, not asking me to enter, and inquired whether I were not a miner. When I told him that I was not a miner, he asked me whether I earned my bread. I told him I did. 'I guess you're a miner,' said he. I again assured him that I was not. 'Then how do you earn your bread?' I told him that I did so by writing books. 'I'm sure you're a miner,' said he. Then he turned upon his heel, went back into the house, and closed the door. I was properly punished, as I was vain enough to conceive that he would have heard my name."

This autobiography is a delightful book. The candor with which the writer speaks of his own books, pointing out their defects and calling attention to their merits, the freedom with which he speaks of his early struggles, his method of work, and his success, the spirit of fairness with which he criticises his contemporaries—all these reveal a mind healthy in tone, and call forth our hearty admiration.

SABBATH CHIMES.

By PHEBE A. HOLDER.

O'er the city's restless surges,
Heaving like the ocean tide,
Steals the night with hush of silence,
And the waves of toil subside.
Noiseless drops the soft, dark curtain,
While the mighty throbbings cease,
Starry eyes watch o'er the city
Sleeping in the depths of peace.
Comes the morning fair and radiant,
Bathed in sunshine—breathing balm,
Heaven's blue dome a benediction,
With its pure, unspotted calm,
Like Jerusalem, the golden,
Coming down to earth from heaven,
Clad in robes of bridal beauty
Seems this morn the Lord has given.

As I tread the streets, still peaceful,
Turning to the house of God,
Drinking in this wondrous beauty,
And this glory of the Lord,
Through the crystal air of morning
Ring the bells with mellow chime,
In a strain of sweetest music,
Hallowed as the Sabbath time.

Like the songs I heard in childhood,
Or a sainted mother's psalm,
Fell those chimes upon my spirit
With a holy, restful calm.
Like the tones of angel voices,
Sounding from seraphic choir,
Seemed this call our God to worship
In this holy house of prayer.

Still entranced I paused to listen
To the chiming, silvery, clear—
When the thrilling strain had ended
Yet I waited—fixed to hear;
While upon my listening spirit
Came a sense unfelt before,
Of our Lord's most precious blessing
In the Sabbath's holy power.

Coming like a guest from heaven
To our earthly, toil-worn lives,
A sweet influence, pure, uplifting,
To our struggling souls it gives.
Pointing with prophetic finger
To the perfect Sabbath rest
In the fair, Celestial City
Of the sainted and the blest,—

As with angel voice it calls us,
Now to seek that home of light
Where the gates of pearl shall open
To the pure with garments white.
Day beloved! thy blessed service
In the temple of our God,
Draws us nearer—ever nearer,
To our glorious, risen Lord.

Still that soft and mellow cadence
Lingers like a sacred charm,
Resting on my waiting spirit
With a touch of heavenly calm.
Like a sweet-toned voice still calling
From our home that is to be,
While from out its unseen glory
Floats celestial harmony.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1602. James the Sixth, of Scotland, became James the First of the United Kingdoms. According to ancient prophecy the Scottish kings were to follow the Stone of Scone, which, it will be remembered, was removed to London by Edward the First. The prophecy was three hundred years in being fulfilled. The same strange Nemesis of fate, which, in the last generation, placed the grandson of Josephine upon the throne of France, handed the scepter of the haughty Elizabeth to the son of her unfortunate rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. But the good fortune of James only emphasizes the general misfortune of the Stuart family. His ancestral record was not a cheerful retrospect. James the First of Scotland was murdered. James the Second was killed by the bursting of a cannon. James the Third was privately slain. James the Fourth fell on the disastrous field of Flodden. James the Fifth died of a broken heart. Mary was beheaded. His father Darnley was murdered.

Could he have foreseen the history of the next three generations—the execution of his son, Charles the First; the debauched reign of his grandson, Charles the Third, after his return from exile; and the banishment of James the Second, he would have found the outlook even more sad than the retrospect. The lines of the Stuart family did not fall in pleasant places. Some writer has observed that they suffered for the crimes of the Tudors. It may be that England had piled up a century of wrong which demanded atonement, but, without prejudice, the proverb was emphatically true, "Sufficient unto each reign was the evil thereof." It must also be remembered that all Europe was in a ferment. The celebrated Thirty Years' War was raging in Germany. Religious enthusiasm was asserting its power in Britain. The English and Scotch people were jealous of their political rights. The reign of a Scottish-born king, after so many centuries of bitter hate, could not be entirely acceptable to the English race. Both sides accused the king of partiality. Needy lords and nobles poured down from the north, and London resembled our own National Capital at the inauguration of a new president. The king was supplicated in Court, in the street, on horseback, at every doorway; ay, the very plate that contained his food was adorned with urgent request from some impatient relative of fifteenth or twentieth cousinship. As the Court had removed from Edinburgh and Scotland it seemed that Edinburgh and Scotland had removed to the Court. The ancient prejudice between Scot and English broke out in street, palace and inn. These are the historic events which preface the "Fortunes of Nigel," and the fray between the Scottish servant and the 'prentice boys of London, at the opening of the volume, strikes the keynote of universal discord.

It was a constitutional defect of James the First to be without money. As Nigel, the Scottish lord, happened to need the loan which his father had made to the king, he presented himself with the old fashioned assurance of a man justly demanding his rights, although at the hands of a monarch. The king was incensed, but the young lord fortunately falls in with George Heriot, the wealthy Scotch jeweler "to His Majesty," whose princely bequests still adorn the city of Edinburgh; but, unmindful of good counsel, he gradually lapses from duty, becomes a murderer in what he considers a matter of honor, is compelled to find refuge in Alsatia or Whitefriars, a sort of privileged den of iniquity. The portrayal of his experience in this nest of outlaws is true to the London of 1620.

It is this blending of Scott's dramatic and descriptive power which gives even to his minor works an enduring value. We have, as it were, a photograph of the great city as it appeared two hundred and sixty years ago. We see the Strand, a quiet

street, unlike the noisy thoroughfare of to-day, lined on the river-side with palaces and pleasure grounds reaching to the Thames. We see Whitehall, with its rich gates designed by Holbein, and stately court planned by Inigo Jones. We walk in the park with the courtly Duke of Buckingham, talk face to face with the king in the palace, on the chase, in the parlor of the wealthy Londoner; and at the close of the volume we feel that Scott has justly summed up his character in this striking paragraph of the fifth chapter: "He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and himself, to the most unworthy favorites; a big and bold asserter of his rights and words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labor, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labor was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppressions of others."

"Rokeby," a poem, comes next in historic order. The scene is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, and the date is immediately subsequent to the great battle of Marston Moor, July 3, 1644. It was here that the bold cavaliers learned a lesson never to be forgotten, at the hand of Puritan and Roundhead. The poem abounds with notable and vigorous passages. It throws light on the stormy years of the great Civil War; but so many of Scott's novels are related to this period that we must dismiss the poem with a single quotation—a tribute to the genius of Chaucer:

"O for that pencil, erst profuse
Of Chivalry's emblazoned hues,
That traced of old in Woodstock bower
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And bodied forth the tourney high,
Held for the hand of Emily!
Then might I paint the tumult broad,
That to the crowned abbey flowed;
Paint the dejected cavalier,
Doubtful, disarmed and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claimed conquest now and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel."

"The Legend of Montrose" takes us once more into the Highlands of Scotland, where the same deadly feuds divide the clans which we witnessed in reading the "Fair Maid of Perth." The Northern Highlanders, under the leadership of Montrose, espouse the side of King Charles. The Western Highlanders, under Argyle, rally on the side of Parliament. The picture of these two leaders is admirably drawn, as well as the character of their bold followers, who seemed unconscious of hardship; who were not only willing "to make their couch in the snow, but considered it effeminate luxury to use a snowball for a pillow."

The principal character of the book is Captain Dalgetty. A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* complained that there was perhaps too much of Dalgetty; that he engrossed too great a proportion of the work. But in the very next line he says that "the author has nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless spirit, who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with

scenes of unbounded loquacity, without exhausting their humor, or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his large and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubted Dalgetty." Like many of the Scottish soldiers the captain had served under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and never lost his enthusiasm for the Lion of the North, the bulwark of the Protestant faith. Dalgetty is a rare specimen of Scotch "canniness," willing to hire out to the side that paid the most, but true to his contract when made. To him war was a sort of drama, and he merely engaged himself as one of the "star actors." We dismiss the captain with reluctance, and we imagine the reader will likewise when he closes the volume.

In one of the last chapters Scott treats us to a specimen of the lofty eloquence and undying hate of an old highland chief in his last words to his grandson: "In the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—son of the mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain; let the deer of the mountains be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxon and of such Gael as are Saxon in their souls. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. Farewell, beloved! and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit."

Robert Aytoun in his poem on the "Execution of Montrose," which occurred a few years subsequent to our story, caught the true spirit of the Gael, in the Highlander's address to Evan Cameron:

"'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverloch's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsey's pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.
A traitor sold him to his foes;—
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen:
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!"

Between the "Legend of Montrose" and "Woodstock" stands a scaffold: a window is opened in the Palace of Whitehall; a brave but fickle king, who never lost his dignity, and rarely kept a promise, walks forth attended by two executioners: he speaks but one word to his attendant, places his head upon the block, and by the bravery of his death half atones for the crimes and mistakes of his life. As to his private character historians, for the most part, regard Charles the First as a brave, virtuous and religious man; but he entertained "extravagant ideas of the royal power, unsuitable to the time in

which he lived." His attempt to establish a National Church, to force upon the Presbyterians of Scotland the Common Prayer, and introduce a Liturgy similar to that used in England produced its logical result. The Star Chamber with its arbitrary arrests and punishments, and his idea of kingly prerogative, were not suited to the temper of his people; and finally he alienated his best friends by disregarding his word and most solemn contracts. The House of Commons, led by bold and determined men, asserted the supreme doctrine of liberty, so grandly emphasized one hundred years later in our Declaration of Independence, that "The power of the king, like any other power in the Constitution, was limited by the laws; and was liable to be legally resisted when it trespassed beyond them."

It must also be remembered, before we read the story of "Woodstock," that the party which controlled the Parliament of England and finally brought the king to the scaffold, was divided into two factions: Presbyterians and Independents. Among the Independents were Sir Harry Vane, John Milton and Oliver Cromwell. So much for the introduction to "Woodstock," which opens with a picture showing the cavaliers crushed under the iron heel of Cromwell. The time of the tale is 1652; and the story begins with a rather discordant service in the church or chapel of St. John. The defaced walls and broken windows reveal the fanaticism or spite which too often attends the spirit of liberty. We are presented with a rude scuffle between a Presbyterian and Independent preacher in a pulpit formerly belonging to the Established Church, in which the Independent preacher wins the victory; and the chapter is symbolic of the great struggle, not only in the religious, but also in the political condition of Britain. The incident is a fitting preface to the book, in which Independent, Presbyterian and Royalist are shaken together as in a kaleidoscope.

The story humorously gives us the old-time belief that Woodstock was a haunted spot; and Scott refers in his preface to a book, printed in London in the year 1660, bearing the sombre title of "The Just Devil of Woodstock; or a true narrative of the several apparitions, the fights and punishments inflicted upon the rumpish commissioners sent thither to survey the manors and houses belonging to his Magestie." The sad story of the fair Rosamond, murdered here by Queen Eleanor, was well calculated to make the ghostly apparitions more real; at least, the place was tragic enough to impress the superstitious of that generation. But the great value of this novel, apart from the picture of the times, consists in the portrayal of a living, breathing Cromwell; such a Cromwell as no history gives, but *the* Cromwell who appears as the resultant of them all; a man of deep emotion, wary in council and unwavering in execution, a man without a single grace of oratory, who, by the force of character, assumed and kept the leadership of the House of Commons; in whose presence the bravest men stood lost in fear and wonder. Or, as Scott beautifully puts it: "So true it is, that as greater lights swallow up and extinguish the display of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds, bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others; as, when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream."

There is one other sketch which claims our attention—that of the disguised wanderer, Charles the Second, revered by Royalist, and pursued by the ruling party as an outcast. "No person on earth," Scott says, "could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties—his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic—he had that species of Epicurean philosophy which, even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can in an interval of ease, however brief, avail itself of the enjoyments of the moment—he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterward in his regal condition, a good-humored but hard-hearted voluptuary, wise, save where his passions intervened,

beneficent, save where prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish to confer benefits—his faults such as might have often drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity, that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs."

During his wandering he was entertained for a time at the home of the old knight, Sir Henry Lee, proprietor of Woodstock. The attachment formed for the old knight and his family affords Scott material for one of those dramatic descriptions in which he always so much delighted.

It was the 29th of May. All England sang. "The king enjoys his own again." "He made his progress from Rochester to London, with a reception on the part of his subjects so unanimously cordial, as made him say gaily, it must have been his own fault to stay so long away from a country where his arrival gave so much joy. On horseback, betwixt his two brothers, the dukes of York and Gloucester, the restored monarch trode slowly over roads strewn with flowers—by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches, and through streets hung with tapestry. There were citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet, with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen, who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace. On his passage through Blackheath he passed that army, which, so long formidable to England herself, as well as to Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. As the king passed the last files of this formidable host he came to an open part of the heath, where many persons of quality, with others of inferior rank, had stationed themselves to gratulate him as he passed toward the capital.

"There was one group, however, which attracted particular attention from those around, on account of the respect shown to the party by the soldiers who kept the ground, and who, whether Cavaliers or Roundheads, seemed to contest emulously which should contribute most to their accommodation; for both the elder and younger of the party had been distinguished in the Civil War.

"It was a family group, of which the principal figure was an old man seated in a chair, having a complacent smile on his face, and a tear swelling to his eye, as he saw the banners wave on in interminable succession, and heard the multitude shouting the long-silenced acclamation, 'God save King Charles!' His cheek was ashy pale, and his long beard bleached like the thistle down; his blue eye was cloudless, yet it was obvious that his vision was failing. His motions were feeble, and he spoke little, except when he answered the prattle of his grandchildren or asked a question of his daughter, who sat beside him, matured in matronly beauty. A gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, with eyes dim, and head slouched down, exhibiting only the ruin of his former appearance, formed a remarkable figure in the group.

"And now the distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet - onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and, at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. The monarch gazed an instant on the party, sprung from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations of the people, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently placing him on his seat—'Bless,' he said, 'father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.'

"'Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords,' said the king as he mounted his horse. 'Indeed, had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough

to little purpose. Move on, sirs.' The array moved on accordingly; the sound of trumpet and drum again rose amid the acclamations; but the knight had relapsed into earthly paleness; his eyes were closed and opened not again. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket had leaped up and expired, in one exhilarating flash."

GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS FOR APRIL.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

The sun's light "exceeds in intensity any that can be produced by artificial means, the electric light between charcoal points being the only one that does not look absolutely black against the unclouded sun." "The heat thrown out from every square yard of the sun's surface is greater than that which would be produced by burning six tons of coal on it each hour. Now, we may take the surface of the sun roughly at 2,284,000,000,000 square miles, and there are 3,097,600 square yards in each square mile." A little calculation will show how many tons of coal must be burnt in an hour to represent the sun's heat.

There comes also from the sun chemical force, which separates carbon from oxygen, and turns the gas, which, were it to accumulate, would kill all men and animals, into the life of plants, thus preserving the animal and building up the vegetable world. Whether it can keep up this amount of light and heat throughout the "endless ages," we have no means of knowing. We have, however, no evidence even during centuries of any loss of either, so that we may safely say that there will be an abundance of both for all the time in which we are interested.

On the 25th of this month there will be a partial eclipse, beginning at 1:00 p. m., Washington mean time, in longitude 82° 35' west, latitude 59° 12.3' south. The greatest obscuration (about .75) will occur at 2:46.4 p. m. in longitude 4° 26.7' east, latitude 70° 43.2' south; will end at 4:32.4 p. m. in longitude 12° 20.6' east, latitude 33° 6.7' south. As it will be visible only in the extreme southern part of the western continent and in the south Atlantic Ocean, no importance is attached to its occurrence.

The most careless must have observed the increase in the amount of daylight in the northern hemisphere since the 21st of last December. On the first of the present month the sun rises at 5:43 a. m. and sets at 6:25 p. m.; on the 30th it rises at 4:59 a. m. and sets at 6:55 p. m., so that the increase in "day's length," as we are accustomed to call it, will be one hour and seven minutes. To set our time pieces, we must, when the sun is on the meridian, on the 1st, make them indicate 12:37 p. m.; on the 15th, 11:59.8 a. m.; on the 30th, 11:57 a. m. On the 1st day breaks at 4:04; on the 30th at 3:09. In latitude 41° 30' north the sun will, on the 30th, reach an altitude of 63° 33' above the horizon, the highest for the month.

THE MOON'S

Phases for the month occur in the following order and time (Washington mean time): First quarter on the 2d at 4:09 p. m.; full moon on the 10th at 6:36 a. m.; last quarter on the 18th at 10:46 a. m.; new moon on the 25th at 9:49 a. m. It is also on the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 5:18 p. m., 3:38 a. m., 5:03 p. m. respectively. On the 2d it sets at 12:41 a. m.; on the 15th rises at 11:23 p. m.; and on the 29th sets at 11:28 p. m. It is farthest from the earth on the 13th at 1:30 p. m.; and nearest to the earth on the 26th at 3:42 a. m. In latitude 41° 30' north, its least elevation above the horizon is on the 15th, and its greatest on the 28th; on the former date being 29° 48½', and on the latter 67° 12½'. There will also be a total eclipse,

beginning on the 10th at 4:44 a. m., and ending at 8:33 a. m. The beginning of the part called "total" continues from 5:52 to 7:25 a. m., or one hour and thirty-three minutes. Magnitude nearly 1.5. As the moon sets in the neighborhood of Washington at about 5:30 a. m., only the first part and none of the "totality" will be there visible. Our neighbor, the moon, has one peculiar trait, which we could wish belonged to all our friends. It never "turns its back on you." Cold it may be, and is often so called, but in darkest hours, and under all circumstances, it presents its face to the earth. It may be only politeness or etiquette, that causes it thus to act; but the fact remains. It may move a trifle, so that we can sometimes see more of it than at others, but four-sevenths is the limit of its surface as seen by man. What may be on the other side has never been revealed. For aught we know, there may be

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight."

But the probabilities are strongly on the other side. So far as we can discover, no atmosphere is there to catch and hold the rays from the burning sun, and hence it seems that all must be cold and bleak and barren. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and it were perhaps better that we should thus enjoy its mild light and gentle influence, than cultivate a closer acquaintance.

MERCURY.

The planet enjoying the distinction of being the nearest to the center of our system is too near the "dazzling brightness" to permit our finding out much about its physical constitution. We suppose, but do not know, that it revolves on its axis. We guess that it has satellites, but no one is certain that he ever saw one of them. We used to think it must be a very warm planet; but now we think it might perhaps be a moderately comfortable place for a mortal to reside. The fact is, what we do not know about it is much more than what we do know; and what we know about it for this month is nearly as follows: On the 1st, 15th, 25th and 30th it will rise after the sun, and will not be visible to the unaided eye; but on the same dates it will set at 6:32, 7:03, 8:37 and 8:35 p. m., respectively, and can therefore be easily seen after sunset from the 20th to the end of the month by anybody who will take the pains to look for it—that is, within the latitude in which most of our readers live. It reaches its most easterly limit ($20^{\circ} 32'$) at 9:00 p. m. on the evening of the 25th, and approaches so much nearer to us during the month as to cause its diameter to appear nearly twice as large—that is, to increase from $5''$ to $9''$. On the 21st at 2:00 a. m. it will be $4^{\circ} 20'$ north of Neptune, and on the 26th at 5:55 p. m., $5^{\circ} 47'$ north of the moon.

VENUS,

The most friendly of our planets, who comes so close at times as to seem to be within "hailing distance" (only twenty-five millions of miles), is still our delight. She grows brighter and more beautiful as time moves on. Her motion for the month is direct and amounts to $34^{\circ} 16' 3''$. Her diameter shows an increase of $5.4''$. From our present acquaintance we learn that she sometimes shines so brightly as to be visible in daylight to the naked eye, and at night, in the absence of the moon, to cast a shadow. When viewed through a telescope, she presents phases like the moon; and in some respects she is very much like our earth. For example, her size is not more than 4 per cent. less, and her density and force of gravity must be nearly the same. Her days are supposed to be a little shorter than ours, and her years are known to be equal to $224\frac{2}{3}$ of our days. On the 1st, 15th and 30th she will rise at 7:32, 7:25 and 7:26 a. m., and set at 10:04, 10:31 and 10:48 p. m., respectively. On the 2d, at 11:00 p. m., she will be nearest the sun; on the 25th, at 11:00 p. m., $4^{\circ} 13'$ north of Saturn; on the 28th, at 2:41 p. m., $7^{\circ} 53'$ north of the moon.

MARS.

Of this planet we have little to report. He continues his direct motion, which amounts to $9^{\circ} 30' 34''$. As he and the earth are getting farther apart, his diameter (apparently) diminishes from $10''$ to $8''$. He rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 12:27 p. m., 11:54 a. m., and 11:24 a. m., and sets on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st at 3:09, 2:22, and 1:38 a. m., respectively. On the 4th, at 10:26 a. m., his position is $8^{\circ} 10'$ north of the moon, and on the 1st a little northeast of the nebula *Præsepe* in *Cancer*.

JUPITER

Continues to be evening star, coming to the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 7:04, 6:13 and 5:20 p. m., and setting on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st, at 2:24, 1:32 and 12:38 a. m. His motion, which is direct, amounts during the month to $4^{\circ} 27' 33''$. His diameter diminishes from $37.8''$ to $34.6''$, an indication that our distance from him is increasing. On the 3d, at 1:52 p. m., he is 6° north of the moon; and on the 14th, at 7:00 p. m., 90° west of the sun.

SATURN

Continues his position not far from the bright star *Aldebaran*, in the constellation Taurus, on the 1st being about $2^{\circ} 53'$ west and $3^{\circ} 32'$ north, while on the 30th he will be about 30° east and $4^{\circ} 7\frac{1}{2}'$ north of this star. His motion is direct and amounts to $3^{\circ} 24'$. Diameter diminishes from $16.2''$ on the 1st to $15.8''$ on the 30th. Setting at 10:47, 9:59 and 9:09 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th he will be evening star throughout the month. On the 12th, at 11:00 p. m., is $4^{\circ} 13'$ south of Venus, and on the 27th, at 1:56 p. m., $2^{\circ} 19'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Formerly and still sometimes called Herschel, from the name of its discoverer, Dr. Herschel, has made but about one and one-fifth revolutions about the sun, since its discovery in 1781, more than a century ago. It is now near the star *Beta Virginis*, and making a retrograde motion of about $56^{\circ} 30''$ in 30 days. Its diameter is $3.8''$. It rises at 4:53 p. m., 3:55 p. m. and 2:54 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th, and sets at 5:09 a. m., 4:13 a. m. and 3:13 a. m. on the 2d, 16th, and May 1st. On the 6th, at 6:27 a. m., it is $3^{\circ} 27'$ north of the moon. Is evening star during the month.

NEPTUNE

Is evening star, setting at 9:24, 8:32 and 7:28 p. m. on the 1st, 15th and 30th, respectively. Its motion, $1^{\circ} 2' 37''$, is direct. Diameter, $2.6''$. On the 21st, at 2:00 a. m., $4^{\circ} 20'$ south of Mercury, and on the same day will set about fifteen minutes later than said planet. On the 26th, at 8:27 a. m., $44'$ north of moon.

EARNESTNESS.—Without earnestness there is nothing to be done in life; yet even among the people whom we call men of culture, but little earnestness is often to be found; in labors and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations, they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defense; they live, as they read a heap of newspapers, only to be done with them. They remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air, one evening in some company, that "to-day he had despatched six churches and two galleries." They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and not seldom exactly those things with which they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man my first inquiry is: With what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in that man for life. * * * I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what he wishes; who unweariedly advances, who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them. How far his object may be great or little, may merit praise or censure, is a secondary consideration with me.—*Goethe*.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE LITERARY ISHMAEL.

By C. E. BISHOP.

Less is known while more is written and disputed about Edgar Allan Poe, than about any other character in American literature. In the narrative of his life there are gaps of months and years in which nothing can be told of his whereabouts or acts; and as if to atone for this lack he is at other times credited with feats of ubiquity. There are also stories of a quixotic mission to fight for Greek independence, *a la* Byron; of his escapades in St. Petersburg; of enlistment in and desertion from the United States army; of phenomenally protracted debauches, during which he threw off the most wonderful productions of his pen—most of which stories, so far as can be shown now, were evolved from the inner consciousness of those writers who, upon his death, “woke to ecstasy, the living liars,” to blacken his name.

A general reason for this paucity of particulars may be found, perhaps, in Poe's enforced seclusion from the public by the exigencies of poverty during much of his life, and the low rank of authors in the general estimation of the times; a special reason may be that Poe's literary executor and biographer, Dr. Griswold, to whom in his lifetime he had entrusted all the material he ever furnished any one, suppressed the facts and substituted inventions, in order to assassinate the character of the dead poet. For twenty-six years Poe's body rested in an unmarked grave, and his character was buried under a living heap of obloquy. When at last, in 1875, a few devoted women of Baltimore sought to redeem both tombs, nearly all the contemporary witnesses to his acts were dead. It was not until twenty-six years after the event that Dr. Moran, who had attended Poe's last illness, broke silence and put to rest the story that he died in the midst of a drunken debauch in the streets of Baltimore. “There was no smell of liquor upon his person or breath, and no delirium or tremor,” says this tardy vindicator. It was 1878 (twenty-nine years late) when Mrs. Weiss, of Richmond, told the story of his last visit to that city, and contradicted Griswold's story of his engagement with Mrs. Sheldon, and his prolonged inebriety there. It was later still, when the posthumous letter of Mrs. Whitman, of Providence, was published, silencing the long-accepted tale of Poe's engagement to her, and his disreputable conduct and intemperance the evening before they were to have been married. Many chivalrous pens now—alas! too late—essay his defense; but his true history has not yet been written, and it probably never will be. Dr. Johnson's summary of Butler's life almost literally applies to Poe's: “The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor.”

“The persistent and palpably malignant efforts to damn him with some drops of faint praise and some oceans of strong abuse,”* have, indeed, produced a reactionary tendency toward panegyric, since the angels rolled the stone away from his tomb. The best any one can now do is to pity the man and admire his works, and weigh probabilities. A careful view as well of his time as of his character and environment is necessary. Premising that I am not so presumptuous as to expect to add much to the general fund of misinterpretation of his acts and misunderstanding of his character, a brief summary of the less controverted features of this history is submitted.

In “that stray child of Poetry and Passion” concentrated hot Celtic and Southern blood, stimulated upon his father's side by drink, upon his mother's by the artificial surroundings of an actress's life, and in both intensified by a runaway marriage, followed by a joint “barn-storming” life. Himself an inter-act, his

nursery was the green room, his necessary nourishment narcotics. It is a sad thing to say, but probably one of the few fortunate circumstances of his life was that his parents died in his infancy—one of his many misfortunes was to have been adopted and raised by a wealthy family (Mr. Allan's of Baltimore). He was born in 1809, or 1811, in either Boston, Baltimore or Richmond, through all of which he, living, “begged his bread,” *a la* Homer. The Allans assiduously spoiled the child with unlimited money, indulgence and praise. It was easy, for he was rarely beautiful, affectionate, and precocious; he recited with marvelous childish effect, spun webs of imaginative stories, and composed rhymes. “He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,” and when he was nine or ten years old his proud foster-father seriously contemplated issuing a volume of his baby-verse, but was dissuaded by the boy's tutor, who said he had conceit enough already, and such additional celebrity would probably ruin his prospects.

Edgar was schooled in England, at the University of Virginia, and at West Point, but he must have picked up independently of schools and school masters the varied culture which shows in his versatile writings—especially his acquaintance with science, psychology and literature. At these schools he was distinguished alike for fast learning and fast living—his easy absorption of the branches he liked, his utter revulsion against those he did not like (mathematics, notably), for his literary and critical tastes, athletic exercises, and the lavishness with which he scattered his guardian's money. These characteristics won him the jealousy of his plodding classmates, distinction at the university, expulsion from West Point, and quarrels with his foster-father. Over-indulgence by parents produced the usual result of disrespect and ingratitude in the youth; and the marriage of Mr. Allan to a second wife, and the birth of heirs to his estates brought about a final separation and a disinheritorship of the adopted son, and so Edgar, at about his majority age, was thrown on his own resources. He chose literature as his profession, and doomed himself to poverty, anguish, professional jealousy (especially strong among authors), triumphs, defeats, ruin and insanity.

Poe's real début in letters was in 1833, when (ætat 24) he won a prize of a hundred dollars offered by the proprietor of *The Saturday Visitor*, Baltimore, for the best story. Better than the money, the contest brought him the friendship of the judges, and about a year later the editorship of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Richmond, at ten dollars a week. The intervening year is one of the blanks.

The Richmond editorship marks a turning point in Poe's career. He made the fortune of the *Messenger*; married ('35) his cousin, Virginia Clem; and first began that line of work which is, in my opinion, its distinctive feature, as it certainly proved to be decisive of his destiny—to-wit: criticism. He published in some issues as much as thirty or forty pages of book reviews. They created a tempest; for, rare as is his imagery and wonderful as is his imagination, Poe's distinguishing mental characteristic is analysis. He is more logician than poet, more metaphysician than romancer.

Poe subsequently ('37-'38) edited the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, and then *Graham's Magazine*, both in Philadelphia, and in '44 we find him in New York, employed on the *Mirror*, the journal of the poets N. P. Willis and George P. Morris. In Philadelphia he did the best work of his life in romance and criticism. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of his evil genius, Dr. Griswold. Poe believed that Griswold supplanted him from the editorship of *Graham's*; G.'s subsequent enmity, while professing friendship, was of the unforgiving nature that often comes of the consciousness of having inflicted a secret wrong on another. The only other causes of disagreement between them alleged are that Poe criticised Griswold's book in a lecture, and that Griswold attempted to buy a favorable criticism from Poe's pen. But they were outwardly friendly, after a reconciliation, till Poe's voice and pen were beyond the power

*Davidson.

of response. The work of detraction had preceded Poe to New York, for Mr. Willis writes of this engagement:

"With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it alone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. To our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. Through all this considerable period we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability."

In 1845 appeared the work on which Poe's poetic fame most depends, that poem in which he wedded Despair to Harmony, "The Raven." It marks the acme of his life, also; his star declined rapidly thereafter. His wife, who bore the hereditary taint of consumption, was in a decline; care and anxiety on that account, and his own ill health, took away his ability to write and he was without means of support. He was driven to ask loans from one or two friends, and by a fatality such as he sometimes made to drive his fictitious characters upon their worst expedients, he chose Dr. Griswold as one of them. "Can you not send me five dollars?" he pleaded with G.; "I am ill and Virginia is almost gone." This and one or two other such letters Griswold published, in connection with his slanders on Poe's character, to give his attack the cover of friendly sincerity. Something was published in New York papers regarding the distress of the Poes, and a lady friend (Mrs. Shew) visited them at Fordham. The worst was confirmed.

"There was no clothing on the bed—which was only straw—but a snow-white spread and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

Mrs. Poe died January 30, 1847. Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist, who visited often at her house, thus describes her:

"No one who remembers that dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of the South; her face so exquisitely lovely; her gentle, graceful demeanor; no one who has ever spent an hour in her society but will endorse what I have said of this lady, who was the most delicate realization of the poet's ideal."

Another said: "She had large, black eyes, and a pearly whiteness of complexion which was a perfect pallor. Her pale face, her brilliant eyes, and her raven hair gave her an unearthly look. One felt that she was almost a disrobed spirit."

After this Poe's decline was rapid. He was ill for a long time, and never quite recovered his mental balance. In the autumn of this year he visited Mrs. Shew, his benefactress. She says that at this time, under the combined influence of her gentle urgency, a cup of tea and the sound of neighboring church bells, he wrote the first draft of "The Bells." She adds:

"My brother took Poe to his own room, where he slept twelve hours and could hardly recall the evening's work. This showed his mind was injured—nearly gone out for want of food and from disappointment. He had not been drinking and had only been a few hours from home. Evidently his vitality was low, and he was nearly insane. I called in Dr. Francis the old man was odd but very skilful, who was one of our neighbors. His words were, 'He has heart disease and will die early in life.' We did not waken him, but let him sleep."

Since I began writing this paper I have heard recited in a company of literary people an account of Poe's staggering into a stranger's house at midnight, calling for a pen and dashing

off "The Bells;" then falling into a drunken stupor on the library table. It was evidently believed by the narrator, despite Mrs. Shew's circumstantial and more rational account.

During these dark days, as indeed during all Poe's adult life, Mrs. Clem was his guardian angel. The poet Willis touchingly draws this picture of devotion:

"It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject to sell—sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that would convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feeling unrequited to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with human passion, hallows its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it?"

By this test, Poe's was always a pure nature, for he inspired respect, pity and regard in every woman he came in contact with. It was a reflex sentiment, for Poe revered woman, and there is not in all his writings an impure suggestion or an indelicate word.

The rest of the history is one of occasional indulgence in intoxicants and rarely intermitting mental aberration. It is to him during these last months of his unhappy career that the least charity has been extended. He conducted a courtship of three ladies at once, making to each like frantic protestations of love, the same despairing appeals to each to become his savior from some dreadful impending fate. In June, '49, he departed for Richmond, for what purpose is unknown. In Philadelphia he appeared the subject of a hallucination that he was pursued by conspirators, and had his mustache taken off for the sake of disguise. In Richmond he remained until the latter part of September, writing some and renewing old acquaintances. During these three or four months he was twice known to be overcome and in danger of his life from drink; he was credited with having been almost continuously "in a state of beastly intoxication" during the whole time. Mrs. Weiss thinks that this was one of the brightest and happiest seasons of his life; if so, it was light at its eventide. The return voyage is shrouded—that is the fit word—shrouded in mystery and controversy.

This seems to be true—that he was taken up unconscious in Baltimore at daybreak, taken to a hospital, and died there at midnight of the same day (October 7, 1849). It is also known that he left Richmond by boat on the evening of the 4th, he then being sober and cheerful. In proper course he must have arrived in Baltimore the night of the 5th or morning of the 6th; he was himself then, for he removed his trunk to a hotel. There was thus left less than twenty-four hours in which for him to travel to Havre de Grace and back, miss the New York connection, vote eleven times in the Baltimore city election, go through the "prolonged debauch," fall into the delirium, and lapse into the comatose state in which he was found—as described in most of his biographies; and he immediately thereafter is found to have no smell of liquor about him, no tremor, and is conversing rationally when roused to consciousness.

The event was announced by Griswold in the *Tribune* with this brutal bluntness:

"Edgar Allan Poe is dead. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. He had few or no friends." But the *Southern Literary Messenger* said: "Now that he is gone, the vast multitude of blockheads may breathe again." Griswold simply elected himself mouthpiece of that host.

On Poe's supersensitive organization stimulants told with fearful effect. Mrs. Clem said "A single cup of coffee would intoxicate him." N. P. Willis explained the vagaries and sins of Poe by supposing him to be possessed of two antagonistic spirits, a devil and an angel, each having complete mastery of him by turns. But, says Willis, "With a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his will was palpably insane. He easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused accordingly of insulting arrogance and bad heartedness. It was a sad infirmity of physical constitution which puts it upon very nearly the ground of temporary and almost irresponsible insanity."

That these lapses were infrequent, instead of almost continuous, we have plenty of testimony from those who were much with him as business associates and inmates of the same house. "I have never seen him otherwise than gentle, generous, well-bred and particularly refined," is a certificate of one who was intimate in the family, which was confirmed by many witnesses of different periods and places. The poet Swinburne was probably right in declaring that Poe's inebriety was "the effect of a terrible evil, rather than its cause." That evil lay not alone, perhaps not chiefly, in his inherited and educated predisposition to indulgence and his morbidness of mentality; but in the character and consequences of his chiefest literary work.

It is a hard enough lot, under the best circumstances and in the best times, to live by the pen. The characteristics as well of Poe's genius as of his times made that lot a doom for him. The rewards of authorship were on an eleemosynary scale (Poe received only \$10 for "The Raven," and \$10 a week as editor-in-chief of a magazine: the *North American Review* then paid only \$2 a page for matter); literary taste was unformed and, worst of all, the market was drugged and cheapened and the best public appreciation perverted by a silly school of writer who had arisen—similar to the "Della Crusca School" which a few years before had infested literature in England. Their lucubrations were both barren of ideas and bad in style. It was the lollipop stage of our literature. Now Poe possessed in high degree two parts which, when addressed to criticism, would most offend these callow writers, to-wit: The musical sense of language, and marvelous analytical powers. The most obvious quality of his poetic style is its rhythm. The musical ear led him to adopt refrains and euphonious syllables, like "Never more," "Lenore," "bells," and to dwell on their cadence; it made a bad composition distract him as a discord does a sensitive musician. For him divine harmonies lay in the relation of words to each other, as if they had been notes.

Coupled with this, to him, uncomfortable sensitiveness to verbal sounds, was his almost superhuman power of dissecting thought—extremely uncomfortable to others, even to the best of writers. Thus gifted with a mental touch equally for the substance of language and the substance of thought which language struggles to give birth to; possessed of the power of an eager and a nipping sarcasm and an infernal courage, fortified with extensive reading and a retentive memory, Poe became a scourge to mediocrity, imitation, sham and pretense. There could not have been a more critical time for such a man to attempt a livelihood at letters; there could not have been a man better fitted to work havoc among the essayists and poets-masters of the day, to compel literary reform and to bring misfortunes on himself. "He elected himself chief justice of the court of criticism and head hangman of dunces," says Stoddard.

"He hated a bad book as a misdemeanor." Burton, proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, remonstrated with Poe against the severity of some of his book reviews. "You say," said he to Poe, "that the people love havoc; I think they love justice." One adds, "Poe thought literary justice meant havoc with such mediocrity as then flourished." To the cause of pure literature he thus devoted his life with example, with precept and with destructive force. He was the Wendell Phillips of American literature. He did a work that was necessary to be done in behalf of American literature. He pulled down upon his own head and theirs, the sham temple which the little scribbling Philistines had erected.

So it is not to be wondered at that "he contrived to attach to himself animosities of the most enduring kind," as the *Messenger* declared. It became Poe against the whole literary world of America in a very short time—for he had unstinted praise for no one. It is doubtless due to the influence of this army of foes that he lost in succession all his editorial situations and was impoverished. There were other enemies as unscrupulous as Griswold. One of these put in successful circulation the theory that Poe, by cruelty, deliberately caused the death of his wife in order to get the inspiration for "The Raven," and the story may still be met on its rounds, notwithstanding the fact that the poem was written two years before she died. (Amiable human nature delights in contemplation of human monsters.) She declared on her death-bed that her life had been shortened by anonymous letters slandering and threatening her husband. Perhaps it was to meet this story that he wrote that curious analysis ("The Philosophy of Composition") of the mechanical and prosaic methods by which he constructed "The Raven."

The critical instinct, coupled with an impulsive temperament, high ideals of perfect performance and a powerful pen, is a fatal gift to any man. The path of such a one will be strewn with the tombs of friendships which he has stabbed, many and many a time unconsciously: his life will be haunted with vain regrets for words gone past recall, carrying with them consequences he did not reckon upon, hurting those he loves, missing those he aimed at. His way leads steadily through bitter animosities, bitterer remorse and, bitterest of all, isolation from his fellows, who shall clothe him with a character foreign, antagonistic and repulsive to his better nature. If he be not possessed of an overmastering will, a thick skin and a healthy, cheerful temper it leads to morbidness, gloom and despair.

Poe was not of that will and temper. He was affectionate, sociable and supersensitive to coolness of manner in others. A rebuff was a stab to him, hatred a calamity. It is said his early life was clouded by the stigma put on him by his parents' theatrical associations and his own dependence on charity; and that when a lad he wept many wild nights at the grave of a lady who had spoken kindly to him and become the confidante of his boyish sorrows and hopes. So with this nature and with his devastating pen in hand he traced that descent into the living tomb. If from its gloom he sometimes sought "respite and nepenthe" in drink it is not to be wondered at; he was often tempted to suicide. He once solemnly protested: "I have no pleasure in stimulants. It [indulgence in drink] has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories—memories of wrong, and injustice and imputed dishonor—from a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange impending gloom."

I fancy he tried to typify this unhappy mission that had come to blast his life in that poem in which he "wedded despair to harmony." "The Raven" was a "grim, ghastly, ominous messenger from the night's Plutonian shore" that settled on the bust of Pallas, goddess of wisdom, even as that critical impulse had settled upon his genius. His soul never was lifted from the shadow. He was himself, of that fell work, the

—Unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster."

And why did he not stop the war on the literati and pseudo-authors? Who can tell? He "wasn't practical." He lacked some of Falstaff's "instinct." He was not good and sweet. He wasn't well-balanced; he was an Eccentric. Pity the Eccentric—the man who knows himself called and chosen to a cause, whether by the necessities of his own nature or by divine impulse—if, indeed, this and that be not the same. Whether that cause be warring upon high injustice, exposing hypocrisy in high places, reforming an art, lifting up the lowly—anything that sets a man apart to a purpose other than self-seeking, brings him ingratitude, misinterpretation, isolation and many sorrows. Hamlet called to set right the out-of-joint times would rather, if he had dared, have taken his quietus with a bare bodkin than face this life of heart-ache, oppressors' wrongs, law's delays to correct the wrongs, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. The greatest of Eccentrics became a stranger unto his brethren, was despised and rejected of man, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; even His chosen disciples when He tried to purify the holy places from the profanation of greed misunderstood him; "the zeal of his house hath eaten him up," sneered they.

Edgar A. Poe's personal appearance matched his genius. Let those who saw him tell it: "He was the best realization of a poet in features, air and manner that I have ever seen, and the unusual paleness of his face added to its aspect of melancholy interest." "Slight but erect of figure, of middle height, his head finely modeled, with a forehead and temples large and not unlike those of Bonaparte; his hands as fair as a woman's; even in the garb of poverty 'with gentleman written all over him.' The handsome, intellectual face, the dark and clustering hair, the clear and sad gray-violet eyes—large, lustrous, glowing with expression." "A man who never smiles." "Those awful eyes," exclaimed one woman. "The face tells of battling, of conquering external enemies, of many a defeat when the man was at war with his meaner self." He was both much sinned against and much sinning. But he was not a monster, nor an ogre. He was only a poet and an Eccentric.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH.

By R. A. PROCTOR.

There are many points in which English and American speakers and writers of culture differ from each other as to the use of certain words and as to certain modes of expression.

In America the word "clever" is commonly understood to mean pleasant and of good disposition, not (as in England) ingenious and skilful. Thus, though an American may speak of a person as a clever workman, using the word as we do, yet when he speaks of another as a clever man, he means, in nine cases out of ten, that the man is good company and well-natured. Sometimes, I am told, the word is used to signify generous or liberal. I can not recall any passages from early English literature in which the word is thus used, but I should not be surprised to learn that the usage is an old one. In like manner, the words "cunning" and "cute" are often used in America for "pretty" (German *niedlich*). As I write, an American lady, who has just played a very sweet passage from one of Mozart's symphonies, turns from the piano to ask "whether that passage is not cute," meaning pretty.

The word "mad" in America seems nearly always to mean "angry"; at least, I have seldom heard it used in our English sense. For "mad," as we use the word, the Americans say "crazy." Herein they have manifestly impaired the language. The words "mad" and "crazy" are quite distinct in their significance as used in England, and both meanings require to be expressed in ordinary parlance. It is obviously a

mistake to make one word do duty for both, and to use the word "mad" to imply what is already expressed by other and more appropriate words.

I have just used the word "ordinary" in the English sense. In America the word is commonly used to imply inferiority. An "ordinary actor," for instance, is a bad actor; a "very ordinary man" is a man very much below par. There is no authority for this usage in any English writer of repute, and the usage is manifestly inconsistent with the derivation of the word. On the other hand, the use of the word "homely" to imply ugliness, as is usual in America, is familiar at this day in parts of England, and could be justified by passages in some of the older English writers. That the word in Shakspeare's time implied inferiority is shown by the line—

Home keeping youths have ever homely wits.

In like manner, some authority may be found for the American use of the word "ugly" to signify bad-tempered.

Words are used in America which have ceased to be commonly used in England, and are, indeed, no longer regarded as admissible. Thus, the word "unbeknown" which no educated Englishman ever uses, either in speaking or in writing, is still used in America in common speech and by writers of repute.

Occasionally, writers from whom one would expect at least correct grammar make mistakes which in England would be regarded as very bad—mistakes which are not, indeed, passed over in America, but still attract less notice there than in England. Thus, Mr. Wilkie, who is so severe on English English in "Sketches beyond the Seas," describes himself as saying (in reply to the question whether Chicago policemen have to use their pistols much), "I don't know *as* they have to as a matter of law or necessity, but I know they do as a matter of fact;" and I have repeatedly heard this incorrect use of "as" for "that" in American conversation. I have also noted in works by educated Americans the use of the word "that" as an adverb, "that excitable," "that head-strong," and so forth. So the use of "lay" for "lie" seems to me to be much commoner in America than in England, though it is too frequently heard here also. In a well-written novelette called "The Man who was not a Colonel," the words—"You was" and "Was you?" are repeatedly used, apparently without any idea that they are ungrammatical. They are much more frequently heard in America than in England (I refer, of course, to the conversation of the middle and better classes, not of the uneducated). In this respect it is noteworthy that the writers of the last century resemble Americans of to-day; for we often meet in their works the incorrect usage in question.

And here it may be well to consider the American expression "I guess," which is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century, and in many written during the seventeenth century. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact, the disuse of the expression in later times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now, would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times, or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say, "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signifying that we think the answer to the riddle, or the meaning of what we have heard, may be such and such. But when an American says, "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the old English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wicket," etc., so we have the verbs to "guess" and to "wis." (In the Bible

we have not "I wis," but we have "he wist.") "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root-meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to-wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has changed in significance.

It may be added, that in many parts of America we find the expression "I guess" replaced by "I reckon," and "I calculate" (the "I cal'late" of the *Biglow Papers*). In the South, "I reckon" is generally used, and in parts of New England "I calculate," though (I am told) less commonly than of yore. It is obvious from the use of such words as "reckon" and "calculate" as equivalents for "guess," that the expression "I guess" is not, as many seem to imagine, equivalent to the English "I suppose" and "I fancy." An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess?'" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are always so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently, "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as freely lards his discourse with the expression, "You know," which is, perhaps, more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted, that the "down east" American often uses the expression "I want to know," in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest, "Indeed?"

Among other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:—

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say, "Is that so?" or simply "So!" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes, but not often, heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me;" whereas, in reality, it is equivalent to the expression, "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the exclamation "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply, "here" or "there." Americans say "right away," where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well," for "very well," is not commonly used in America.

Americans say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir,"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intoned as with us in England. But if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir"—the reply is "yes, *sir*," or "no, *sir*." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters often do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means "to stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus, Americans say "quit tooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, for "I have

some idea of buying," etc. I have indeed heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following:—"I have written that note good," for "well;" "it will make you feel good," for "it will do you good;" and in other ways, all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as adverbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc.; but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The word "sure" is often used for "surely" in a somewhat singular way, as in the following sentence from "Sketches beyond the Sea," in which Mr. Wilkie is supposed to be quoting a remark made by an English policeman: "If policemen went to shooting in this country, there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either." (In passing, note that the word "either" is never pronounced *eyether* in America, but always *eether*, whereas in England we seem to use either pronunciation indifferently.)

An American seldom uses the word "stout" to signify "fat," saying generally "fleshy." Again, for our English word "hearty," signifying "in very good health," an American will sometimes employ the singularly inappropriate word "rugged." (It corresponds pretty nearly with our word "rude"—equally inappropriate—in the expression "rude health.")

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It *is*; an elegant morning," or perhaps oftener by using simply the word "elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant word "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc., etc. Where the word would not be redundant, it is generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional, but at least equally absurd, Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating," if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's Joshua Fullalove; while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "Henglish haccent." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort, he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half a dozen sentences have been uttered, he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus, no Englishman ever uses, and an American may be recognized at once by using, such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true;" by saying "Why, certainly," for "Certainly;" and so forth. There are many of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.—"Knowledge" Library.

STILL YOUNG.

By ELLEN O. PECK.

The fleeting years, the changing scenes,
The light and shade that intervenes
'Twixt now and youth's rejoicing teens
Have come and gone so silently.
Tho' much from out my life is drawn
Of love and trust I leaned upon
I never thought my youth was gone,
But laughed at time defiantly,—

Until I met with those I knew
When life's first romance burst to view,
Whom long ago I bade adieu,
And scanned their faces eagerly;
Alas! I read the fatal truth
That time indeed with little ruth
Had claimed the beauty of their youth,
And dealt with them most meagerly.

Amid the brown locks shone the gray,
And lines of care on foreheads lay,
And so, I read my fate to-day,
From their faces cheerlessly—
Wh. t I'd not read upon my own,
That youth, with time, had surely flown,
And I with them had older grown;
The truth—I take it fearlessly.

And with a sigh o'er vanished years,
(I have no time to give to tears)
I near life's noontide without fears,
Bearing its burdens silently;
No happy song I leave unsung,
A deeper life within has sprung,
And so my heart forever young,
Still laughs at time defiantly.

THE GOSPELS CONSIDERED AS A
DRAMA.*

Let me begin by saying that my subject is not theological, and it will save us trouble if we remember it. Let me say in the second place that my subject is not the stage, but a book. I shall not discuss the drama as it is related to the stage, but the drama as a form of literature. The theologian may find some comfort in the reflection that if God makes a book it must be the best book. By the drama we mean simply the best telling of a story. The gospels as God's book may therefore be regarded as necessarily the best told story in the world. But a few things may be profitably said with regard to the relations of the drama with the stage. First, this general one, that the stage was a contrivance for ages and times when men could not read; and that ever since men learned to read, the stage has been passing into shadow. An illustration of that may be found in the fact that in the sixteenth century, the age of Shakspeare, there were probably one thousand men who went to the theater to one man who could read a book; whereas, in our time, there are a hundred thousand men who read books to one man who frequents the theater. The stage, in other words, is an effete institution. It is therefore an institution whose death does not carry with it the death of the drama; for, along with the death of the stage, there has come an enlargement of the scope of the drama. No important story was ever put upon the stage, or could be. The stage is too narrow for a great theme; therefore all the themes of all the plays are necessarily narrow themes—a few incidents grouped about a char-

acter, or grouped about a single characteristic of human nature. We have need in the world to tell stories that are larger, that require an ampler stage for their development; that deal not only with single principles, and single men, but with many principles and vast masses of men—that concern not for a moment, or an hour, and a single epoch of human life, but concern vast reaches of time and vaster interests of humanity. And so it has come to pass that in our modern times, our poetry—our epic poetry and our dramatic poetry—the two highest forms of literary art, have undergone a great transformation. The poem has become a novel. The epic has passed into this form; and the drama has become history. Carlyle says that it is the business of the poet to write history.

We make distinction between prose and poetry, but we ought to remember that with regard to epic poetry, and dramatic poetry, both are to be expressed either in verse or prose, and that versification is an accident. There may be epic poems in prose; and, as the freest form, prose has become the prevailing form, and poetry is, more and more, as the world grows older, confined to the lyric jingle. Poetry, in the old sense, soon will pass, and the drama has passed into unversified poetry. Milton made a great change by adopting blank verse, and Shakspeare had started us on the same road. In our age the great works of poetic language may be expected to be produced in what is technically prose. The epic poem may also be dramatically constructed, so that we may have the prose epic under form of the drama.

Let me call attention to the fact that we are fortunate in speaking a tongue, the imperial language, in which Shakspeare practically killed the old Aristotelian unities. He wanted a dramatic form in which to tell the story of the fall of Julius Caesar, and the story of English history. He had to discard the old unities of time and place. The only Aristotelian unity that remains in our English literature is that of subject. The subject of a dramatic action, or an epic story, must have unity. There must be one action having a beginning, a middle, and an end; and there must be a constant, regular, orderly, striking, impressive advance from the beginning to the end.

Now we come to consider whether the gospels ought to be regarded as a drama. In the first place, we are familiar with the custom of commenting on and praising the literary merits of the gospel. We say how sweet and fluent and intelligible is the language in which it is written. We understand that portions of it reach the heights of sublimity, particularly the seventeenth chapter of John. We are familiar with the fact that its English is so beautiful that there are men among us to rise and complain if we interfere with a word in it. We are familiar with the idea that the gospels have literary merits of a very high order. But we have been accustomed, as a rule, to regard these things in detail rather than as a whole. Now, when I say that they may be regarded as dramatic, I mean the highest literary merit crowns them as a whole. Their story is told in a dramatic form. No story ever told under the sun was so well told as is this story of the life, death, resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ. I must treat this topic illustratively, for my sole purpose is to get an idea before you. Look, then, at the idea of dramatizing history. It is said that Lord Marlborough read only Shakspeare for English history. He found that the dramatist had put his conceptions of the actions and characteristics of leading men in English history in such an effective way, that, whether he was right or wrong, he had fixed the national estimate of these characters—had typed them forever. What Shakspeare says a man was, the English people will go on thinking him to have been. These characters give us, on a small scale, the purpose and effect of the dramatization of history. When Shakspeare did his work, little historical study had been done. English critical history dates from after his time. But without the help of critics he conceived and typed groups of characters, and he had such power of placing himself in the center of things and working out the

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characteristics, that he really constructed English history by the dramatic method. He had pitifully few materials, but historians who have come after him have found his types very faithful, and have been content to work out the details, accepting the pictures Shakspeare had hung up before the eyes of the nation. Shakspearean English characters can not be much changed by ever so much study. This is only an illustration of the triumph which the dramatic form may win. Another most important distinction is the one between the theatrical and the dramatic. We can best understand it by looking at the common significance of the words. By "theatrical" we mean something false, fictitious, showy, with no reality behind it.

When a human action is theatrical it is insincere and false to the facts. On the other hand, when you use the word "dramatic," you mean something entirely different. You mean to praise the thing and not condemn it. When the two Senators from New York suddenly resigned their position in 1881—you remember it—the friends of these men spoke of their action as dramatic, and their enemies characterized their action as theatrical; one to praise, the other to blame. An incident like that draws the line better than a definition. The word "drama" has won a place outside of the stage—and it more and more separates itself from the stage, and becomes a word descriptive of the best told story. In such a story there must be reality. It must be a story so put together that the meaning leaps out as the story goes on, and the mind takes hold of the meaning easily and fully—so that the whole meaning flashes on the understanding. You all know the power of a good story teller. You all know that every neighborhood has some man who can grasp an incident and tell it so that it comes strikingly before the mind. This power of narrative is at once epic and dramatic. This village story teller is a miniature Milton and Shakspeare. The arrangement of a drama is systematic; and moves to a climax with full force. In order to a dramatic arrangement it is not necessary that the characters should be combined, as in the form of a play; it is only necessary that the story should be told in the most effective way, so that its meaning will flash clear and strong on the understanding. The gospels are told in this way; and it is the only possible way in which their story could reach the understanding. If we consider the gospels from this point of view, there are several things to attract our attention. One of them is the universality of the human nature which is brought out in the gospel. If you take up a picture book, or a fashion book of a hundred years ago, you are interested in a certain way in studying the characters, and discovering that the people dressed in a way very different from the present mode. You study the strange dresses with interest, but at the same time with a kind of feeling that these people were not just like yourself. Your point of observation in the fashion-plate presents you with nothing but unlikeness to yourself and your contemporaries. It is a strange world to you.

Now, what the fashion-plate is, a great part of literature is. It is something which gets old, out of fashion, outworn, when it is a hundred years old. People live largely upon a contemporaneous literary diet. The most of the literature for each generation is produced by itself, and therefore the human nature of it, like the dresses of the fashion-plate, is in a little while out of date, and seems old. I am not as old as I look to be, but I have seen several kinds of literary fashions come and go. I have known men to be famous, producing a book nearly every month, whose name would now be strange, and there are few here who have thought of them for a long time. Other books have taken their places. They were novels, stories, histories, and even poems, but they have gone out of date, because the human nature they dealt with was a temporary and passing human nature—that of a fashion-plate. And the same effect must attend most of the novels being written in our day, because there is a passion upon us for this sort of living detail, this sort of temporary book.

There is so little of permanent universal human nature in an

ordinary novel of the period, that when you are done with it you have learned but very little about man. The great defect with this class of books is that they do not deal with universal human nature, and it is the power of Shakspeare that he deals largely with universal human nature. And here we discover the likeness that reigns there. We recognize ourselves and our neighbors. We have struck one of the old lines of humanity, and are acquainted with the people we meet. They wear togas, we wear trousers; but we know each other for brothers. The defect of Shakspearean human nature very soon appears when you lay it down along side of the gospels. You have a little universal human nature in Shakspeare, in the gospels you have almost nothing else but universal human nature. If you ask yourselves why we are interested in certain incidents that occurred nearly two thousand years ago, in a foreign land, that occurred in connection with a people for whom we have nothing but antipathy, what will be the answer? Why are we interested in this old history lying back there in a world that had almost nothing like our world except men, and the eternal rocks, and the ever flowing streams? Why, belting the green earth, should we find men everywhere singing about this passage in human history? What is the charm of it that reaches human nature so widely? Undoubtedly there is much charm in the delightful truth which it contains; more in the delightful power behind it, but much also in the fact that when we open these gospels we find ourselves in the presence of men and women like ourselves, in the presence of human nature, undying, eternally the same. In any of these passages you find yourself suddenly reminded of yourself. You feel in every throb of a human heart in the gospels something which allies the old heart with yourself.

Another proof of the dramatic quality of the gospels lies in the fact that the details all work out into one picture, and each trait resembles the whole. What I mean here I shall try to make clear. The Rigi is a mountain made up of pudding stones. It is a great egg-shaped mass that leaps up out of the plain, rising thousands of feet in the air, and is composed altogether of these pudding stones. At different points up its rugged sides, masses have been broken off by the action of the ice, and if you examine them you will find that the fragments resemble the whole. Break up one of them into the finest pieces, and each bit will still resemble the whole. In any fragment of the vast mass you have a picture of the whole mountain. Now this is true of the highest dramatic production, that every piece and every incident is a picture of the whole. This highest dramatic perfection is found only in the gospels. You find hints of it elsewhere. Many of you have read the story of "Middlemarch," the most perfect piece of art produced in the way of a modern novel. The art lies first in the dramatic conception, for it has a theme, and the theme runs clear through, and the climax leaps out of the theme. This theme is worked out through a principal character. In her history the general lesson is impressively taught. But the art does not end there, each one of the characters is a picture of the heroine in little. The same story is repeated over and over again, in the different characters. It is a story of human failure, of the way in which a great human purpose, and high aspirations, growing in a youthful mind, may be dispersed and destroyed as human life goes on to its conclusion. It is a lesson of failure, and the failure of the principal character is repeated in the subordinate characters.

Take another illustration from Shakspeare: "Julius Caesar" is his best drama, not the best play, for it does not act well on the stage, as it lacks singleness and simplicity; nevertheless it is, I think, Shakspeare's most complete play, his most dramatic piece, and the reason is this: His subject is large and is developed on the principle I am laying down. The play is narrow, both in "Macbeth" and "Othello." In "Julius Caesar" it is large. The subject may be named the weaknesses of great men. The play is constructed so as to develop the weaknesses

of Julius Caesar, and of all the rest of the characters grouped about him. The story told in the death of Julius Caesar is told also in the death of all the parties in the terrible failure of them all. But you must mark that in this case we have an extremely narrow purpose as compared with the gospels. In the gospels you can begin anywhere, and preach the whole gospel from any incident. Take the case of the Prodigal Son, and you have the whole story of the gospel in that short compass. Take up the case of the man described as the "father of the child," crying, "I believe," and you have it over again. It is over and over again, from the beginning to the end, the pieces all conspiring to the grand result. It is achieved not by ordinary art. The story teller has seen or heard or conceived something, and he goes through a mass of details. The gospels have nothing of that sort. They tell you in a few words what they have to say of the woman of Samaria, or the maniac of Gadara, or of her who loved much and was forgiven much. Names are dispensed with, details, places of residence, all the tricks by which the ordinary story teller succeeds. This story succeeds by pure force of an infinite truth behind it.

Another characteristic of drama is a kind of consistency between the beginning and the end, a kind of logical order in which it moves, and this is illustrated in the gospels by the fact which must always be borne in mind, that the task is one of supreme difficulty. The author of the gospels has to tell the story of the Incarnation of God's son. A story in which there are human and divine actors, in which there is both nature and the supernatural. It requires vast dramatic power. I have suggested, yet I may more definitely repeat it, that the human earth on which you tread is not that of old Palestine, or Galilee, or Jerusalem. It is a real universal, a human earth. There is not a bit of purer realism than the gospels. Take up this story, walk with these men. Down by the lake you find the Gadarene crying among the tombs. You see the stranger landing and healing him. You stand down by the boat and hear the poor man begging Jesus to allow him to go with him. You see these human figures. Look into it a little, and there the man stands where he has stood almost two thousand years, listening to the words of the Master compelling him to go away. The meaning of it you understand, for the case is before you. On this solid human earth, this real human nature, this realistic character which makes you feel the heart beat, and smell the real earth, all is combined with something else, with the supernatural. There have been writers who have carried us into wonderland. We were glad to be there, and we traveled along delighted with the scenery and with the companions created by the imagination. The gospels do not do this. This solid earth beneath your feet is not more real than the heavens that bend over it. Human reality is combined with heavenly, and you are continually going to and fro between the earth and the sky. The natural and the supernatural are so run together that you feel no shock in passing from one to the other. You have men and angels, divine power and human power, associated together. The warp of earth is woven into the woof of heaven until it is one piece of cloth of gold. The gold of the skies is braided into the earthly so perfectly I defy any man to take them apart with consistency or success. This is the beauty and perfection of dramatic success. The divine and the human are blended in Christ so that you are puzzled to tell whether it is a man or a God who speaks and works. The blending of the human about him, in him, through him, all this is an effect utterly beyond human art. The story goes straight home to the human heart. The time will never come when it will not be a dear and sweet old story to the souls that hear it. Edward Eggleston once told me that when he was lecturing in some strange corner of the earth, where culture in the pulpit was comparatively rare, after the lecture one of the men said, "I wish you would come here and preach for us. Our minister preaches the funeral of Jesus Christ twice a Sun-

day, fifty-two Sundays in the year." The case seemed to me to be an exceedingly sad one until I began to ask myself, of what man that ever lived could it be said they preached his funeral sermon twice a Sabbath for fifty-two Sundays in the year, and the story still had such freshness that the people would come out and hear it? What other thing was ever so well done that a fool might talk about it, and still a certain amount of interest attach to it despite the poor telling? Here lies one of the uses of the dramatic power of the gospel. When a man of humble attainments has it to tell, he has only to follow the book to make it an interesting story. The moment he strikes a real point of interest, the attentive soul feels that that is what it came for, and, what is better, that it is said to him. In short, the enduring power of this story lies in great part in this fact. The consistency between the beginning and the end and the logical order of things, comes out in a thousand powerful ways. For instance, the peculiar truth that reappears in the words which are sculptured on Shakspeare's tomb.

Take the same thought as it reappears—the same thought slightly turned over—as it is repeated in "Middlemarch," or in that best human version of all, that of Watts:

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

You will find the thought, in good and bad versions, everywhere. Do you wish to take this thought fresh from the fountain? Come to the temple, where the disciples, accustomed to nothing great in art, fresh from Galilee, stand gazing in admiration at the glory of the great edifice and one of them cries out: "Master, behold these stones; and what manner of a building is this?" And listen to the Master as he says: "There shall not remain one stone upon another," and you have the fountain head of all these streams running down into our poetry.

Mark the wonderful consistency, and the wonderful movement of this story—consider it as a drama. You may regard the gospels as beginning at that moment when suddenly there was with the angel a great company of the heavenly hosts, appearing to the shepherds as they watched their flocks by night. It practically ends when the disciples, after the ascension, returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple singing the song which began in angel mouths and ends in human mouths. The purpose of the story was to sing that angelic music into the human heart.

In conclusion: What inferences may be drawn from the statements I have made? Certainly not that the gospels have attained their success because they are a drama. They had to have the truth to succeed. They have the truth, and that has given them success. It behooved that Christ should suffer and rise from the dead the third day. And this behooving lies in something very deep in our nature. We believe that these gospels are inspired; that the authors were moved by the Holy Ghost; and it seems to me to be a necessary inference that the story should be well told; and well told means dramatically told. If it be true that the gospels sweep a larger circle and involve a greater work than was ever attempted by a human brain, if it be true that you can put a million of Shaksperes into their compass and still have an abyss of art unfilled, then you have an inference, an argument, in the line of the evidences of Christianity that has never been attempted. And that is that the best told, most dramatically told story, the story of the visit of God's son to the earth, of his life, death, resurrection and ascension, must have been told by God himself. No human pen can be eloquent enough, no heart wide enough, no intellect could penetrate into the human heart deeply enough, to produce these gospels. In the literary perfection of the gospel there lies an evidence of the truth, of the divine authorship of the gospels, which in time to come, when all men read and think, will weigh perhaps more than any other kind of argument that has been drawn upon to this hour.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

By the HON. NEAL DOW.

The policy of license to the liquor traffic had been the uniform practice of the civilized world since the reign of Edward VI., of England, when it was first established. Since that time, in England, there have been more than four hundred and fifty separate acts relating to the traffic, each of them being a vain attempt to improve upon all that had gone before, in the hope, if not in the expectation, of diminishing in some degree the tremendous evils coming from it. For the last twenty years there has been no session of Parliament, I think, at which there have not been several separate bills introduced, relating to that matter; at some of them, these bills have been in number, from eight to ten, sometimes even twelve. When our fathers first came over the waters to this western world, they brought with them the policy of license, because at that time no other had been attempted or thought of.

In 1820 Maine was separated from Massachusetts and set up housekeeping for herself, bringing with her, as a part of her outfit, the policy of license, which had been brought over in the "Mayflower" by the Pilgrim Fathers, and established in Plymouth colony in the first years of its existence. By the peculiar industries of Maine the people were led into the habit of the excessive use of strong drink. All our people living a little way back from the sea coast were engaged in the lumbering business. We had vast forests of invaluable pine, whence Maine was and is called the "Pine Tree State." The people through all the winter season were living in camps in the woods, engaged in felling the trees and transporting them to the water courses, by which they would be taken to the innumerable saw mills which crowded the falls on almost all our streams. In the camps, away from home influences and home restraints, the "lumbermen" indulged freely in strong drink, which was a large and indispensable part of their rations.

On the breaking up of the streams in the spring, these men were engaged in "driving river," as it was called, i. e., following the "drives" of logs, many, many miles down all the water courses to the "booms," whence they were impounded and secured ready for the saw mills which were kept in operation through the year, often running night and day. On these drives many of the men were often in the icy water more or less all day, dislodging the logs from rocks or shallows, by which they were stopped in their course down stream. In all this laborious and trying work, the men used rum freely and largely, as the universal custom was in those days. In those old times I have seen our great rivers covered for miles, from shore to shore, with innumerable logs, so closely packed as almost to hide the water from view. Many "river drivers" were following along on either shore to prevent the logs from "lodging," and to "start" all that had been "grounded." At night I have seen these men in great numbers around their camp fires, wild and boisterous, under the influence of liquor, like so many Comanche savages just home from the war path, with many scalps hanging at their belts. On many of these drives the men would be engaged for weeks, with rum as the most important part of their ration. On the return of these men to civilized life a large part of them would spend in a week, in a drunken carouse, all the wages paid them for their winter's work, without regard to wife and children at home.

The saw mills in Maine were on a very large scale, and were in great numbers. There were great masses of men engaged in them, all using rum freely and in immense quantities. I have heard it said that two quarts a day to each man was the regular allowance. While all these men—in whatever department working—earned large wages, they were not at all benefited by that, because they spent all in rum, except a miserable pittance doled out to the wretched wife and children.

The transportation of this "lumber" to the West Indies—

the principal market for it—was a very great industry; it was called the "West India Trade." Great numbers of vessels were engaged in it, running from all our principal ports which had direct communication with the vast system of saw mills on all our streams. The returns for this lumber were mostly West India rum and molasses, to be converted into New England rum, at our numerous distilleries. All along our sea coast great numbers of our people were engaged in the mackerel and cod fisheries; there were a great many vessels employed in that industry, the products of which were mostly sent to the West Indies in the lumber ships, the returns for which were also "rum and molasses!" I have heard men say who were owners of timber lands and of saw mills—"operators" on a large scale, and owners of West India traders—that Maine was never a dollar the richer for all these great industries. The returns were mostly in rum, and in molasses converted into rum, so that our boundless forests of invaluable timber were literally poured down the throats of our people in the form of rum. The result of all this was that Maine was the poorest state in the Union, consuming the entire value of all its property of every kind in rum, in every period of less than twenty years.

I have run hastily over this account of the condition of Maine in the old rum time to show that our people, according to the general opinion on this subject, were most unlikely to adopt a policy of prohibition to the liquor traffic, which was spread everywhere all over the state, and was intimately interwoven into all the habits and customs of the time. All over the state there was a general appearance of neglect and dilapidation in houses, barns, school houses, farms, churches. By their habits of drinking a great many of our people were disinclined to work, and many of them were unfitted for it. It used to be said that three-fourths of the farms were mortgaged to the town, village and country traders, all of whom kept in stock liquors of all sorts as the most important and most profitable part of their supplies.

A few men in Maine resolved to change all that by changing the law by which the liquor traffic was licensed, and by substituting for it the policy of prohibition. This was supposed to be a great undertaking, as in fact it was. An indispensable preparatory step was to change public opinion, on which all law is supposed to be founded. To do this meetings were held all over the state—not only in the larger towns, but in villages and in all the rural districts. There was hardly a little country church or town house or roadside school house where we did not lay out before the people the fact that the liquor traffic was inconsistent with the general good; that it was in deadly hostility to every interest of nation, state and people. In our missionary work about the state, traveling in our own carriages in summer, and in our own sleighs in winter, we took with us large supplies of tracts relating to the liquor traffic and its results. These were prepared for the purpose, and were distributed freely at all our meetings, and we threw them out to the people as we passed their houses, and as we met them on our way; and to the children as we passed the country school houses. In this way, by persistent work, we changed the public opinion upon the matter and fired the hearts of the people with a burning indignation against the liquor traffic, by which they were made poor and kept poor.

This work was continued for several years without intermission; we had a definite object in view, and that was to overthrow the liquor traffic, to outlaw it, to put it under the ban, and to drive it out as a pestilent thing, the whole influence of which was to spread poverty, pauperism, suffering, wretchedness and crime broadcast among the people, at the same time that no possible good came from it. In due time we made earnest application to the legislature for a law of prohibition, but our prayers were not heeded. We were regarded as having no rights which politicians were bound to respect, and we were treated with small courtesy. We soon took in the situa-

tion, and addressed ourselves at once to the only instrumentality through which we could possibly succeed—that is, the ballot box. We sent in great numbers of petitions to the legislature, but we were beaten by more than two to one. At the next election we swept the State House clear of almost every man who had voted against us; we did this irrespective of all party ties and affiliations.

To the legislature thus elected we sent no petitions; we went there in person, with a bill all prepared, and offered it as one that would be acceptable to temperance men. It was on Friday, the 30th of May, 1851, that we did this. We had a public hearing in the Representative Hall on the afternoon of that day. Saturday, the 31st of May, was to be the last day of the session. The committee voted unanimously to accept the bill as it was, with no change whatever. It was printed on Friday night and laid upon the desks of the members the next morning. Immediately after the morning hour it was taken up for consideration.

Now this was the situation on that Saturday morning. The liquor traffic was a lawful trade in Maine, as it was throughout the civilized world. There were liquor shops, wholesale and retail, all over the state, with large stocks of liquor for sale, as there are now in all our states, where the traffic is yet prosecuted by authority of law, and under its protection. The bill lying upon the members' desks proposed to change all that; it forbade the trade absolutely; it declared that there was no property in intoxicating liquors kept for unlawful sale; that such liquors so kept, or supposed to be so kept, should be seized on complaint and warrant, or on sight, without warrant, and should be confiscated and destroyed, unless the claimant could show to the satisfaction of the court that they were not intended for sale. They might be seized wherever seen; on railway cars, on steamboats, or in transitu by any other mode of transportation; they might be hunted like wild and dangerous beasts, and like them, if resistance was offered, they might be destroyed upon the spot. If it be decided that the liquors are kept for unlawful sale, the party is sentenced, in addition to the loss of the liquor, to a fine of one hundred dollars and costs, and on the second conviction, to the same fine and to imprisonment at hard labor for six months. And it was expressly provided that no action should be had or maintained in any court in the state for the recovery of intoxicating liquors nor for the value thereof. The liquor traffic was put by that bill outside the law, beyond its protection, and was denounced as an enemy to the state and people—utterly inconsistent with the public welfare.

On that Saturday this extraordinary measure, such as had never been heard of in the world before, with no change whatever, was passed through all its stages to be enacted, and on Monday, at nine o'clock in the morning, it was approved by the Governor, and from that moment it was the law, because the act provided that it should take effect when signed by the executive. All the stocks of liquors in the state were then liable to be seized and destroyed, but the local authorities allowed the parties having them in possession a reasonable time in which to "send them away to other states and countries where they could be lawfully sold;" and this was done. There was a hasty departure of these liquors from all parts of the state. It was not an appeal to the legislature by petitions that accomplished this wonderful overturn in the status of the liquor traffic in Maine, it was simply and only because the people put their will in relation to it into the ballot box. There is no other way in which it can be done in any other states; or in the nation. This movement against the liquor traffic is now, as it was then, a far more important political question than any other, more important than all others combined, to every interest of the nation, state, and people. What has been the result of this legislation?

"In some places liquor is sold secretly in violation of law, as many other offences are committed against the statutes, but in

large districts of the state, the liquor traffic is nearly or quite unknown, where formerly it was carried on like any other trade.

SIDNEY PERHAM,
"Governor of Maine."

"I can and do, from my own personal observation, unhesitatingly affirm that the consumption of intoxicating liquors in Maine is not to-day one-fourth so great as it was twenty years ago; in the country portions of the state the sale and use have almost entirely ceased. In my opinion our remarkable temperance reform of to-day is the legitimate child of the law.

"WM. P. FRYE,
"M. C. of Maine, and ex-Att'y Gen'l of the State."

"I have the honor unhesitatingly to concur in the opinions expressed in the foregoing by my colleague, Hon. Wm. Frye.

"LOT M. MORRILL,
"U. S. Senate."

"I concur in the foregoing statements; and on the point of the relative amount of liquors sold at present in Maine and in those states where a system of license prevails, I am very sure from personal knowledge and observation that the sales are immeasurably less in Maine.

J. G. BLAINE,
"Speaker U. S. House of Representatives."

"I concur in the statements made by Mr. Frye. Of the great good produced by the Prohibitory Liquor Law of Maine, no man can doubt who has seen its result. It has been of immense value.

H. HAMLIN,
"U. S. Senate."

"We are satisfied that there is much less intemperance in Maine than formerly, and that the result is largely produced by what is termed prohibitory legislation.

"JOHN A. PETERS, M. C. of Maine.
"EUGENE HALE, M. C. of Maine."

"I fully concur in the statement of my colleague, Mr. Frye, in regard to the effect of the enforcement of the liquor law in the state of Maine.

JOHN LYNCH, M. C. of Maine."

These certificates are from both Senators and all the Representatives of Maine in Congress.

These statements are indorsed by many mayors and ex-mayors of cities, and many other officials in every part of the state; by General Chamberlaine, ex-Governor and President of Bowdoin College, and by many clergymen in every county in the state.

The convention of Good Templars resolved, "That by the operation of the Maine law in this state, the traffic in intoxicating liquors has been greatly diminished, and that the happy effects of this change are everywhere apparent, and that the quantity of liquors now sold in this state can not be one-tenth as much as it was formerly."

The State Conventions of the Republican party of Maine have always adopted resolves relating to this matter. I have some of them before me now.

Republican State Convention of 1878: "Temperance among the people may be greatly promoted by wise prohibitory legislation, as well as by all those moral agencies which have secured us beneficent results; and it is a source of congratulation that the principle of prohibition, which has always been upheld by Republicans, is now concurred in by so large a majority of the people that it is no longer a party question, the Democrats having for several years declined to contest and dispute it." 1879: "We recognize temperance as a cause which has conferred the greatest benefits on the state, and we sustain the principle of prohibition which in its operation has so largely suppressed liquor selling, and added incalculably to the sum of virtue and prosperity among the people." 1880: "Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of the policy of prohibition as an auxiliary of temperance, and as contributing to the material wealth, happiness and prosperity of the state; and we refer with confidence and pride to an undeviating support of the same as one of the cardinal principles of the Republican party of Maine."

There was no election in 1881, and no convention, but the resolve of 1882 is:

"We refer with confidence and pride to the general result of the Republican party in support of the policy of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the state; and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from that traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of a prohibitory Constitutional amendment."

Such is the latest authoritative and comprehensive testimony to the actual results of prohibition in Maine. Similar testimonies could easily be obtained from the most influential sources in every part of the state. Every brewery and distillery has been suppressed. Molasses, which is yet imported into the state in large quantities, is no longer converted into rum, but is used exclusively for domestic purposes, while a large part of it is converted into sugar by improved processes. The share of Maine of the national drink bill would be about \$13,000,000, but I am far within the truth in saying that one million will cover the cost of all liquors smuggled into the state in violation of law. From the poorest state in the Union, Maine has become one of the most prosperous, and it has gained immeasurably in many other ways from the policy of prohibition.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.

By E. E. HALE.

I.

It was the morning after the funeral. Aunt Fanny had tried to make the breakfast seem cheerful to the children, or at least tolerable. She had herself gone into the kitchen to send up some trifle or mite out of the way for the family meal. She talked to the children of the West, of the ways in which her life in Wisconsin differed from their lives in Boston. And Aunt Fanny succeeded so far that George passed his plate for oatmeal a second time, and little Sibyl did not ask leave to go before her aunt had poured out her second cup of coffee.

Aunt Fanny made the breakfast as long as she could. Then she folded her napkin slowly, and led the children into the other room for morning prayer. They read the last chapter of Proverbs, and then all knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer. Then Aunt Fanny took Nahum's hand and took little Sibyl on her lap, and she said to all four of the children, "It is very hard for us all, dear children, but I must tell you all about what the plans are. I have a letter from Uncle Cephas, and you know I had a long talk with Mr. Alfred after he came here yesterday. We will not break up here yet."

"Oh, I am so glad of that," said poor, sturdy Belle, who generally said so little.

"No, we will not break up here yet. In the spring we will all go to Wisconsin, and you shall learn to like my home at Harris as much as you like Roxbury." So spoke Aunt Fanny, as cheerfully as she could. And not daring to wait a reply, she hurried on: "See here, Uncle George writes that I may stay till late in March, or early in April, if I think best, but that then we must all be ready to go on."

You must know that the four children were orphans. Their father had died in April, and now, in the middle of December, their mother had died. Aunt Fanny had been with them for the last month. But she knew, and they knew, that their pleasant home was to be broken up forever.

"And now," she said, "we must all see what we have to do this winter, to be ready for Wisconsin. Belle and Sibyl, you may come up stairs with me, and we will look through your clothes and the boys'. I must not be lazy this winter, and I

will have it for my morning work to put everything in order."

And when they came up stairs, and this business like, energetic Belle took their frocks and underclothes from the drawers, Aunt Fanny was indeed surprised. The girl was grave beyond her years; so long had her poor mother been ill, and so much of the care of the family had fallen on her. "I should think you were an old housekeeper," said Aunt Fanny, in admiration, as Belle explained how she had mended this, and, on the whole, determined to retain that. And when Belle took her into the little room which she called the "sewing room," and showed her drawers, and even shirts for the boys, which she had under way, Aunt Fanny squarely told her that she was quite her own equal in such management.

"How did ever come to be such a thorough seamstress?" said she. "Dear Mary has been sick so long that I had somehow imagined that such things as these must slip by."

"Oh! of course mamma told us everything. But you know we learn this at school."

"I do not know any such thing," confessed Aunt Fanny, promptly.

"Oh, yes," said Belle, "we learn more or we learn less. But so soon as I found I could help mamma about it I went into the advanced class. There we learned to cut shirts and to make them. I can make a shirt now as well as anybody," said the girl, laughing. "But of course I do not in practice."

"Why of course?" persisted Aunt Fanny.

Belle opened her eyes as much as to say, "How little these people in Wisconsin know." But she did not say so in words, she only said: "Oh, I can buy my collars and wristbands and fronts ready made a great deal cheaper than I can make them, if my time is worth anything. And you must not laugh, Aunt Fanny, but papa said my time is worth a good deal."

Aunt Fanny did not laugh. She smiled very kindly, and drew Belle to her and kissed her.

"You see, the boys run the machine for me, and Sybil can do perfectly well any plain sewing we need. We do not think a set of shirts such a very heavy job," said the little matron, quite unconscious of the amusement she was giving Aunt Fanny.

"Do you mean that every girl in Boston learns to do this?"

"Why yes, if she goes to a public school. She learns it, or she may. I think perhaps she might shirk a good deal. But if the teacher sees you are interested, and you do as well as you can, she helps you on. I know a great many girls who have made dresses for their friends. And I know there are girls who went directly to dress-makers from schools, and earned good wages at once. Some girls, you know, have a gift for cutting and fitting."

II.

It must be confessed that Aunt Fanny went down stairs a little relieved in mind after this talk with Belle. Here was one, at least, of her little charges, who would be worth her weight in the new home to which they were to be transferred. As the boys came in from school, she had another such lesson. She asked Nahum who would be a good man to whom to send her trunk, which needed some repair. The boy gave her his views, and then asked what she wanted to have done. Aunt Fanny explained that in coming on she had, wisely or not, left the dress tray of her trunk at home. In going back she was sure she would need a tray, and she must have a new one made.

"Is that all?" said Nahum. "I should never send to Sage's for that."

"What would you do?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"I should make the tray myself," said Nahum, quite unconsciously. "When Belle made her famous visit to Swampscott, she found that that trunk she has now would not take in some dandy-jack hat she wanted to carry. And I made a new tray for her." So he brought his aunt to the "trunk closet," dragged

out Belle's trunk, and showed her a neat tray, made of white-wood, and very perfectly fitted. "Is that good enough?" asked the boy.

Of course it was good enough, and Aunt Fanny explained that she had not known that Nahum was fond of tools.

"Oh, I might have been as fond of tools as of candy," said Nahum. "But that would not have come out for much. I learned to handle tools at school."

"School!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Yes, they wanted to try it at the Dwight, where I was. So they got some benches put into the Ward Room, which is in their building, and is only used by the voters twice a year. They had a first rate teacher, Mr. Batchelder. We had one lesson a week. They would not let us go on unless we kept up in the regular school lessons. So it made the fellows spur up, I tell you, because we all liked the shop, though that was extra."

"How many lessons have you had?" said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, I was in the first class, and so I had only one year's course. It was eighteen lessons. The first day we tried to strike square blows with the hammer. Some of us did not strike very square, I tell you. All the beginning with nails came the first day. The last lesson was 'planing and squaring, marking, making tenon, making mortise, and fastening mortise and tenon.' I wrote a letter to another fellow, and I copied it from the school regulations."

So Nahum went out to his own work shop in the shed, which, as it happened, Aunt Fanny had never seen before, because Nahum kept it under his own key. In the afternoon the tray was made.

"This will make you no end of comfort in Wisconsin, Nahum."

"But if I am to do carpenter work, really," said the boy, "I ought to go to the Technology."

He meant to the Institute of Technology.

"Would you like to go there?"

"Of course I would. Why, if I went there I could make the frame of my own house, and raise it, if the neighbors would help."

Nor was the boy wrong. And his Aunt Fanny and Uncle Asaph determined he should go, and go he did. He spent three months of that winter there, four days of every week; and worked steadily eight hours a day. Still it was different from what it would have been had he gone to a carpenter as an apprentice. For then he would have had to do whatever the carpenter was doing; and he would have had to take his chance for instruction. But at the Technology he had regular teachers and regular practical lessons. Of course he needed practice, and in the long run, it is only practice which makes a first rate workman. But at the end, he had seen every important part of a good carpenter's work done, he knew why it was done, and had had a hand in the doing of it.

The Institute of Technology is not a public school as the Dwight School is, where Nahum had picked up his elementary instruction; and for his lessons here they had to pay thirty dollars. But when, the next summer, all the barns on his uncle's farm in Harris were carried fourteen miles by a tornado, and Nahum found himself directing the framing of a new barn, and doing half the work, he and his aunt thought that those thirty dollars had been well invested.

She took very good care that George should go into the carpenter's class at the Dwight School while they staid in Boston. He would not have been obliged to go. No scholar took this course, excepting as an extra, but he took it because he wanted to. And, as Nahum had said, they were obliged to keep in good standing in their other studies.

As for little Sibyl, Aunt Fanny judged, after full consultation with her confidential adviser, Belle, that Sibyl had better stay where she was—at the Grammar School. Aunt Fanny went down and made a state call on Miss Throckmorton, the teacher of the school, and also saw Miss Bell, the sewing teacher.

She explained to them that while she did not want to break any school rules, she should be well pleased to have as much attention as possible given to Sibyl's sewing. Miss Bell was really pleased with the attention. She said a good many parents did not seem to care anything about it. But if Sibyl would really give her mind to it, she would see that she was able, before she left them in the spring, to cut and fit a frock for Aunt Fanny or for her sister. And before they went to Wisconsin, it proved that Miss Bell was as good as her word to her little friend, and Sibyl made a very pretty dress for Aunt Fanny, before she left school.

III.

As Aunt Fanny herself made her inquiries into these practical matters, she resolved to try an experiment, which she would have laughed at when she left Wisconsin. She was asked to a lunch party of ladies one day, and was a little amused and a little amazed at first, when she observed how much they said about what they had to eat. Aunt Fanny had been trained to a little of the western ridicule of Boston, and had supposed that a bubble rechauffée or a fried rainbow was the most material article that anybody would discuss. And here these ladies were volubly telling of the merits of oysters in batter and oysters in crumbs—of one and another way to serve celery—in a detail which Aunt Fanny found quite puzzling, and, indeed, quite out of place in the manners to which she had been bred, which had taught her never to criticise what was on the table.

Perhaps her silence showed her surprise. This is certain, that all of a sudden a very pretty and gay Mrs. Fréchette turned round and said, "Here is Mrs. Turnbull, horrified because we talk so much of what we eat. Dear Mrs. Turnbull, it is not what we eat, it is the cooking we care for. You must know we have all been to the Cooking Schools—all who are not managers."

Aunt Fanny confessed that she had been puzzled a little, and Mrs. Fréchette and Mrs. Champenon, her hostess, explained. In point of fact this very lunch had been cooked, "From egg to apple," as the Romans would say, by Mrs. Champenon and her two daughters. It may be worth while, therefore, to give the bill of fare:

Raw Oysters on the shell.		
Bouillon in cups.		
Scalloped Lobster in its own shell.		
Quails on Toast, with White Sauce.		
Sweet Breads, with Green Peas.		
Capons, with Salad.		
Ice Creams.	Frozen Pudding.	Jelly.
Fruit.	Coffee.	

How good cooks the mother and daughters had been before, they did not explain. But these particular results were due to their training at the Cooking School. They had made the rolls as well.

"I came out of it so well," said Mrs. Champenon, laughing, "and Mary Flannegan approved the results so well, that when I told her and Ellen Flynn, my waiter girl, that if they liked to go to the cooks' class, which is a class for special instruction to servant girls, I would pay half, they both consented to go; Mary Flannegan to keep Ellen Flynn company, and to see that she was not taught wrong. The cooks' class is twelve lessons, and costs three dollars each. I shall pay a dollar and a half for each of them, and as Ellen Flynn is a bright girl, I shall have four good cooks in the house instead of three. For really," she said, "there is nothing that Hester and Maria can not do. They went down to the beach with their father and the boys, and for a week they cooked everything that was eaten. They made the boys wash the dishes."

This started Aunt Fanny herself. She found there were four classes she could attend:

1. The Cooks' Class, for people who had some experience. Twelve lessons would have cost three dollars.

2. The Beginners' Class of twenty lessons, for which she must pay eight dollars. Here she would be trained to make bread, and to prepare the ordinary dishes for family use at breakfast and dinner and supper.

3. The Second Class, also of twenty lessons, but more advanced. Here she must pay twelve dollars. But here more elegant dishes, what Mrs. Fréchette called "company dishes," were part of the program.

4. What Mrs. Fréchette called "The Swell Course." Here every lady paid fifteen dollars for her twenty lessons. *Per contra*, they had what they cooked, and very jolly parties they seemed to make, when they dared ask their friends to their entertainments.

Aunt Fanny was a good housekeeper, but she thought she should like to astonish her friends at Harris with some of the best seaboard elegancies, so she and Belle entered the "second class." And pleasant and profitable they found it.

IV.

"Sibyl, my dear," said Aunt Fanny one morning, "I have only just found out that you and Belle make my bed. You need not do it again; I always make it at home, and I should have done it here, but you have been too quick for me."

"We shall not give you a chance, Aunt Fanny; we shall not let you."

"But when do you do it, you little witches; you are always at breakfast and at prayers; and when I go up into my room, it is all in order. I supposed Delia did it while we were at breakfast."

Then, with much joking, it was made clear that every day, while Aunt Fanny saw George and Nahum off, and spoke to the butcher in the kitchen, Sibyl and Belle slipped up stairs, and "did" her room.

"That is a piece of your dear mother's training," said Aunt Fanny, as she patted Sibyl's head.

"As it happens, it is, Aunt Fanny," said Belle. "But dear mamma said even she got points from Miss Homans, and I am sure Sibyl and I both learned the reasons of some things at the Kindergarten that we did not know before."

"Reasons for making a bed," said Aunt Fanny. "Why, you do not tell me that you learn to make beds at school."

"We did not, because mamma had taught us. But the kitchen Kindergarten was such fun that we liked to go; and if you like to see it, we will take you." So Aunt Fanny was taken to see that very pretty sight. And she understood at once, how even very little children can be taught housework thoroughly, and taught to like it too. Each child had a doll's bed to make, and to unmake; and each child, in unison with thirty or forty others, made it and unmade it, singing little songs and going through other such exercise as made the thing amusing, while it was methodical. In the same way each child set a baby house table with the most perfect precision, and swept a floor, and dusted a room. It was play to them, but they learned what they never forgot, as Aunt Fanny had occasion to see every day in the neat order of her dear brother's orphaned household.

Thus was it that it happened that when Aunt Fanny took home in April her little flock of orphans, she did not bring to their wholly new life four mere cumberers of the ground.

NOTE.—In preparing this little sketch of "Industrial Education in Boston," at Dr. Flood's request, I have selected what seem to me, on the whole, the most important branches of such education for illustration. It has not seemed advisable to introduce too much detail.

1. The instruction in sewing is given in all public schools to all girls.

2. The instruction in carpenter work has been attempted only in two public schools. A central school is now to be established, where classes

of volunteers from the different grammar schools will be received. The full course described, of eight hours a day, for four days a week, of thirteen weeks, is one of the Technology courses, and there is a fee for instruction.

3. The Cooking Schools are under the direction of a society for that purpose. It also maintains Normal Classes for teachers of cooking. Different churches and charitable societies maintain free cooking classes, and free carpenter classes.

4. Drawing is taught in all public schools.

5. Schools of design and of carving are maintained by different societies.

I have confined myself to instruction which is to a certain extent training in handiwork, and in this I have not included musical or other artistic performance.

ECHOES FROM A CHAUTAUQUA WINTER.

By REV. H. H. MOORE.

Now that winter is gone and the time for the singing of birds is near, the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, especially those who have spent a summer at this place, will inquire: "How does Chautauqua appear in autumn, with flowers withered, trees naked, and not a robin or thrush to be seen or heard? What a contrast must be the sudden change from a summer world to the wild desolations of a semi-Arctic winter!" and perhaps it seems to them that the place was dead and buried beneath a monument of snow and ice. A feeling of chilliness comes over them, and possibly they half resolve never to visit these groves again. Pity, and possibly a prayer are indulged for the poor unfortunates resident here. Lonesome things, shut up in the woods, how can they stand it? With all respect and due thanks for good intentions, we will excuse the pity, that it may be bestowed where it is more needed, and will be better appreciated. If contentment, good cheer, and the elements of good society can be found anywhere, it is at Chautauqua.

Let man's environments, duties and responsibilities be what they may, if his mind and heart are in harmony and sympathy with them, he is satisfied, and at rest.

If Chautauqua is stirring and rosy and beautiful in summer to all people, to a nature that can appreciate it it is gorgeous, savage, grand and thoughtful in winter. At the one season we float carelessly along in the midst of scenes of sunshine, loveliness and gaiety; at the other we are more alone with God, we commune with the stars, and become familiar with the sterner aspects of life. The change from one season to another is simply turning over a leaf in the book of nature, and receiving additional instruction, but of equal value. To our astronomers, the heavens, whenever they could be seen, have presented an aspect of surpassing beauty. Just after sunset in the west, Venus, from beyond the sun has been seen climbing toward the zenith, and is now rapidly approaching the earth, dropping down between it and the sun; we have swept by fiery Mars, which has been nearly over our heads during the winter; further to the east, Jupiter and Saturn have held high court; over the southern heavens has swept Sirius, the brightest star to be seen; to the north and northwest, Vega, the largest of the stars yet measured, has been steadily looking down upon us, and to crown all, Orion, the most magnificent of the constellations has illumined the southern sky.

January was a month of storms, and often did we contrast its desolations with the excitement of a summer Assembly, but such was our satisfaction with the present that we were in no haste for a change. The wild, weird elements of the season interested us; the opportunity afforded for reading, rest and recuperation was what was needed, and we felt that these things could not be too long continued. What, have the beautiful lake ice-locked for months, and used as a public highway? Listen day and night to the moaning and howling of

the winds as they swept through the branches of the naked trees, often threatening to tear them up by the roots? Live weeks together without sight of the sun by day, or of a star by night? Yes, for all these things accorded with each other, and with the general aspect of nature. The music was of a *class*, and each note was in harmony with the general movement of the grand anthem. When nature had savagely arrayed itself in frost and snow and cloud and tempest, hiding the earth and filling the heavens, had the sun put in an appearance what a ghastly display would it have made! But in the midst of this desolation the snow-birds appeared, and they were beautiful, for they were the flowers of the season. We realized that the power of harmony could be heard in a tempest as well as in a seraph's song. It is the extreme of folly to waste a winter watching for the coming of spring. The soul that is free from shams and is a pure part of nature itself, is attuned to the real and the true, and accepts the nature that is as the best, and would resolutely resist a change.

Our snow storm continued about twenty-eight days, and its coming was heralded by the play of lightning and the music of thunder. It never ceased to be a pleasure to watch the falling of the snow; to see the curiously wrought crystals drift out of the sky down among the branches of the trees, filling the air till it seemed mantled in white—a new creation. As an aid to the expression of our feelings we read the poem of Emerson. We quote a few lines:

"Come see the north wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof.
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door,
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop, or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths.
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work,
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work
The frolic architecture of the snow."

Had the storm completed its work in a day, the snow at Chautauqua would have been from six to ten feet deep; but as it extended over the most of a month, changing occasionally into rain, it became so packed that at no time was it more than three feet deep. On some of the buildings, where two roofs met at right-angles it was six or eight feet deep at the angle. But we suffered no inconvenience from the long storm. Our stalwart young men, with heavy teams and strong-built snow-plows, kept the streets open to all parts of the grounds. For a short time, as our greatest trouble, in common with other places, we were a little vexed because of the irregularities of the mail.

But in our safe retreat we could but think of the time when this immense mass of snow would melt away, perhaps attended by falling rain, and of the suffering which the floods would cause in the valleys below. Our gravest apprehensions have since been more than realized. As the snows disappeared the waters of the lake began to rise, and the low lands about Ashville, the Narrows, Griffiths, and other places were flooded, and the area of the lake was sensibly enlarged. The upper dock at Chautauqua stood out at least two rods in the lake, and in the baggage room, by actual measurement, the water stood fourteen inches deep. As the stage of water was unprecedented, we intend to sink a stone at high water mark as a monument of the phenomenal flood of the year 1884.

Up to the 15th of January the game laws permit our fishermen to take with spear pickerel from the lake, through the ice, and the time was well improved, but with poor success. An almost air-tight house, about four feet square, is placed on the ice where the water is from twelve to fifteen feet deep. Brush and snow are packed about the base of the house, and not a ray of light is allowed to enter; then the fisherman, closely shut inside, can see into the clear water, but the fish cannot catch a glimpse of anything in the house. Having thus taken all the advantages to himself, he keeps a decoy chub moving about in the water, and as the pickerel comes in sight to seize its prey, it is saluted with the deadly spear. One year ago tons of pickerel were taken from the lake, and many of them were shipped to distant cities as rare luxuries; but this has been a very unfavorable season, for which all Chautauquans should be thankful. During the legal fishing season, the wind was in the north, and at such times, the fishermen say, the fish keep in deep water, and will not "run." However, some were taken, and those left we may troll for during the August Assembly.

When the ice in the lake was at its best, the Assembly ice house and many individual houses were filled, and in that respect we are prepared for a long, hot summer, and for supplying the wants of the thousands of people who may visit the place in July and August.

Late last autumn, quite a company of old Chautauquans repaired to Florida to spend the winter; but fifty-nine families remained, and some that left us have returned, so that the place is blest with the elements of good society. The Sabbath services are largely attended; a choir of excellent singers adds much to the interest of the occasion. The average attendance at the Sunday-school was about ninety-six during the winter. It is thoroughly manned and well supplied with lesson helps. The assistant superintendent, A. P. Wilder, deserves much credit for the prosperity of the school. The social and devotional exercises of the church are spiritual, and special attention is given by competent teachers to the religious education of the children. Thus an intelligent and Christian class of people are keeping watch and ward of Chautauqua interests in the absence of the Assembly authorities.

The local C. L. S. C. is under the direction of Mrs. Sarah Stephens, a lady graduate, who brings to her duties, ability, culture, and the ardor of woman's heart. She follows closely the prescribed course of study, and by the general circulation of written questions, endeavors to reach and interest the entire community. The meetings are held Tuesday evenings, in the chapel, and are largely attended by enthusiastic students. Most of the people here live at their leisure, and much of their time is given to reading and study. I have noticed that subjects discussed at the C. L. S. C. meetings often come up for further examination in shops, stores, on the street, and in the family, and these discussions I judge go far to fix in the mind the subjects discussed. At any rate they are a splendid substitute for the empty or slanderous gossip which is bred in minds that have nothing else to do.

The Good Templars hold their meetings on Friday night and occasionally favor the public with a lecture. Sometime in the winter, under the auspices of the order, an oyster festival was given which brought together a large crowd. The evening was devoted to feasting, music, gossip and addresses. It was really an enjoyable occasion, without any discount. The addresses were so well received as to elicit, in miniature, the "Chautauqua salute."

To accommodate the little folks who were not able to go outside the gates to the public school, Miss Carrie Leslie has kept a private school, and given entire satisfaction.

Not much has been done during the winter in the way of building and improvements. Late in autumn, A. Norton, Esq., commenced the erection of a fine cottage, at the corner of Vincent and Terrace Avenues, which is now nearing completion. He is building a private cottage for a permanent

home, and will expend upon house and lot from \$2,500 to \$3,000. The Rev. Frank Russell, D. D., of Mansfield, Ohio, has under way a unique cottage, a little back of the Amphitheater, which, when completed, will present a fine appearance. The prospect from his upper verandas will be the widest and best on the grounds, away from the lake.

The Sixby store, embracing dry goods, groceries, drugs, and hardware, under the management of the gentlemanly and accommodating Mr. Herrick, has been open during the winter, and has done a good business.

We have had some sickness and one death since the Assembly. Mr. Crossgrove, a very good man, came here some two years ago, the victim of consumption, and passed away in September last, leaving a widow and other friends to mourn their loss.

The first notes of preparation for the next Assembly have been heard. The appointment of Mr. W. A. Duncan as superintendent of grounds gives entire satisfaction. A modification of policy in some respects is anticipated, which will reduce expenses and work general improvement.

We feel that we are nearing the time when a large group of boys will be on the ground, receiving an education according to the enlarged Chautauqua Idea.

I am here interrupted by the tolling of our bell, reminding us of Longfellow, and one of our Memorial Days.

Chautauquans everywhere should know that the Chautauqua Vesper Service is read every Sunday eve, and that all these Chautauqua interests and peculiarities are cared for from one Assembly to another. Chautauqua is not a six weeks summer affair, but in spirit, and to some extent in form, it lives through all the months of the year, and twelve months are none too many for the full development of all its interests. Again am I interrupted, this time to attend a wedding at the parsonage, and here shall close this survey of Chautauqua in the winter season.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

Will local circles please report to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., as well as to THE CHAUTAUQUAN? Please attend to this.

Persons desiring graduates' badges in the C. L. S. C. should address Mrs. Rosie M. Baketel, Methuen, Mass., as she has now entire charge of Mrs. Burroughs' business.

The *Saturday Union*, published in Lynn, Mass., contains a C. L. S. C. column. The number for February 2 has an original Chautauqua song, and a column and a half of questions and answers in Political Economy. The questions are by Rev. R. H. Howard, A.M. This is an advance movement, and will undoubtedly help our cause.

Will all members take notice not to send letters, postals or papers to me at Hartford, Connecticut? My personal postoffice address is Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Kimball's address is Plainfield, N. J. Letters addressed to me at Plainfield are forwarded.

The *Alma Mater*, the new bi-monthly to be sent to all recorded members of the C. L. S. C. at Plainfield, N. J., will contain original answers by Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Dr. John Hall, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City; John Wanamaker, Esq., of Philadelphia; Dr. R. M. Hatfield, of Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Boston, and Prof. J. W. Dickinson, of Boston, written expressly for this number of the *Alma Mater*, to the following question: "What advice do you give to a person who has had but little school opportunity since he or she was fifteen years of age—a person busy in mechanical, commercial or domestic duties much of the time, who com-

plains of a very poor memory, and desires to improve it—how may such person improve the memory?"

The Rev. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Airedale College, Bradford, England, who was announced to give a course of lectures on the "History of Philosophy" at Chautauqua last summer, but who was detained at home by business connected with the college, writes to Dr. Vincent under date of January 29, 1884, as follows: "I intend, all well, to be with you in August; the latter part of the month will be most convenient for me. The subjects the same as before stated. Sincerely yours, A. M. Fairbairn."

Persons desiring copies of the Chautauqua Songs or of the Sunday Vesper Service may procure them of Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., at the rate of \$2.00 per 100 copies each, postage paid.

There are some members of the class of 1887 who have not yet returned the blank form of application. Such blank should be filled at once and forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

The badge of the C. L. S. C. furnished by Mr. Henry Hart is not in any sense an official badge, nor does the C. L. S. C. receive any percentage from the sale of the same. This has been offered, but not accepted. The badges furnished by Mr. Hart are very beautiful. This is all that the officers of the C. L. S. C. can say.

Alma Mater is the name of our new bi-monthly communication to be sent from the C. L. S. C. office at Plainfield to all members of the Circle whose annual fees are paid. The first number will contain some valuable hints on "Memory," "The Laws of Memory," etc., by prominent educators. The second number of *Alma Mater* will contain a very ingenious study in English—a series entitled "Where the every-day words come from." Communications to the members of the Circle which have heretofore been printed separately, as well as the memoranda, will be published in the *Alma Mater*. All members whose names are recorded at Plainfield, and whose annual fees are paid, will receive *Alma Mater*.

To all recorded members whose annual fees are paid will be forwarded in March an envelope containing a *petite* calendar for '84, a most humorous, brilliant and effective tract on evolution entitled "Saw-mill Science," a copy of the "Sunday Vesper Service," specimens of the new and brilliant C. L. S. C. envelopes, and a copy of the little tract entitled "Memorial Days."

Our Alma Mater.—The contributions to this magazine are copyrighted, and are not designed for publication anywhere else than through this medium.

A correspondent kindly criticises a statement in the "Outlines of Roman History," on page 68, in which it speaks of Polycarp as being in Rome in 240. Assuming that this is 240 A. D., he says: "Now what Polycarp do you mean? Not the disciple of John, who was afterward Bishop of Smyrna, for, according to Prof. R. W. Hitchcock, the church historian, and other excellent authorities, Polycarp suffered martyrdom between the years 166 and 167 A. D." We referred the question of our critic to an expert in such matters, and this is the reply: "In all the authorities I find mention of but one Polycarp, the Disciple of John and Bishop of Smyrna, and his death is given as either 168 or 169, but they add that it is uncertain. As to the Polycarp mentioned by your critic, I feel sure that there is a mistake, and Polycarp of Smyrna is meant, who did visit Rome during the controversy about the celebration of Easter, probably about 140 A. D. With dates it is easy to make a slip of a century, and probably this was the trouble in this case; certainly there is no mention of a Polycarp in Rome as late as 240."

The Chautauqua University is gradually developing its courses of study. The preparatory and college courses in German, French, Latin, Greek and English are already announced. A practical department has also been recognized, and a corresponding class in connection with a technical school for draftsmen and mechanics is now in full working order. The lesson papers prepared by Profs. Gribbon and Houghton are divided into eight series of about twelve lessons each, treating upon the following topics: First series, free-hand drawing; second, mechanical drafting; third, fourth and fifth, geometry applied to carriage construction; sixth, miscellaneous problems in carriage construction; seventh, review tables useful in carriage construction; eighth, miscellaneous lessons. Young men, apprentices, journeymen, and others desiring to take this course, should correspond at once with George W. Houghton, Esq.

There are many persons who are taking up the Chautauqua Spare-minute Course, which is a course of readings, short, practical, simple, attractive, in biography, history, literature, science, and art. This course is printed in twenty-one Home College Series and in two numbers of the Chautauqua Text-Book Series. They cost in one package \$1.00, sent by mail. The reading in this course can be carried along steadily, and, after a while, one who has prosecuted the course will find himself well along in the C. L. S. C.

The following pleasant little domestic picture comes from New Hampshire: "I can not thank you enough for what the C. L. S. C. has done for us all. You should see us some evening now. We sit around the table, every one interested in some C. L. S. C. books. Even my little boy of seven years will tease me to read aloud to him, and nearly every evening this month gets his dumb-bells, and wants to go through gymnastics with me."

Members must not return memoranda to the Plainfield office until all the reading for the year has been completed.

A White Seal will be given all graduates of '84 who read the following: "The Hall in the Grove," "Hints for Home Reading," and the following numbers of the "Home College Series" (price 5 cents each): No. 1, Thomas Carlyle; 2, Wm. Wordsworth; 4, Longfellow; 8, Washington Irving; 13, George Herbert; 17, Joseph Addison; 18, Edmund Spenser; 21, Prescott; 23, Wm. Shakspeare; 26, John Milton. Address Phillips & Hunt.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

APRIL, 1884.

The Required Readings for April include the second half of Prof. W. C. Wilkinson's "Preparatory Latin Course in English," Chautauqua Text-Book No. 16—Roman History and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending April 8).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from "Fifth Book," page 167 to the first paragraph on page 202.

2. Readings in French History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 6 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending April 15).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from the first paragraph on page 202 to the "Georgics" on page 236.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 13 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending April 22).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course" from the "Georgics," page 236 to the middle of page 272.

2. Readings in Commercial Law and American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 20 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending April 30).—1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from the middle of page 272 to the end of the volume.

2. Readings in United States History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for April 27 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Now that Longfellow's Day is gone, we have no Memorial Day until April 23rd. So many and so delightful are the ways of celebrating Shakspeare's, that it is to be hoped that every circle will do something extra. To read from Shakspeare, to have an essay on his life, another on his characteristic as a writer, and a scene from a play, all followed by an elaborate supper, is the usual order. Do something new this time. Try Shakspearean tableaux—an evening of them, with music, is delightful. If the expense of the "properties" needed for successful tableaux is too heavy, dispense with the supper, and let the cost of butter, sugar, eggs, the meats and fruits, be contributed for buying an apparatus which, once owned, will always be ready for use. Get Mr. George W. Bartlett's little book on parlor plays, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, and with little expense you will be able to prepare an excellent arrangement for the tableaux which in Shakspeare are "as thickly strewn as leaves in Vallambrosa." Or, if you wish to be strictly literary, take one character as Hermione, or Portia, or Cornelia, and read everything that has been said on it. Study one character thoroughly. Try a Shakspearean carnival. Do something fresh. Do not fall into the danger of wearing out the pleasure of Memorial Days by monotony of program. There are an infinite variety of means for brightening and freshening, not only special occasions, but the ordinary ones as well. One of the most entertaining devices we have had comes in a breezy letter from Titusville, Pa., a place about fifty miles from Chautauqua, where there is an excellent circle of fourteen members. Our friend writes: "We make it a point to commit our text-books to memory and recite from them; but aim to bring in all the outside information possible, and to present and draw out ideas suggested by our books, rather than simply to recite over what we have been reading in them. In Greek history we found Adams's Historical chart very useful. By close study of various authorities we extemporized a model of Athens, on a round table with green spread. My writing desk served as the Acropolis, and paper bunched up under the cloth, as Mars' Hill, the Pnyx, etc. Out of the children's blocks we erected the various buildings, while Noah's wife, clad in gilt paper, and mounted on a spool, rose in calm majesty from behind the Propylea. A slate frame, with pasteboard porch on one side, decorated with paintings, represented the Agora and Stoa Poecile, and in the street of the Tripods a cologne bottle received great admiration as the choric monument of Lysicrates. Wavy strips of paper suggested the rippling Ilyssus and Cephissus, while a wall of brown paper encircled the whole. Outside the city limits, under the shadow of Lycabettus (brown paper with clay coating on the summit,) on one side, and about a mile out on the other, flower pots with drooping vines brought to mind the classic groves of Aristotle and Plato; while the street leading through the Ceramicus to the Academic shades of the latter, was lined on either side with chalk pencil monuments to the illustrious dead! This attempt met with so much favor that I was prevailed upon to repeat it, substituting for the blocks cardboard models quite characteristic of the Parthenon, Erechtheum, etc., while the Theater of Dionysius, the Odeum of Jupiter, Cave of Pan, steps to the Propylea, and the Bema of the Pnyx, were done in clay. The hard names, in this way, soon became familiar, and each object served as a sort of peg upon which to hang a good amount of Grecian history and mythology. After reading, as a sort of finish, Mark Twain's account of his midnight visit to Athens, we were quite possessed with the fancy that we, too, had been actual sight-seers in that wonderful city." Everybody that reads this will undoubtedly feel as we do, that we would like to go back and read Greek history over again, for the sake of building up Athens; but why can we not utilize the idea when we read the voyage of Aeneas this month in the "Preparatory Latin Course"? And when we come to English history why not build a Lon-

don? Plans like the above for interesting circles must be supplemented by plans for keeping the members at work, a matter especially difficult in large circles. In a late issue we called attention to the program plan used at Union City, Ind. The secretary has kindly sent us an outline of their method, which we are sure will be useful: "We prepare and have printed a neat program for four months, giving the places and times of holding meetings, specifying the different exercises, with those who are to carry them out. These programs cost each of us about fifteen cents each, and enable us to have about five apiece. Each person knowing his duty, prepares for it from the beginning and no excuse for non-performance of duty is left except unavoidable absence, etc. Our experience for this year renders it certain that the circle can no longer get on well without our printed programs."

Along with the plans and suggestions come cheery reports of how the circles everywhere are growing and spreading. Mrs. Fields, the secretary of the Pacific coast C. L. S. C., writes us: "It has been quite negligent in the secretary of this branch not to have reported long ere this the growing interest and increased numbers of Chautauquans on this coast, and especially in California. Perhaps one reason of this remissness has been the very fact that every mail has brought to the aforesaid secretary letters of inquiry concerning C. L. S. C., which must be answered sometimes quite at length; or applications for membership, which must be acknowledged, registered and forwarded to headquarters; or letters from faithful old members with words of cheer and renewal of fees, all of which certainly should be replied to in the secretary's most cordial style. We have five hundred and forty new members this year and two hundred old members have renewed their allegiance. If, as is generally the case, the old members continue to renew to the very end of the year, we may hope for a list of nearly a thousand names before next July, as the record of this year's students."

The circle at Knoxville, Tenn., Monteagle Assembly, in which we all became so interested by their rousing letter in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of November last, has written us a characteristic bit of experience, which we quote: "The dark, rainy nights of January are rather discouraging, but we keep at work. One rainy night, on our arrival at the parlors we found no light, and out of a membership of thirty-three but three were present. We had one visitor, whose words I quote: 'I had no idea they would hold a meeting, but they were not at all disconcerted. The whole program, prayer, minutes, lesson and music, was carried out as though the number present was fifty instead of three.' The result? The visitor became a member, saying, 'that's the kind of society I wish to join.' I wish to state, however, that so small an attendance is quite exceptional."

Another circle whose history offers us some wise suggestions is that of Syracuse, N. Y., the home of the new secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, Mr. W. A. Duncan. Indeed, Mr. Duncan has the honor of having founded this circle, which dates back to the inauguration of the C. L. S. C. The city has fine public schools and its university is well known for its able professors and superior apparatus; the circle has been wise enough to use the material within its reach. It secured Prof. Rollins, of the high school, as its first leader; for three years he conducted a circle of fifty. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Mundy, brought to them a large knowledge of art, gained by travel and study. When they came to science, again they chose a leader particularly fitted by taste and profession to lead them through geology and astronomy. This plan of selecting leaders who are skilled in certain studies is very advantageous. The enthusiasm and knowledge of a specialist in a branch must always remain superior to that of the one who has only given a little attention to the subject. In spite of excellent leaders and earnest members, their numbers did fall off a little last year. A class graduated and they did not secure new

members to supply the deficiency. The plan they followed for a re-awakening was excellent. Returning from Chautauqua last summer they held a public meeting and explained the plan of the C. L. S. C. and its benefits. That night brought them several new names. Then they secured Dr. Vincent for the next week to give them a sketch of the aims and methods of the organization. At the next regular meeting the secretary received the names of forty-two members of the class of '87. The circle is certainly to be congratulated for its proximity to so much local talent and still more for its enterprise in utilizing it so diligently. The neighboring circle of Troy, N. Y., continues to maintain its enviable standing under the leadership of Rev. H. C. Farrar. His indomitable energy and perseverance are felt along all the lines. The plan of presenting subjects in three minute essays is being tried with interest and profit at their monthly meetings.

All of the old circles show a steady growth. At Claremont, N. H., "Minerva Circle," organized a year ago with a membership of ten, has grown to twenty; the "Atlantis," of Lynn, Mass., commenced its second year in October last with a membership of eighteen, an increase of ten; the year-old circle of Pittsfield, Mass., has gained thirty members since its organization in February of 1883.

Since 1881 a little "Pentagon" of ladies has been meeting in Greenwich, Ct. A member writes of their circle: "Although composed of particularly busy people, we have the conviction that we have been patient over our hindrances, punctual in attendance and persevering in the work. We have run the scale of questions and answers, topics, essays and memorial readings, but prefer, on the whole, the conversational plan as being best adapted to bring out individual thought."

Cambridgeboro, Pa., has an interested circle of twelve members, and Blairsville, of the same state, reports twenty, with a prospect of an increase.

New London, Ohio, claims that their circle, organized one year ago last September, and now numbering twenty, might with propriety be called the incomparable.

At Hennepin, Ill., there is a circle of fourteen ladies now reading the second year of the course.

A lady writes from Marion, Ind.: "We have great reason to congratulate ourselves upon the deep and constantly growing interest felt in our circle, and which is plainly manifested not only by our own members, but by those who do not belong, away off here in the very center of Hoosierdom." This "deep and growing interest" is the unfailing result of earnest work in the C. L. S. C., and how can it be otherwise when the idea continually develops new phases? The experience of the circle at Little Prairie Ronde, Mich., that "each year the C. L. S. C. unfolds new beauties, awakens new incentives for more earnest action, calls to the foremost the very best of kindness and cheer, and incites to diligence, research and thought," is universal.

The "Centenary Circle," of Minneapolis, Minn., has long been a leading one. It is by no means lagging—a late letter reports them as fifty strong—their graduates reading the seal courses, the Memorial Days all celebrated, and a big delegation contemplating a visit this summer to Chautauqua. That has a genuine ring, particularly the reading for seals by graduates. Hold on to your reading habits.

The first and only circle to report an observance of Co. H. G. Day was the "Alden," of Marshalltown, Ia., where it was recognized by a large gathering of Chautauquans and their friends. Marshalltown has been faithful in reporting all their meetings. They have the western enterprise, but we believe Sioux Falls, Dak., ranks first in that quality. The following explains why: "We have an interesting circle here. We hold meetings weekly, and they are interesting and profitable. We purpose to double or treble our circle next year. We have sent you reports of our circle for THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but you have failed to notice us. We have decided to Flood you with letters

till you notice the C. L. S. C. in the largest and most beautiful city in southeastern Dakota." We shall only be too glad to receive such stirring letters.

A few circles have reported lectures. From Seward, Neb., where there is a circle of sixteen, the secretary writes that they have had a lecture on Emerson, a reading by Prof. Cumnock, Chautauqua's favorite of last year, and that they are expecting others. Salt Lake City, Utah, had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Warren last fall in his lecture on "The Forces of the Sunbeam." The circle in this city numbers thirty-seven, and is composed of ministers, teachers, business men and housekeepers; that they have caught the spirit of our work is very evident, for they write us that many of their number have in joyful anticipation the time when the long distance that separates them from home and friends shall be paved over, and they shall be permitted to join the number of those who pass beneath the Arches of Chautauqua.

We have received this month (February) reports of thirty new local circles. Salem Depot, N. H., has organized a circle of fifteen members; West Medway, Mass., one with a membership of a dozen; Somerville, Mass., has a class of thirty-five reading the course, fifteen of them have joined the C. L. S. C. as members of the class of '87; two villages of Massachusetts, Amesbury and Salisbury, have united their members in one organization. Their membership at present is twenty-one, consisting mostly of beginners of 1887, a few of 1885 and 1886, and of local members. At Madison, Conn., there is a circle which traces its organization to the interest of a lady who had taken up the reading alone. She writes: "January last I began the work of the C. L. S. C. and finished the year alone, but decided that another year should find a circle in our village, if my powers of persuasion were worth anything. I had no difficulty in forming a small circle, some members of which have since basely upbraided me for not telling them of it before." They have named their circle after the pleasant and capable office secretary of the C. L. S. C., the "K. F. K. Circle," and true to their allegiance, suggest that the local circles ought to see to it that she and her aids have a building which could have C. L. S. C. suitably inscribed on any part of its front, instead of meekly abiding in a hired house." Some day we may expect this.

New Haven, Conn., the home of Dr. Vincent, organized, in October last, "The Woolsey Circle," so called in honor of their eminent fellow townsman, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College.

A new circle called "Washington Heights" is reported from New York City.

At Bethel, N. Y., they started off last October with thirty members, while from Buffalo, same state, a friend writes: "We have a wide awake circle here, the membership of which has increased from six to twenty since October 1st, when the circle was organized." This circle has found "review evenings" of great service to them. After finishing a subject they devote one evening to a review, securing a leader competent to answer all their questions and settle their disputes; thus for the review of Biology they secured Dr. Kellicott, of the Buffalo Normal School, who kindly answered all questions, and with the aid of his microscopes, explained much that before had been obscure.

From Lisle, N. Y., we have word of a circle of nine.

North East, Pa., has a newly organized circle, among whom are several yearly visitors at Chautauqua; Newville, of the same state, reports a flourishing circle of nine members; from the class of '87 in Allegheny, Pa., we have received the program of the services held by them on February 10, special Sunday. It is particularly good. This circle is following one plan which deserves more attention from all circles. They are giving a good deal of attention to singing the Chautauqua songs, devoting a portion of each evening to practice.

Plainfield, N. J., the place which enjoys the honor of being "the headquarters of the C. L. S. C.," was without a local circle

for several years, though many individual readers have pursued the course. Last fall the Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut invited those who wished to form a local circle to meet at his residence. The result was a houseful of people, and a circle which has met fortnightly since, and now numbers forty-five members. A friend writes us from there: "We allow no 'associate members' (persons not connected with the general C. L. S. C.) and none who will not attend regularly and take active part. For every meeting Dr. Hurlbut prepares a program of fifteen topics selected from the fortnight's reading, and assigned to the various members. The program is printed by the 'holographic process,' and distributed to all the members at the meeting in advance of its date. We take a recess in the middle of the evening's exercises for social enjoyment and conversation, and afterward generally listen to a vocal or instrumental solo, and a reading from one of the members. At the close of the evening the critic dispenses his delicate attentions, his motto being 'with malice toward all, and charity toward none.' On Sunday evening, February 10, we held the Chautauqua Vesper Service in one of the largest churches, filled with an audience which participated in the responses. We regard our relation to the C. L. S. C. as among the most pleasant, and our circle as one of the best in the land."

Camden, N. J., has also recently formed the "Bradway Circle" of thirty-two members. This circle has a novel way of managing its session, which may furnish a suggestion to some one wanting a new idea. After their general exercises and transaction of business they separate into two classes for the study of some subject selected at the previous meeting by the members of the class. After devoting about half an hour to the separate classes, they again unite into one general class for the discussion of some topic.

We are very glad to welcome into our midst two new circles from the South, one at Salem, N. C., of thirty-eight members, and another at Atlanta, Ga. At the January meeting of the Salem circle the exercises were on "Germany," and as most of the members understand the language of that country, part of the exercises were in German. A very pleasant feature of their program was an account of the customs, traits and people of the country as they appeared to one of the members who had lately traveled through that land.

Our space forbids our giving long accounts of the new circles in the West. In Illinois there is a new class of thirteen at Janesville, and another at Jacksonville, a place famous among its neighbors as "the Athens of the West." It contains no less than five excellent institutions of learning, and yet they find a place for the C. L. S. C. At Litchfield, Mich., is another new circle, and from the college town of Appleton, Wis., the president writes: "It was considered impracticable at first, in view of college and other literary societies in the town, to start a C. L. S. C. These objections soon vanished. We have a most enthusiastic circle of thirty-eight members, including two college professors and wives, a physician, a clergyman and wife, and several graduates of this and other colleges." Iowa reports three new circles. From Fairchild the secretary writes: "We have a most enthusiastic circle of twenty-five members. At our opening in October we thought one meeting a month sufficient, but as we warmed up we multiplied them by two, and last week we doubled them again, so that now we meet each week. You see this interest compounds more rapidly than that on most other investments." If one still imagines that the C. L. S. C. is in any sense denominational in its tendency, let him read the experience of one of the members of the new class at Grundy Center, Ia.: "I had a little prejudice once against the course, as I thought that it would naturally run into Methodist channels; but I have outgrown that. As a matter of fact, of our fifteen enrolled members eight are Presbyterians and four Congregationalists; but as members of the C. L. S. C. we are entirely unconscious that we belong to any denomination." At Belle Plaine, Ia., there is a circle of fifteen ladies; at Clarksville, Mo.,

one numbering fourteen. Kansas reports two new circles, one at Wyandotte, where in a month they increased from four members to twenty-one; and another of twenty members at Sabetha, including the professor of the high school, and the teachers in the community. York, Neb., has lately organized a circle of fifteen members.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH—FROM PAGE 167 TO END OF BOOK.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. Of what is the Fifth Book of "Cæsar's Commentaries" mainly one unbroken record? A. Of disasters to Cæsar's armies, barely retrieved from being irreparable.

2. Q. With what episode does this book begin? A. The last expedition, on Cæsar's part, to Great Britain.

3. Q. After Cæsar's return to Gaul, what did the poor harvests compel him to do with his legions for the winter? A. To distribute them to different points.

4. Q. What chance did this seem to offer to the natives? A. To fall on the Roman camps simultaneously and overpower them one by one.

5. Q. By whom was one legion commanded that was destroyed by the Gauls under Ambiorix? A. By Titurius Sabinus.

6. Q. What lieutenant of Cæsar again encounters the Nervii, and is with difficulty rescued by Cæsar? A. Cicero, a brother of the great orator.

7. Q. With what account is the Sixth Book largely occupied? A. With an account of the ineffectual efforts of Cæsar to capture Ambiorix.

8. Q. In the narrative of the Seventh Book, who becomes the head of the last and greatest confederate revolt of Gaul against Rome? A. Vercingetorix.

9. Q. After the final defeat and surrender of Vercingetorix, what was his fate? A. He was taken to Rome and there beheaded.

10. Q. By whom was the Eighth Book of the "Commentaries" written? A. By Aulus Hirtius, one of Cæsar's lieutenants.

11. Q. What does this book relate? A. The incidents of the last Gallic campaign.

12. Q. How did Cæsar raise his legions and wage war? A. On his own responsibility. His wars were mostly personal wars, and had no sanction of government.

13. Q. What do Cicero's writings form? A. What has been finely called a library of reason and eloquence.

14. Q. What is the amount of reading in "Cicero's Orations" required for entrance at most colleges? A. The four orations against Catiline, and two or three others variously chosen.

15. Q. From what oration of Cicero does our author first give an extract? A. His oration for Marcus Marcellus.

16. Q. What was the occasion of this oration? A. The pardon by Cæsar of Marcellus, who had fought for Pompey against Cæsar in the civil war, and was now living in exile.

17. Q. What gave rise to Cicero's orations against Catiline? A. The Catiline conspiracy, which contemplated the firing of Rome and the death of the Senate, as well as the personal and political enemies of the conspirators.

18. Q. How many are there of these orations against Catiline? A. Four.

19. Q. Where were the first and last delivered? A. In the Senate.

20. Q. Where were the second and third delivered? A. In the Forum, to the popular assembly of citizens.

21. Q. What English clergyman and author has written a tragedy entitled "Catiline"? A. George Croly.

22. Q. What is the subject of the fourth speech delivered in the Senate? A. The disposal of the conspirators then in custody.

23. Q. By what name are fourteen of Cicero's other orations known? A. The "Philippics."

24. Q. Against whom were the "Philippics" directed? A. Mark Antony.

25. Q. What was the fate of Cicero? A. He was assassinated by the command of Antony.

26. Q. Next to the "Iliad" of Homer, and hardly second to that, what is the most famous of poems? A. The "Æneid" of Virgil.

27. Q. When and where was Virgil born? A. In 70 B. C., at Andes, near Mantau, northern Italy.

28. Q. What is the first of the three classes of poems of which Virgil's works consist? A. Bucolics or Eclogues—pastoral poems.

29. Q. What is the most celebrated of these minor poems? A. Pollio, supposed to have been the poet's friend in need.

30. Q. What famous imitation of the Pollio did Pope write in English? A. "Messiah," a sacred Eclogue.

31. Q. What is the second class of Virgil's poems? A. Georgics, or poems on farming.

32. Q. Whom does our author consider in many important respects the best of all of Virgil's English metrical translators? A. The late Professor John Conington, of Oxford, England.

33. Q. Name two other English translators of the "Æneid"? A. John Dryden and William Morris.

34. Q. Name two American translators of the "Æneid"? A. C. P. Cranch and John D. Long.

35. Q. Of what set deliberate purpose is the "Æneid"? A. A Roman national epic in the strictest sense.

36. Q. Who was Æneas? A. The son of Venus by the Trojan shepherd Anchises.

37. Q. Seven years after the fall of Troy for what purpose did Æneas and his companions embark from Sicily? A. To found a new Troy in the west.

38. Q. In the first book of the "Æneid," where was the fleet conveying Æneas and his companions driven? A. To the coast of Carthage.

39. Q. By whom were the Trojans received with generous hospitality? A. Dido, the Carthaginian queen.

40. Q. With what are the third and fourth books of the "Æneid" principally occupied? A. With the relation by Æneas to Queen Dido of his previous adventures and wanderings, including an account of the siege and fall of Troy.

41. Q. To what is the fourth book devoted? A. To the sad tale of Dido and her fatal passion for her guest.

42. Q. What is the course of Æneas in this affair? A. He ruins Dido, and under the cover of night deserts Carthage with his ships.

43. Q. What is the fate of Dido? A. She commits suicide, ending her sorrow on the funeral pyre.

44. Q. With what is the fifth book largely occupied? A. With an elaborate account of games celebrated by the Trojans on the hospitable shores of Sicily, in honor of the anniversary of the death of Anchises, the father of Æneas.

45. Q. What is the principal matter of the sixth book? A. An account of Æneas's descent into Hades.

46. Q. By whom is Æneas accompanied as guide on his visit to the lower world? A. By the Sibyl at Cumæ.

47. Q. What does Anchises, the father of Æneas, relate to his son in Elysium? A. The name and quality of the illustrious descendants who should prolong and decorate the Trojan line.

48. Q. How many books of the Æneid are usually read by students in preparation for college? A. Six.

49. Q. Of what is an account given in the remaining six books? A. The journey of Æneas from Cumæ to Latium, and his adventures there.

50. Q. With what episode does the poem close? A. The death of Turnus, a rival chief, in single combat with Æneas.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON VII.—BIBLE SECTION.

The History of The Bible.

By REV. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

I. General Periods.—Bible history, according to the common chronology, which we accept, but do not indorse as correct, embraces the events of 4100 years. This may be divided into six general periods, as follows:

1. *The Period of the Human Race*, from the creation of man B. C. 4004 to the call of Abraham, B. C. 1921. During this period the whole race comes under consideration.

2. *The Period of the Chosen Family*, from the call of Abraham B. C. 1921 to the exodus from Egypt, B. C. 1491. During this period the family of Abraham forms the only subject of the history; hence it might be called the period of the Patriarchs.

3. *The Period of the Israelite People*, from the exodus 1491 to the coronation of Saul, B. C. 1095; the period of the Theocracy.

4. *The Period of the Israelite Kingdom*, from the coronation of Saul, B. C. 1095, to the captivity at Babylon, B. C. 587; the period of the Monarch.

5. *The Period of the Jewish Province*, from the captivity at Babylon, B. C. 587, to the birth of Christ, B. C. 4; a period of foreign rule during most of the time.

6. *The Period of the Christian Church*, from the birth of Christ, B. C. 4, to the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70.

II. Subdivisions.—The general periods may be subdivided as follows:

1. The Human Race into—(1) the early race 4004 B. C. to the dispersion B. C. 2234; (2) the dispersed race, 2234 to 1921.

2. The Chosen Family into—(1) The journeyings of the Patriarchs 1921, to the descent into Egypt, 1706; (2) the sojourn in Egypt, 1706-1491.

3. The Israelite people into—(1) The wandering in the wilderness, from the exodus, 1491, to the crossing of the Jordan, 1451; (2) the settlement in Canaan, from 1451 to the death of Joshua, 1426; (3) the rule of the Judges, from 1426 to 1095.

4. The Israelite kingdom into—(1) The age of unity, from 1095 to the division, 975; (2) the age of division, from 975 to the fall of Samaria, 721; (3) the age of decay, from 721 to the captivity, 587.

5. The Jewish Province into—(1) Chaldean rule, from 587 to the return from captivity, 536; (2) Persian rule, from 536 to Alexander's conquest, 330; (3) Greek rule, 330 to the revolt of Mattathias, 168 B. C.; (4) Maccabean rule, the period of Jewish independence, from 168 to 37 B. C.; (5) Roman rule, 37 B. C. to 4 B. C.

6. The Christian Church into—(1) The preparation, from the birth of Christ, B. C. 4, to the baptism of Christ, A. D. 26; (2) The ministry of Jesus, from A. D. 26 to the ascension A. D. 30; (3) Jewish Christianity, from the ascension to the conversion of Paul, A. D. 37; (4) Transition, from Jewish to Gentile, from A. D. 37 to the council at Jerusalem, A. D. 50; (5) Gentile Christianity, from A. D. 50 to the destruction of Jerusalem A. D. 70.

III. We notice next a few of the great events in the periods, beside those already named at their beginning and ending:

1. In the period of the human race—(1) The Fall; (2) The Translation of Enoch; (3) The Deluge.

2. In the period of the chosen family—(1) The Covenant with Abraham; (2) The Selling of Joseph; (3) The Enslavement of the Israelites.

3. In the period of the Israelite people—(1) The Giving of the Law; (2) The Conquest of Canaan; (3) Gideon's Victory.

4. In the period of the Israelite kingdom—(1) The Building of the Temple; (2) Elijah's Victory on Carmel; (3) The Destruction of the Assyrian Host at Jerusalem.

5. In the period of the Jewish Province—(1) The Fiery Furnace; (2) Esther's Deliverance; (3) Ezra's Reformation.

6. In the period of the Christian Church—(1) The Preaching of John the Baptist; (2) The Transfiguration; (3) The Crucifixion; (4) The Death of Stephen; (5) The Journeys of Paul.

IV. We connect with each period, the names of its most important persons:

1. With the first period, Adam, Enoch, Noah.

2. With the second period, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph.

3. With the third period, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel.

4. With the fourth period, David, Elijah, Hezekiah.

5. With the fifth period, Daniel, Ezra, Simon the Just, Judas Maccabeus, Herod the Great.

6. With the sixth, John the Baptist, JESUS CHRIST, Peter, Paul.

LESSON VIII.—THE GOLDEN AGE OF BIBLE HISTORY.

This lesson deals with Israel at the time of the Empire. Lack of space forbids more than a general outline. Israel's history is familiar to every reader of the Bible. Egypt, the Desert, and Canaan; Slavery, Training and War; these words give their geography and history till Joshua's death. The Theocracy follows; then the kingdom under Saul and David, and then the Empire, or the Golden Age under Solomon the peaceful. We call it the Golden Age because:

I. It was the time of their widest dominion.—(a) For centuries the Israel of possession was not the Israel of promise. Read Deuteronomy 11th chapter, verse 24, for the promise, and the first chapter of Judges for the possession. (b) The people were bound by no national feeling. "Every man went to his own inheritance." The last verse of Judges is a vivid picture of disunion. Under such a condition there could be no such thing as wide and powerful dominion. (c) Under David and Solomon the promised boundaries were reached. See 1st Kings, 4:21. Let the student find the extreme northern and southern limits of the Empire of Solomon. (d) Immediately after Solomon came disruption, and the loss of portions of the Empire, which were never regained. Read the history of Jeroboam and Rehoboam and their successors.

II. It was the time of their greatest national wealth, and individual welfare.—(a) Read 1st Kings, 10:14-23. (b) Read 1st Kings, 4:20 and 25. Brief as is the record in each of these references, there can be no doubt as to the fact recorded. There is no such picture suggested elsewhere, either before or after this period.

III. It was the time of the production of the finest portion of their literature.—The second book of Samuel, which we have, Ruth, and a large portion of the Psalms, and all the wonderful writings of Solomon belong to this period. This last and greatest king of all Israel seems to have made very large additions to the literature of the people. See 1st Kings, 5:32-33.

Let us note some of the causes of this power and prosperity:

1. The growth of the people.—The people are said, in Solomon's reign, to have numbered five millions, or five hundred to every square mile. Compare with our present population. The army was of vast numbers. See Joab's report, 2d Samuel, 24:9.

II. The character of the king.—He was (a) a statesman; he ignored tribal lines; he recognized the value of extended commercial relations; he opened intercourse with foreign nations, 1st Kings, 4:34; he made a powerful foreign alliance, 1st Kings, 9:16; he built a navy, 1st Kings, 9:26; he attended personally to the affairs of his kingdom, 2d Chron., 8:17; he fortified his outposts, 1st Kings, 9:17-19; he centralized the religious worship by building the magnificent temple at Jerusalem; he built permanent buildings for the seat of the nation's capital. (b) *A lover of Liberal Arts.*—He was a poet himself, 1st Kings 4:32. Literature affords nothing more gorgeous in imagery than the Song of Songs; he was famed for his conversational powers; he engaged in conversational controversies with

the most noted of his time—see his riddles as preserved in Proverbs 6:6, and 30:15-16-18; he was a lover of architecture—witness his building; he was a lover of music, inherited from his father, and the musical service of the temple was one of its most attractive features.

III. *The character of his court.*—All his counselors were men of note. Let the student see what he can find from the Bible as to the worth of his high priest, Zadok; his nearest friend, Zabud; his chief priest, Azariah, son of Zadok; his captain of the guard, Azariah, son of Nathan; his general in chief, Benaiah; his historian, Jehoshaphat; and his grand vizier, Ahishar.

IV. *David's work.*—This was (a) a widely extended kingdom; (b) a centralized government; (c) peace with all the world. His son's name, Solomon, Shelomoh, Peace.

V. *The country's external relations.*—(a) By Ezion-Geber a water route was opened to the far east. Traces of this commerce with India can be found in their language. See Stanley, "Jewish Church," Vol. I.

(b) By Damascus, a land route to the far interior highlands.

(c) By the Mediterranean traffic with Spain—in ships of Tarshish.

(d) By Tyre, commerce with Phœnicia.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON VII.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ADAPTATION.

There are certain heresies of common speech. One is, that a man can be only what he is born to be. Apply it to the teacher's art and it is a heresy. The majority of men and women can become teachers if only they will be at pains to become familiar with the secrets of the science, study with care the best models in books, and as often as may be come into contact with the best living teachers. There is such a thing as *the teaching process*. We outline some needful steps in that process. *The first is adaptation.* By it we do not mean the adaptation of the lesson to the pupil; that belongs to the teacher's preparation. We mean *adaptation of the teacher to the pupil*; such a coming together of teacher and pupil as shall cause them to agree, be in harmony, *fit to*—that is, be adapted to each other. This adaptation must be,

1. *In the matter of knowledge.* The teacher knows much more than the pupil. His knowledge is his treasury. From it he draws in his work as a teacher. That which he draws must be fitted to his pupil's want, else it is valueless. He must therefore learn what the pupil knows, and work along the line of that knowledge. In such a process they become companions, and the teacher can lead the pupil almost at will. With adaptation of knowledge—progress: without it—nothing.

2. *In the matter of personality.* The teacher and pupil who meet but once each week, must meet on the plane of a common personality, or their meeting will be vain. This is something finer than adaptation of knowledge to knowledge. It is adaptation of heart to heart. It makes teacher and pupil for the time of their intercourse in class absolutely one. Teacher and pupil forget that either one or the other, no matter which, is either rich or poor, well or ill dressed, old or young, graceful or awkward, wise or ignorant, clever or stupid, and remember only that each is the other's hearty friend. This is one of the highest possible acquirements of the teacher's art, and the one who possesses it has the gift of soul-winning.

3. *In the matter of thought.* As the former is the secret of soul-winning, this is the secret of soul-feeding. The average scholar is a poor thinker. He thinks that he thinks, but his is not his teacher's thinking. It is the ploughing of the ancients. It only scratches the surface of the soil: and the human heart is too hard and barren to be made productive of divine fruit by any such process. This essential goes deeper than the other two. Its burden is to answer how shall the pupil be brought to think on Bible themes as the teacher thinks. This is the teacher's most difficult problem. Its solution is possible through

community of thought, or an adaptation of the teacher's way of thinking to the pupil's way of thinking.

The three essentials enumerated are possible,

1. Through a close and intimate acquaintance with the pupil. (a) *Socially*; (b) *religiously*; (c) *literarily*; (d) *in business relations*; (e) *Biblically*. Let the student give a reason why knowledge in these particulars would bring teacher and pupil together.

2. Through personal sympathy with the pupil in (a) cares; (b) hopes; (c) fears; (d) temptations; (e) joys; (f) pursuits. Let the student give an illustration showing how adaptation of person to person could be produced by such sympathies.

3. Through occasional study with the pupil of the appointed Bible lesson—to show how (a) to select the most available part for study; (b) to arrange it harmoniously; (c) to outline it; (d) to show its relations to other scriptures; (e) to trace its historic connections; (f) to understand its obscure allusions or phrases. Let the student show that adaptation of thought to thought or mutuality of thought would result from such study.

LESSON VIII.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—APPROACH.

A second needful step in the teaching process is *approach*: not the approach of teacher to pupil simply, *but of the teacher to the lesson* in the act of teaching. This can therefore be no part of the teacher's preparation. For this step there is no uniform law. Each teacher's approach must be his own. What is successful with one will not be with another. An exact copying of methods will be of no avail unless circumstances are exactly alike.

Approach may occupy a large or small portion of the time allotted for teaching. A teacher may be twenty-nine minutes of his half hour making his approach, and in the remaining one minute flash the lesson straight into the center of the pupil's soul. A teacher may reach his lesson in one minute and spend the whole remaining time in pressing it home to his pupil's hearts.

Imagine a Sunday-school hour. Picture: A new teacher for the first time with a class. Boys—six; age, fourteen years; unconverted; one dull, one stubborn, one restless, the rest mischievous. Opening exercises finished; lesson read; superintendent announces "Thirty minutes for the lesson." The teacher alone with the class; four things press on that teacher with a mighty force:

1. *Self I.* Untaught in teaching, and the center for a circumference of eyes.

2. *Need.* The power of the word *must* was never felt before so fully. Here is a lesson to be taught, and the thoughts in the teacher's mind can only shape themselves into these two words: "*I must.*"

3. *Immediateness.* Now. Minutes become small eternities, while the cordon of eyes draws closer. "*I must now, at once, teach this lesson,*" but

4. *How?* After all it becomes a mere question of knowledge. There are three elements which enter in to make the answer—

1. How to prepare for the lesson work, making necessary a study of the (a) necessity, (b) nature, and (c) methods of preparation.

2. How to plan the conduct of the lesson, a step which costs (a) earnest thought, (b) fixed purpose, (c) persistent effort, and (d) patient prayer.

3. How to perform. This makes necessary a fertile brain and a ready tact. The actual step-taking on the line of a well-prepared plan consists in (a) using good illustrations; (b) in attracting attention to noticeable things in the text; (c) in exciting curiosity to find things not on the surface; (d) in asking right questions; (e) in using elliptical readings; (f) in working out topical outlines; (g) in concert responses, and (h) in map drawing.

All these are steps toward the real lesson which the teacher would bring to his class.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

We have received the following document, which will, we have no doubt, meet a hearty response among members of the C. L. S. C. everywhere: "The Counselors of the C. L. S. C., acting in this instance without the knowledge of the Superintendent of Instruction, but in consultation with President Miller and Secretary Martin, propose that, in honor of JOHN H. VINCENT, the 23rd of February, the anniversary of his birth, be designated 'Founder's Day,' and as such be entered on the calendar of the organization for future observance by the members, as one of their Memorial Days. Signed by Counselors J. M. Gibson, William C. Wilkinson, Lyman Abbott, Henry W. Warren, and approved by President Lewis Miller and Secretary A. M. Martin." With this came a letter stating that at the banquet of the New England graduates of the C. L. S. C., held in Boston on Saturday, February 23, it was announced that the Counselors had decided unanimously to adopt the resolution. We believe we are not wrong in saying that members of the C. L. S. C. everywhere will be heartily pleased with this honor conferred on Dr. Vincent. Indeed, we predict that there will be a universal lament because the Counselors did not adopt the measure long enough before February 23rd to have made it possible for the circles to have celebrated this year instead of being obliged to wait until February 1885.

There are many reasons why this measure is peculiarly acceptable to the members of the C. L. S. C. The majority of our readers feel that in this course of reading they are personally indebted to Dr. Vincent for a plan which has been of infinite service to them. They know, too, that he is their friend, thoughtful of their interests, mindful of their trials and hindrances. They will heartily rejoice in the new Memorial Day as that of a personal friend and benefactor, and will celebrate it with the peculiar delight and enthusiasm with which we love to honor our friends. There are more powerful reasons for observing the day than this feeling of love and gratitude. The days we do celebrate are in memory of men whose written thoughts are leavening the world. We delight to honor them for their thoughts. We honor Dr. Vincent for the strong thoughts which he has wrought into acts. There are many minds capable of brilliant ideas, of philanthropic plans; but there are few capable of carrying them out, of making them active agencies in society. It is this ability to make a plan a reality, to prove it, which is a distinguishing characteristic of Dr. Vincent's mind. He has that rare gift, first-class organizing ability. A course of reading planned for those who wanted to read, but did not know what to undertake, had been often tried, on a small scale, before the C. L. S. C. was organized, but to extend such a course to the world at large was a new idea, and to most minds one entirely impracticable. The magnitude of such an undertaking would have staggered any man but one of the broadest sympathies and largest organizing powers. As Dr. Vincent had both of these qualities, he did not hesitate to undertake the organization, especially since he had the prestige of Chautauqua, with its wonderful history, behind him, and Lewis Miller, Esq., his friend and co-laborer, to lend a helping hand in the great work. A purely unselfish enterprise is always treated skeptically by the world at large. The flaws in the C. L. S. C. have been persistently pointed out. Steady sustained enthusiasm in the face of such difficulties is the quality of a hero, and it has been with this unflinching faith and interest that Dr. Vincent has met every doubt or complaint. Very much of the success of the C. L. S. C. is due to this one characteristic in its founder. His warm sympathies and broad humanity, joined to his mental ability and enthusiasm, make him a typical nineteenth century hero; a man whom the world delights to honor, and whom the readers of the C. L. S. C. will be glad to remember by celebrating Founder's Day.

POLITICAL METHODS.

With quite sufficient reason, the public mind has long been disturbed by our political tendencies. This dissatisfaction does not arise from the fact that in matters of principle and public policy, intelligent people think we are on dangerous roads. In what are called questions, such as those of banks, tariffs, coinage of silver, payment of the national debt, etc., etc., it may be that the majority would prefer changes of policy; but there is a conviction abroad that we are as a people free to change in these matters if we really and earnestly desire new policies which we are able to define. Our feeling of apprehension springs from the knowledge that our political methods are bad, undemocratic and dangerous, and from a fear that the fountains of public life are being defiled by the wicked spirit of "practical politics." It is not easy to corrupt the moral sense of such a people as ours. The level of intelligence is high, and patriotic impulses are strong in us. And yet we have gone down some steps. At the end of the war, men physically wrecked refused to take pensions; they would not take pay for a religious self-sacrifice. Now, men who came out of the army without a scratch and are still sound in health swear falsely to obtain pensions. These greedy seekers of pensions did not dream fifteen years ago that they could sink so low. Any one of them would then have said: "What, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Their fall is directly traceable to the corruption of the civil service, to the fact that in the theory of our public life, bounties should be given to men who handle political organizations successfully. Salaries for civil service are bounties to be had by scrambling for them, or by earning them in the service of Party.

The theory of "practical politics" converts the salaries paid for public service into a pool which parties are organized to secure for distribution among the sergeants, corporals, lieutenants, captains, colonels and generals of the order. "What are we here for," cried a delegate in the Republican National Convention of 1880, "if we are not after the offices?" That indignant question expressed the very heart of the practical politicians. A party, in his view, is an organization to get offices. And as much of its work is, in the same view, secret, dirty and wicked work, he believes that the party should be under the strict control of "bosses." Each town should have its leader, all the town leaders should be under the control of the county leader, and county leaders should obey the state "boss"—and the edifice should be crowned with a national committee of "bosses." This committee the politicians struggled to create by the famous theory of "the courtesy of the Senate." That theory made the President the clerk of the party's Senators in each state. It gave Senator Conkling the vast Federal "patronage" of New York to distribute at his will. The edifice was not crowned; the Senatorial "boss" system went down in the terrible struggle of the spring of 1881. Our readers know that history. We do not recall it to reproach anybody. Senator Conkling was the victim of a theory that he ought, under the rule of "the courtesy of the Senate," to be President within the state of New York. The theory is silent now; it will rise again if the people do not disestablish political machines in towns, cities, counties and states.

Turning to a more gloomy side of the subject, we observe that there has been a vast increase in the amount of money spent in politics. Thousands of persons are, while we pen these lines, living on the patrons who hire them and send them forth to "mould public opinion"—or in the choicer phrase of the men themselves, "to set things up." It is the business of this perambulating political machine to invent and distribute lies, to purchase useful sub-agents, to promise funds for the election day bribery. The floating vote increases each year, and four-fifths of this vote is a corrupt vote—the voters stand

about the market place waiting until some man shall hire them. We tolerate and smile at all this business—except the concealed bribery—and this tolerance of ours is the sign that the malarious atmosphere of "practical politics" is beginning to weaken our moral sense. If we are still in full vigor, this year will probably afford us a large number of opportunities to wreck the local political machine—without distinction of party. Reform will have to begin by disestablishing local machines and bruising with conscience-votes the men who corrupt the popular verdict with money.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We are glad, though at a late hour, to pay, with many others, our tribute to the ability and worth of Wendell Phillips, and to review his life and work. Glad to do this, for his life was clean and clear, the kind men love to honor; his work was that of the philanthropist and patriot. He had entered his seventy-third year, having been born November 29, 1811, in a house which is still standing on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut streets, Boston. He came from one of Boston's aristocratic families; for several generations the Phillipses were well known, rich and influential. His father, John Phillips, was chosen first mayor of Boston in 1822, in a triangular contest, with Harrison Gray Otis and Josiah Quincy as rival candidates. Young Phillips had the best of educational advantages. He prepared for college at the famous Boston Latin School; entered Harvard in his sixteenth, and graduated in his twentieth year. One of his classmates was the historian Motley, a man, like Phillips, of handsome person, of courtly manners, and high social position. From college Phillips passed to the Cambridge Law School, from which he graduated in 1833, and the following year he was admitted to the bar. But he was not long to follow the law.

The public career of this man whose name is known in every land, dates from a certain illustrious meeting held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1837. It was an era of great excitement. In Congress, John Quincy Adams, the undaunted, was presenting petitions for the abolition of slavery, in the midst of the howls and execrations of the friends of the institution. Elijah I. Lovejoy had been murdered by a pro-slavery mob at Alton, Illinois, while defending his printing press. Two years before, Boston had witnessed the mobbing of Garrison. Phillips himself was a witness of the spectacle, and the following year he joined the American Anti-Slavery Society. A meeting was called in Faneuil Hall by Dr. Channing and other friends of freedom to express indignation over Lovejoy's murder. That meeting will long live in history. Jonathan Phillips, a second cousin of Wendell, presided. Dr. Channing and others spoke. At length, the Attorney-General of the State, James T. Austin, took the platform and delivered a speech in direct opposition to the sentiments which had been expressed. It was not without effect. The people cheered as the speaker declared that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth, and placed his murderers by the side of the men who destroyed the tea in Boston Harbor. The meeting, designed to be one of indignation for the murder of Lovejoy, bid fair to turn into a meeting of approbation. But Wendell Phillips was the next speaker, and he had not spoken long before the tide was again reversed. This, his first public plea for free speech, human freedom and equal rights, was wonderfully effective. It carried the audience and established at once the speaker's fame as the foremost orator of the anti-slavery cause.

From this time on, until in those years of blood the shackles were struck from the slaves of America, Phillips was a man of one work. He lived for the cause of abolition. His motto might have been: "One thing I do." By the side of Garrison he stood, in full sympathy with his ideas. His name has long been the synonym of extreme radicalism. He held, with Garrison, that the constitution was "a league with hell," and would not vote, or take an oath to support the iniquitous document.

In the years before the war of the rebellion, he freely advocated a dissolution of the Union; but when the war came, he was found a staunch defender of the Union cause. In that band of once execrated, but now honored abolitionists, who "prepared the way of the Lord," there may have been others who did as effective work as Wendell Phillips; but he was the incomparable orator, gifted with eloquent speech to a degree unapproachable. Stories of his power over an audience will long be told. Delightedly the people have listened to his silver tongue and chaste diction when he spoke upon purely literary themes; the lyceum in our land had no more popular lecturer. But he will live in our history as the matchless abolitionist orator. Since the death of slavery he has been a prominent worker in different reform movements, and the advocate—as it seems to us—of certain vagaries, but his fame is inseparably connected with the colored race, of whose rights he was the devoted, unselfish, and fearless champion. His private life was singularly simple, sweet and beautiful. His wife, an invalid of many years, his devotion to whom was beautiful indeed, survives him; and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Smalley, wife of the well known newspaper correspondent, is also left to mourn his loss.

FLOODS.

In this country and in England the ravages of high waters have become a matter of much seriousness and alarm. Nor have we failed to observe that in recent years the floods have been far greater and more numerous than they were a generation ago. This is due, we are told, to the clearing away of the forests, allowing the water to rush, unhindered by the undergrowth and fallen leafage, into the rivers, thus causing their sudden swell and overflow.

The serious and practical question is how to avert, in some degree at least, the frequent wholesale destruction of life and property, as has been experienced in the exposed districts during the last few years. It is mere nonsense to talk as some have done of condemning the flooded districts as dangerous and unfit for human habitation. Any one acquainted with the human family knows how little it is restrained by the motives of fear or danger in choosing its dwelling-place. Men will build their houses where the ashes of muttering volcanoes fall on their roofs, and with the knowledge that underneath their foundations lie their predecessors buried by former eruptions. How absurd, then, to talk of abandoning as places of human dwelling those great valleys, the most fertile, and in many other ways the most highly favored on the continent. For fertility of soil and beauty of situation, the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi may safely challenge the world.

Neither will it do to say that by heeding the warnings given by the Signal Service Department much of these calamities can be averted. The Service published its warnings to the people of the Ohio valley a week in advance of the recent floods, but no attention was paid to them. And though the time is coming when the statements of meteorological science will command general confidence, still it will not suffice to avert the great loss of life and property. Men are not easily warned, and besides there is the impossibility in many cases, of providing against danger and loss, even though warning has been received.

Since it is now too late in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys for the method at present being discussed, with reference to the waters of the Hudson, viz.: To spare the Adirondacks, there is nothing left but to refer this important subject to the State and National Committees on "Levees and other Improvements against Destructive Floods." Nor do we have to look long for encouraging examples of this mode of prevention. A large part of Louisiana is habitable and cultivable only through the protection afforded by hundreds of miles of levees. For six centuries Holland has shown to the world what can be done by this method of protection. Her whole North sea coast and a hundred miles of the Zuyder Zee is provided with dikes, her constant safeguard from inundation. Before the dikes were

built in the thirteenth century, a single flood destroyed 80,000 lives. At an annual expense of \$2,000,000, those rich lands yielding their luxuriant pastures and crops of hemp and flax, are defended from the waters.

We are persuaded that this is the only solution of the flood problem in this country. Whether partial or entire, it should be attempted without delay. In the light of recent experience government can not begin its work too soon. The vast amount of property swept away during the last decade would have

gone no little way in defraying the expense of dikes as solid and sufficient as those of Holland. Add the amount given by Congress for the relief of the suffering districts, together with the amount given in benevolence and sympathy for the same purpose, and the sum is much increased. By procrastination we may expend in the above painful manner treasure equal to the whole cost of the needed protection before the work is begun. Let us hope that the year will not pass without decisive action by the government.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

A party is reported in Ohio claiming to organize C. L. S. C. local circles, taking collections, etc. Now be it known that no agents for such purposes are appointed by the Chautauqua authorities. Such self-appointed agents are likely to be swindlers. Our workers render their services voluntarily. We appoint no agents.

General Gordon's proclamation of freedom for slave-holding and slave-dealing in the Soudan has created a great surprise. It is even suggested that his religious enthusiasm has toppled over into insanity. Perhaps we can not hope to understand the case. But we need not misunderstand the facts. Slavery was never practically abolished in that country. Even in Egypt it continues to exist. General Gordon has not reestablished slavery. Starting from that fact, we may easily reach the inference that the heroic and simple-minded Gordon has merely done away with one of the pretexts by means of which corrupt Egyptian officials plundered the natives. Slavery can not be abolished by slave-traders, and their ways of enforcing any law which naturally renders it odious and despicable.

John Ruskin is not always exactly level with common sense, but perhaps he is nearly right in saying "Never buy a copy of a picture. It is never a true copy." It would probably be much wiser in people who pay considerable sums for copies of old paintings if they spent their money upon inferior original works by living artists. We have come to a place where the tide should turn in favor of our own young artists; and we believe the turn in the tide is not far ahead.

The weather prophets have let us alone this winter. But on the Pacific coast a sidewalk philosopher has tried to explain the cold weather of the sunset slope. He says that an earthquake off the coast of Japan has filled up the Straits of Sunda, and so diverted the warm current that should flow to the coast of Oregon. This is an improvement upon the last prophet, who regulated the weather astrologically—by studying the positions of the stars. The new man comes back to the earth and is chiefly at fault in his facts. We welcome him in the room of the astrologer of last year.

"Ruined by speculation." They have to keep that "head" standing in the newspaper offices. The last case which has fallen under eye is that of a bank in Philadelphia, whose manager speculated in tin. When a bank fails, or a trustee betrays a trust, we always ask: "What did he speculate in?" The story is trite. We know of nothing better to write than the laconic advice of General Clinton B. Fisk: "Don't!"

Sir James Caird was part of a commission to study the causes of the great famine in India in 1876-7, and has written a book on the subject. The trouble of course is that the farmers are poor, their methods bad, and that population keeps ahead of the food supply. One mode of relief is emigration. This reminds us that Charles Kingsley, who studied the Hindoo la-

borers in the West Indies, wrote very enthusiastically of their qualities. Will the Hindoos come into our own South, and what will come of it? In the West Indies, Kingsley says that negro and Hindoo lived and worked together peacefully. We may not like it, but that side of the world is top-heavy with humanity, and steam will go on distributing the people among the less crowded nations.

What is money worth in this country? The discussions at Washington, and the prices of government bonds, seem to show that it is worth between two and three per cent., and there is not much doubt that a hundred-year government bond bearing only two per cent. would sell at par. An incident in New York City confirms this opinion. A recent call for bids on city bonds bearing three per cent. interest, and payable in five years or thirty, at the will of the city, was answered by bids for six times the amount required at from par up to 103½. If short New York threes are at a premium, a long government two would be worth par. Why, then, it will be asked, do we pay from six to ten per cent. in different parts of the country? The answer is that *risk* and superintendence of *short loans* makes the difference. The real value of money is found by taking for a measure long loans, in which there is absolutely no risk. The *Times* of New York expresses the opinion that thirty-year threes of that city would sell at 115.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* furnishes some interesting incidents in the life of Joel Barlow, the father of American epic poetry. Redding, Conn., was the early home of Barlow, and the visitor is shown the house in which the poet constructed his commencement poem in 1778. It is said that Barlow's one romance was a common one among college students. He fell in love with a sweet girl whom he privately married soon after graduation. He served as a chaplain in the Continental army, but at Redding he is best remembered as the promoter of several industrial enterprises designed to promote the welfare of the town. Barlow was not a great father of our epic, but his sons have, perhaps, not greatly surpassed him.

The enthusiasm of science, in alliance with the passion of boys for killing birds, is making trouble in Massachusetts. The taxidermists want birds to stuff, and average boys want to slay birds. The law is loose, and any boy can get a license to kill birds in the service of science. The dead birds are oftener eaten than stuffed. The song birds and insectivorous birds are rapidly diminishing. Of course the boys rob the nests of the birds and kill the young in the nests. There is a period in a boy's life when he loves such work. Maine has abolished the system of licensing taxidermists, in consequence of the wholesale slaughter of birds that went on under that system.

There is no doubt that the tobacco habit, or any other bad habit, can be more easily overcome with the aid of prayer than

without it. But there are two objections to a common way of stating the case. The first is that many tobacco users have ceased using it without the aid of prayer. The second objection is that there is danger of teaching that men cannot reform bad habits without *special* divine help. The word we spell c-a-n-t has two meanings, and both are present in the plea of helplessness. It is understood, of course, that God helps men who help themselves; that is the reason why a wicked farmer can raise good crops by being a good agriculturist, though he is a bad sinner.

Congress is struggling with a foreign copyright bill. The bill is a bungling one and really opens the American market to free trade in books. This *may* be desirable, but it is well to keep distinct measures in different baskets. The free book question belongs in the tariff bill. International copyright means putting a foreign author on a level with the home author. We ought to do it without delay, but we need not confer any favors on foreign publishers in a copyright bill. We have international patent-right, but we did not think it necessary when we protected the foreign inventor to put the foreign maker of the inventor's machines under shelter of the "Free List."

John Bright is still the most vigorous handler of a rhetorical club in all England. In the course of the great debate, last month, in the House of Commons, the Tories of high birth were badly represented by two or three orators of their rank. Mr. Bright crushed them fine by saying that "the brothers and sons of dukes use language more virulent, more coarse, more offensive and more ungentlemanly than is heard from a lower rank of speakers." We suspect that the sentence is the reporter's, not Bright's; but the rebuke which he administered made a sensation which reminded Englishmen of the days when he described the political "Cave of Adullam" and its inhabitants.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies recently debated the question of dueling, especially in the universities. A critical member began it by complaining of the idleness, drinking, gaming and dueling of the students. The curiosity which the debate brought to light is the fact that though dueling is forbidden by law, it has powerful friends in the Chamber and the government. Germany has forbidden the barbaric custom; but young Germans grow up in the belief that dueling is manly, and their seniors remember that they had the same disease in the universities. The German people are very sensitive to foreign criticism on this point; and probably the other civilized nations will by and by ridicule German dueling out of existence.

Curiosities of speech are always interesting, and it is a delightful business for grammatical people to scold their neighbors. The New York *Tribune* has had a bout with a few score correspondents on the duties of the neuter verb between subject and predicate; which must it agree with? The *Tribune* says with the real subject; the other folks say there are two subjects, and that the verb must agree with the last. All the malcontents quote "The wages of sin is death." The *Tribune* has three or four answers; its best is that *death* is the true subject; its second best is that wages used to be singular. In "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly*, another class of errors is discussed, such as the dropping of *h* in *which* and *when*, a common thing in and around New York, and the suppression of *r* in many words. The English say *lud*, we say *lawd*. While just touching this interesting topic we call attention to a Meadville eccentricity. It is the rising inflection at the end of questions, such as, "Is he sick?" Can any reader tell us whether this locution (or rather inflection) is a localism only?

There is a lamentably large number of illiterates in the United States. Let us reduce the number as fast as possible. But let us stop assuming that the spelling book will rub the Decalogue into the conscience. Our immediate troubles and dangers come from literates who are as bright as lightning, and almost as destructive. We shall not get moral education by way of the spelling book. The statistical proof that we do is defective. We may count up the illiterate rogues in prison with much satisfaction, if we forget that the literate rogues are too smart to be caught and caged. Moral character does not result from intellectual training. Thirty years ago we had this straight, and taught that an educated bad man was a much more dangerous beast than an uneducated bad man.

A few kind-hearted people have for several years conducted a crusade against horse-shoes. They claim that the horse-shoe is a piece of unprofitable cruelty. They furnish examples and drive their own horses unshod. Among their examples is this: "In Africa, a horse working in a post-cart does, barefoot, over hard ground, twenty-four miles in two hours." One view is that our horse-shoeing bill would pay off the national debt in a few generations. It is rather remarkable that these reformers do not receive more attention. We hope they will soon get the general ear; hence this note.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, makes a suggestion which is likely to arrest attention. The clergy are likely to have a monopoly of classical education, perhaps of liberal education, if present tendencies are not overcome. One of these tendencies is to give candidates for the ministry a monopoly of Greek study in colleges. President Eliot thinks that increased and more thorough study of English may help in resisting the tendency toward purely mechanical education. English study of a thorough sort requires and promotes classical study. We add our thought that real liberal education is a fruit of study *after* the school-boy discipline, and that a classical revival and an English literature revival are both clear possibilities of the Chautauquan organization and methods. The most thorough study, with the best helps, is within the plan of our university.

Salmi Morse was last year at this time struggling to exhibit his "Passion Play" in New York. The religious feeling of the country won a conspicuous victory in defeating the purpose of Mr. Morse. Near the end of last month the dramatist drowned himself in the East river, and an actress whose relations to him were questionable, is trying to gain notoriety by a theory that a rejected suitor of hers murdered Mr. Morse. There are a dozen good morals in the story.

Frederick Douglas having at 70 married a white wife, the public has had to listen to a great many homilies on the general subject of inter-marriage among races. We are not about to add another to the long list of sociological essays. We suggest two things: First, it is best to leave the whole matter to individuals. Therefore, the laws which forbid marriage between whites and blacks should be repealed. Second, the real evil—if there be one—is scarcely touched by the prohibitive laws. As Mr. Douglas puts it: It is permitted to white men to beget children by dark-skinned mothers, provided they do not marry these mothers of their copper-colored children. The nobler of two ignoble white men—the one who marries the black mother of his children—should be left in peace until we can invent some means of punishing the ignoble wretch who does not marry her. The former is a very rare man; the growing lights in the African face show us that the other men are numerous.

Everybody has heard of the "Great Eastern" steamship, an eighth of a mile long and thirty feet under water. The great ship was a failure, and after an unsuccessful pursuit of genteel occupations for many years, she has gone to Gibraltar to be used as a coal hulk. If any sailor ever loved this leviathan, he

will feel "the pity of it" in this unromantic end; and most of us feel a touch of sadness in reading the story.

The honors paid to the dead Arctic explorers in New York, on Washington's birthday, lost none of their significance by the association. The flags were at the peak in honor of the father of his country, in the morning; in the afternoon they dropped to half-mast in memorial mourning for the heroes of the ill-fated "Jeannette." To young eyes seeing both memorial honors, the spectacle must have been inspiring—as showing that the paths to glory are still open to heroic souls. The booming guns, the wistful and reverent throngs, the military tramping along the streets, all had the same cheering lesson. We do not measure men or honor them by success; for utter failure heroically faced we have the funeral pageant and the historic record. We are not at all interested in the North Pole. We soberly think the Arctic exploration business a foolhardy

one. But we forget our indifference, and our sober judgment, when we meet the cold corpses of those who have vainly fought the cruel North—and say, "Well done; like heroes you died; like heroes you shall be buried."

In the graduating list published in the February CHAUTAUQUAN, the name "J. Van Alstyne," from New Jersey, should be Wm. L. Van Alstyne, Jr.; also the name Emily Hancock, which appears under New York, should be under Indiana, and "Mrs. John Romeo," of New York, should read Mrs. John Romer.

A correspondent kindly calls our attention to two errors in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February. We "stand corrected." Whittier's birthday comes on December seventeenth, instead of the sixteenth, as stated on page 302, and there are thirty-eight states in the Union, not thirty-nine.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR APRIL.

PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE.

P. 174.—"Havelock." (1795-1857.) A British soldier who in 1823 was sent to India. He served in the Burmese war, in the Ava campaign, in two invasions of Afghanistan, and in 1856 in a war with Persia. On his return to Bombay he was sent to Calcutta to aid the British in the Sepoy rebellion. After raising the siege of Cawnpore, he started toward Lucknow, where the garrison was closely beset. Havelock was two months in fighting his way to the city, and when there, the relievers and garrison had to stand a siege until the arrival of Campbell with forces. Havelock, however, lived only a few days after succor came, being worn out by sickness and hardships. The arrival of Campbell has been celebrated in a touching and popular poem—"The Relief of Lucknow."

P. 177.—"Ardennes." See "Notes" on page 185 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December.

P. 180.—"Hector." The chief hero of the Trojans in the war with the Greeks, the eldest son of Priam, king of Troy. Having slain Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, the latter was aroused to revenge, and came out to fight. Hector remained bravely without the walls until he saw his enemy, when he took to flight, but he was finally pierced with Achilles' spear, and his body dragged into the camp of the Greeks. Hector was the stay of the Trojans. He is represented by Homer as a man of all virtues, and is claimed to be the noblest conception of the "Iliad."

P. 184.—"Boll of grain." The Scotch formerly used a measure called the boll, or *bole*. Its capacity varied with the article measured. A boll of wheat or beans held four bushels; of oats or potatoes, six bushels.

"Cevennes," *sà-ven'*. A mountain range of France, separating the valleys of the Garonne and the Loire from those of the Saone and the Rhone.

P. 187.—"Santa Scala," or the holy staircase, called also Pilate's staircase, is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps in a little chapel of Rome. They are said to be the steps which Christ passed up and down in going before Pilate, and that, like the Holy House at Loreto, they were transported by angels to their present position. Multitudes of pilgrims crawl up this staircase, kissing each step as they go. It is related of Luther that wishing to obtain the indulgence promised by the pope for this devout act, he was slowly ascending the steps when he suddenly heard a voice exclaiming, "The just shall live by faith alone." He was so terrified by his superstitious folly that he at once fled from the place.

P. 190.—"Aulus," *au'lus hir'ti-us*.

P. 194.—"Protagonist," *pro-täg'o-nist*. The first or leading actor in a drama.

P. 196.—"Obsolescence," *ób-so-lés'cence*. The going out of style, becoming old, obsolete.

P. 202.—"Lucius Catilina," *la'ci-ús cat'i-li'na*.

P. 205.—"Spurius Maelius," *spu'ri-us mæ'li-us*. A rich plebeian who in the famine at Rome in B. C. 440 bought up corn to distribute to the poor. His liberality won him the favor of the plebeians, but the hatred of the patricians. In the following year he was accused of a conspiracy against the government. Having refused to appear before the tribunal when summoned, Ahala, the master of the horse, rushed out with an armed band and slew him.

"Opimius." A patrician, the leader of his party in the proceedings against Caius Gracchus in 120 B. C. Through his violence some three hundred people were slain after the death of Gracchus.

"Saturnius." A demagogue who in B. C. 102 was elected tribune of the plebs. He allied himself with Marius and his party and won much favor by his popular measures. He was twice reflected, but the third time it was feared that his colleague, Glaucia, who had held office during each of his tribunates, would be defeated. The friends hired the rival candidate murdered. This act caused a reaction against Saturnius, and the senate ordered that he and his associates should be slain. Marius endeavored to save his friend, but the mob pulled the tiles from the senate house, where the parties were concealed, and pelted them to death.

P. 220.—"Minucian Colonnade." A portico built about 100 B. C. by the consul Minucius, in memory of the triumph which he received after waging a successful war against the Thracians.

"Pan." In Grecian mythology, a god who watched over flocks and herds; was the patron of hunters, bee-keepers and fishermen, and the inventor of a shepherd's flute. He is represented with horns, goat's beard, feet and tail, and often as playing on the flute. The Romans worshiped him under the name of Faunus.

P. 221.—"Lupercalia," *lu'per-ca'li-a*. Lupercus was a name applied to Pan, and a feast given in honor of the god by the Romans was called *Lupercalia*.

"Tarquinius," *tar-quin'i-us*. Surnamed *Superbus*, was the last of the Roman kings. Though he was cruel and tyrannical, he is said to have greatly increased the power of the city. Brutus, his nephew, was aroused against the royal family because of an outrage committed upon his wife by Tarquin's son. He stirred up popular feeling against the king, and succeeded in driving him from Rome. Consular government was then substituted for the monarchy.

"Spurius Cassius," *spu'ri-us cas'si-us*. A famous Roman of the fifth century. He was three times consul. In his last consulship he passed a law which provided that the patricians should receive only a portion of the public lands, and that the rest should be divided among the plebeians. The next year he was accused of aiming at regal power and was put to death.

"Manlius." Consul in 392 B. C. In 395 he defended the plebeians against the higher classes, but was accused of aiming at kingly

power, and was thrown into prison. The plebs showed such indignation at this that Manlius was liberated. He only became bolder in his support of the people, and in the following year was accused of treason, condemned, and thrown from the Tarpeian rock.

P. 228.—"Dante," *dán'te*. (1265-1321.)

"Inferno," *in-fer'no*; "Purgatorio," *pur-gā-to're-o*; "Divina Commedia," *dee-veé'nā com-me'dee ā*.

P. 230.—"Mincius," *min'ci-us*. A river of northern Italy emptying into the Po, a little below Mantua, which is situated on an island in the middle of a lagoon formed by the river.

P. 232.—"Bucolic," *bu-cól'ic*; "Eclogues," *ék'logs*.

"Dactylic hexameter," *dac tyl'ic hex-ām'e-ter*. A verse of poetry consisting of six feet, parts, or measures (hexameter means of six measures), the first four of which may be dactyls, that is feet of three syllables, one long and two short; or spondee, feet of two syllables, one long and one short: the fifth must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee.

"Theocritus," *the-ók'ri-tus*. Was born in Syracuse about 250 B. C. He is known as the creator of pastoral poetry. About thirty poems by him are still extant, and several epigrams.

P. 234.—"Sibyl," *sib'yl*. A name given by the Greeks and Romans to several women who were supposed to have been able to foretell, to avert trouble, and to appease the gods. Some writers mention four Sibyls, others ten. The most famous of all was this Cumæan Sibyl, and to her the Romans traced the origin of the "oracles." It is fabled that she offered to sell to one of the Tarquins nine books, but the king refused. Going away she burnt three, and then offered the six at the same price. Being refused again she destroyed a second three, and at her first price the king finally took those remaining. These were carefully preserved, but burnt in B. C. 83. A new compilation was made by consulting the various oracles of the world. The "Sibylline oracles" mentioned here are in eight books, and were collected after the second century; they consist of a mixture of heathen, Christian and Jewish poems.

P. 235.—"Lucina," *lu-ci'na*. The goddess who was supposed to preside over the birth of children.

"Tiphys," *ti'phys*. The pilot of the "Argo." He died before the ship reached Colchis. For the story of the "Argo" see Grecian history.

P. 236.—"Fates," or *Parcæ*, were mythological beings who cared for human life.

"Linus." The personification of the dirge.

"Calliope." The muse of epic poetry. She usually appears with a stylus and a wax tablet.

P. 237.—"Hesiod," *he'si-od*. Greek epic poet; 800 B. C.

"Iambic pentameter." A verse of five feet (pentameter), or ten syllables. Each foot is an iambus; that is, is composed of one short and one long syllable.

"Alexandrine," *āl'ex-ān'drine*. A verse composed of twelve syllables, named from a French poem on Alexander.

P. 238.—"Ceres." The Demeter of the Romans, the goddess who presided over grain and the harvest.

"Fauns." The rural divinities of the Romans. They were supposed to have introduced the worship of the gods and agriculture. They are represented as possessed of horns, and having the figure of a goat below the waist.

"Coursers' birth." The reference is to the creation of the horse by Neptune. It is said that Neptune and Minerva (Athena) contested for the honor of naming Attica. The gods decided that it should be the one who should give the most useful gift to man. Neptune struck the ground with his trident and the horse appeared. Athena created the olive tree; the latter received the honor.

"Pallas." A name frequently given to Athena.

"Cypress." The cypress was sacred to Pluto, the god of the lower world.

P. 239.—"Thule." The land which in the time of Alexander the Great was believed to be the northernmost part of Europe.

"Fasces," *fās'sez*. An emblem of authority among the Romans. It was an ax tied up in a bundle of rods.

"Balance." The constellation Libra, or the Scales. It lies in the Zodiac between the Virgin and the Scorpion.

"Elysium," *e-liz'li-um*. A dwelling place for the good after death.

"Proserpine," *pro-sér'pine*. The daughter of Ceres, who was carried off by Pluto, to Hades. Her mother, discovering that Jupiter had given consent to the abduction, withdrew from Olympus, and did not allow the earth to bring forth fruit. Jupiter tried to dissuade her, but failing, sent for Proserpine. She returned, but as she had eaten in the lower world could not remain all the time on earth, but was obliged to spend one-third of the year with Pluto.

P. 254.—"Æolus," *æ'o-lus*. The god of the winds.

"Sarpedon," *sar-pe'don*. A son of Jupiter and a prince of Lycia. He was an ally of the Trojans in the Trojan war, but was slain by Patroclus, the friend of Achilles.

"Simois." One of the prominent rivers in the country of Troy.

P. 255.—"Orontes," *o-ron'tes*. A Lycian leader and ally of the Trojans; "Aletes," *a-le'tes*; "Abas," *a'bas*; "Achates," *a-cha'tes*.

P. 258.—"Harpalyce," *har-pal'y-ce*. A Thracian princess whose mother died in her infancy. She was trained to outdoor exercise and sports, and on the death of her father she turned robber. She lived in the woods and was so fleet that not even horses could overtake her.

P. 262.—"Amaracus," *a-mar'a-cus*. The sweet marjoram or feverfew.

P. 263.—"Acidalian." Venus was sometimes called *Acidalia*, from a well, Acidalius, in Greece, where she used to bathe with the Graces.

P. 264.—"Demodocus." In Ulysses' wanderings, after the fall of Troy, he was thrown on the island of Scheria, where the king of the people, the Phæacians, honored him with feasts, at which Demodocus, a minstrel, sang of the fall of Troy.

P. 266.—"Danaan," *dan'a an*. Danaus, the name from which this word is derived, was a former king of Argos.

P. 270.—"Thessander," *thes-san'der*.

"Sthenelus," *sthen'e-lus*. The friend of Diomedes, under whom he commanded the Argives in the Trojan war.

"Acamas," *a'ca-mas*. A son of Theseus.

"Pelides," *pe-li'des*. A name given to Achilles, whose father's name was Peleus. The "youthful heir" here spoken of was Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

"Machaon," *ma-cha'on*. The surgeon of the Greeks in the Trojan war. He was the son of Æsculapius, the god of the medical art. Machaon was a warrior as well as a doctor, and with his brother led thirty ships to Troy.

"Menelaus," *men-e-la'us*. The king of Lacedæmon, and husband of Helen.

"Epeus," *e-pe'us*.

P. 288.—"Dis." A contraction of Dives, a name given sometimes to Pluto, and hence to the lower world.

P. 289.—"Phlegethon," *phleg'e-thon*. A river of liquid fire flowing through Hades.

"Orcus." Another name for Hades, or for Pluto.

"Tartarus," *tar'ta-rus*. Like Orcus and Dis, Tartarus is sometimes used synonymously with Hades.

"Acheron," *a'cher-on*. The name of a river of the lower world, flowing, according to Virgil, into the Co-cy'tus.

P. 290.—"Charon," *cha'ron*.

"Treen." An obsolete plural of tree.

P. 291.—"Palinurus," *pa-li-nu'rus*. He had been the pilot of Æneas's ship, but fell into the sea and was murdered on the coast of Lucania, by the natives.

"Cerberus," *cer'be-rus*. The dog that guarded the entrance to Hades.

P. 293.—"Marpesian," *mar-pe'si-an*. Derived from Marpessa, a mountain in Paros, from which the Parian marble was taken.

P. 294.—"Hecate," *he'ca-te*. An ancient divinity, the only Titan which Jupiter allowed to retain power. She was thought to rule in heaven, earth and hell; this three-fold power led to her being sometimes represented with three heads.

"Gnosian," *gno'si-an*. From Gnosus, or Cnosus, an ancient city of Crete. The adjective is used here as equivalent to Cretan.

"Rhadamanthus," *rha-da-man'thus*. The brother of King Minos, of Crete. His justice through life led to his being made a judge in the lower world.

"Tisiphone," *ti-siph'o-ne*. One of the Fates.

P. 295.—“Hydra,” hy’dra. A monster which formerly lived in a marsh in the Peloponnesus. It had many heads, one of which being cut off was immediately succeeded by two new ones. It was slain by Hercules.

“Aloeus,” a-lo’e-us. The son of Neptune; the sons here referred to were of enormous size and strength. When but nine years of age they threatened the Olympian gods with war. Apollo destroyed them before they reached manhood. “Salmoneus,” sal-mo’ne-us.

“Levin,” lév’in. An obsolete word for lightning.

P. 296.—“Lapith.” A race living in Thessaly.

“Pirithous,” pi-rith’o-us. The King of the Lapithæ. He descended to the nether world in order to carry off Persephone, but was seized by Pluto and fastened to a rock with Theseus, who had accompanied him. Theseus was afterward released by Hercules, but Pirithous remained.

“Ixion,” ix-i’o-n. The father of the above. Having committed a murder on earth for which he was never purified, Jupiter took pity on him, purified him, and took him to heaven, where he tried to win the love of Juno. For his ingratitude he was sent to Hades, and fastened to a perpetually rolling wheel.

P. 297.—“Teucer,” teu’cer. The first king of Troy.

“Ilus.” The grandfather of Priam, and the founder of Ilium or Troy.

“Assaracus,” as-sar’a-cus. The great-grandfather of Æneas.

“Dardany,” or Dardania, was a region adjacent to Ilium, lying along the Hellespont. It was named from Dardanus, the son-in-law of Teucer.

P. 298.—“Eridanus,” e-rid’a-nus. A river god.

“Musæus,” mu-sæ’us. A mythological character, the author of various poetical compositions and of certain famous oracles.

P. 300.—“Procas.” One of the fabulous kings of Alba Longa.

“Numitor,” nu’mi-tor. The grandfather of Romulus and Remus.

“Capys.” “Silvius.” Mythical kings of Alba Longa.

“Gabii,” ga’bi-i. In early times a powerful Latin city near Rome.

“Nomentum,” no-men’-tum. A Latin town, about fourteen miles from Rome.

“Collatia,” col-la’ti-a. A Sabine town. “Cora.” An ancient town in Latium. “Bola.” A town of the Æqui. “Inuus.” Usually written Inui Castrum. A town on the coast of Latium.

P. 301.—“Ind.” The country of the Indus.

“Garamant,” gar’a-mant. The most southernly of the known people of Africa.

“Alcides,” al-ci’des. A name given to Hercules.

“Erymanthus,” e-ry-man’tus. A lofty mountain of Arcadia, the haunt of the boar which Hercules killed.

“Lerna.” A marsh and river not far from Argos, where Hercules killed the Hydra.

P. 302.—“Decii,” de’ci-i. “Drusus,” dru’sus. “Torquatus,” tor-qu’a’tus. Famous Roman leaders in the early days of the Republic.

“Æacides,” æ-ac’i-des. A name given to the descendants of Æacus, among whom were Peleus, Achilles and Pyrrhus.

P. 303.—“Feretrian,” fer-re’tri-an. A name given sometimes to Jove. It is probably derived from the verb to strike, as persons taking an oath called on Jove to strike them if they swore falsely.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

FRENCH HISTORY.

P. 377, c. 1.—“Voltaire,” vol-têr’. (1694-1778.) French author. “Rousseau,” Jean Jacques, roo’sô’. (1712-1778.) French philosopher and writer.

“Montesquieu,” môn-tês-ku’. (1689-1755.) French jurist and philosopher.

“D’Alembert,” dâ-lôn-bêr’. (1717-1783.) French mathematician.

P. 377, c. 2.—“Maria Theresa,” ma-ri’a te-rec’sâ. (1717-1780.) Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia.

“Turgot,” tür’go’. (1727-1781.) At the time of his appointment to the control of finance, Turgot had won a fine reputation by his papers on political economy, tolerance in governing, and like subjects. He at once undertook to carry out his views, abolishing all taxes save those on land, doing away with compulsory labor for the state, the privileges of trading corporations and the like; this made him very unpopular among the favored classes, and Louis was forced to dismiss him.

“Necker,” nek’er. (1732-1804.) Necker’s policy was to restore order and confidence. He restrained the prodigality of the court, cut down the expenses of the government, regulated taxes, and laid the foundation of the Bank of France. After his final withdrawal from France, Necker lived in Geneva, where he wrote several essays. It is said that on the accession of Bonaparte to power he attempted to obtain the position of minister of finance, but was rejected.

“Ushant,” ush’ant. The largest of the Ouessant Isles, off the coast of the department of Finisterre in France.

“D’Estaings,” dês-tân’. (1729-1794.) He was brought up to military service, was twice taken prisoner by the English but released, and in 1763 was appointed lieutenant-general of the navy. D’Estaings was sent to the United States in 1778, where he planned attacks on New York and Newport, but was unsuccessful in both. After the campaign in the West Indies he cooperated with the Americans in an attack upon Savannah, but was wounded.

“Granada,” “St. Lucia,” “St. Vincent.” Three islands of the Windward group of the West Indies.

“Langara,” lâ-gâ-râ. (1730-1800.)

“De Guichen,” deh-ge’shon’. (1712-1790.) A French naval officer, made lieutenant-general in 1779. The next year after the victory here given he was defeated by the English.

“De Grasse,” deh grâs. (1723-1788.) Count de Grasse served in the American war, and in 1781 aided Washington and Lafayette in the capture of Cornwallis.

“Hood,” (1724-1816.) He entered the navy at sixteen. In 1780 he was made second in command in the West Indies. The year after his defeat he defeated De Grasse and was made a baron. In 1793 he commanded the English in the Mediterranean against the French, and in 1796 was made a viscount.

“Tobago,” to-bâ’go. An island of the Windward group of the West Indies.

P. 378, c. 1.—“Ville de Paris.” The city of Paris.

“Crillon,” kre’yon’. (1718-1796.) A lieutenant-general in the Seven Years’ War, and afterward captain-general of Spain.

“Senegal,” sen’e-gawl’. A river of western Africa.

“Calonne,” kâ’lon’. (1734-1802.) Calonne had been a law student and a courtier, when appointed to succeed Necker. After his dismissal he went to London, where he wrote many able political and financial tracts.

“Brienne,” bre’ên’. (1727-1794.) Brienne was an archbishop and a member of the academy when he succeeded Calonne.

P. 378, c. 2.—“En Masse.” In a body.

“Desmoulins,” da’moo-lân’. (1762-1794.) A schoolmate of Robespierre, and a partisan of the Revolution. He was called the “Attorney-General of the lamp post,” for his share in street mobs.

“Launay,” lo’na. He was massacred immediately after the capture of the place.

“Condé,” kôn’da’ (1736-1818); “Polignac,” po-len’yâk’; “Noailles,” no’al; “Seignioral,” seen’yur-al. Lordly, kingly; belonging to a seignior.

P. 379, c. 1.—“Sièyes,” se-yâs’. (1748-1836.) At the beginning of the Revolution Sièyes wrote a pamphlet which placed him at the head of the publicists. He was a member of the Assembly, of the Convention, and in 1799 of the Directory. When the new régime began he was one of the three consuls, but soon after lost his influence, which he never regained.

“Robespierre,” ro’bes-peer. (1758-1794.) He was educated for the law, and practicing, when in 1789 he was sent to the States-General. His radical democratic views gained him a prominent place. He after-

ward was a member of the Assembly, and in 1792 was elected to the Convention. He became the leader of one party there, and was instrumental in bringing on the Reign of Terror, of which he was the acknowledged head. His cruelty at last turned the people against him, and he was guillotined in 1794.

"Mirabeau," mir'a-bô. (1749-1791.) He was descended from a family of high rank, but was passionate and uncontrolled. Until 1788 his life was spent in all sorts of employments and intrigues. At that time he made up his mind to enter French politics, and succeeded in getting himself elected to the States-General of 1789. In 1791 he was elected president of the National Assembly, but died soon after, a victim to excess.

"Eil-de-Bœuf," eel-deh-bûf.

P. 379, c. 2.—"Chalons," shâ'lon'; "Menehould," mâ'nâ'hô.

"Bouille," boo'yâ. (1739-1800.)

"Varennes," vâ'ren'.

"Rochambeau," ro'shôn'bô. (1725-1807.) A French marshal. In early life he fought in several minor campaigns. In 1780 he was sent to the United States with 6,000 men, and the next year fought at Yorktown.

"Dumouriez," dû'moo're-a. (1739-1823.) After the battle of Jemappes, the convention being jealous of Dumouriez's loyalty to the Bourbons, summoned him to their bar. He refused to go, and was obliged to spend the rest of his life in exile.

"Verdun," vér'dun; "Longwy," long've'.

"Custine," kûs'ten'. (1740-1793.)

"Jemappes," zem-map.

P. 380, c. 1.—"Fédérés," fa'da'ra'; "Abbaye," â-bâ'; "Conciergerie," kon'ser'ja're'; "Carmes," kârm; "Bicêtre," be'câtr'.

The names of famous French prisoners.

"Lamballe," lôn'bâl'. (1749-1792.)

"Sombreuil," sôn'brul'. The sister of an officer prominent in support of the Royalists.

"Cazotte," kâ'zot'. Jacques Cazotte, her father, was a French poet.

P. 380, c. 2.—"Egalite," a-gâ'le-tâ.

"Vergniaud," ver'yne-ô'. (1759-1793.)

P. 381, c. 1.—"Marat," mâ'râ. (1744-1793.) Before the Revolution Marat had practiced medicine. In 1789 he gained great popularity among the Revolutionists by his journal, *The Friend of the People*. After his election in 1792 to the Convention and the formation of the triumvirate with Danton and Robespierre, he wielded great power by his decisive opinions.

"Danton," dânton'. (1759-1794.) He was a lawyer by profession. At the beginning of the Revolution he became a popular leader and orator. When the supreme power fell into the hands of the triumvirate Danton was elected minister of justice, thus having chief control of the city. Afterward he was elected to the Convention, where he became a prominent leader, but excited the jealousy of Robespierre. The latter triumphed in the contest for the first rank, and Danton was guillotined. Lamartine says of him: "Nothing was wanting to make Danton a great man, except virtue."

P. 381, c. 2.—"Corday," kor'da'. (1768-1793.)

P. 382, c. 1.—"Aboukir," â-boo-keer'.

"Tuileries," tü-ceil-rê. A royal palace of Paris.

"D'Enghien," dôn'gân'. (1772-1804.) "Eylau," i'lou; "Friedland," fred'land.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

P. 384, c. 1.—"Misfeasance," mis-fe'zans. A wrong act.

P. 384, c. 2.—"In transitu." On the passage.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 384, c. 2.—"Cimabue," che-mâ-boo'a. (1240?-1302?) Called "the father of modern painting."

P. 385, c. 1.—"Navicella," nâv-i-cel'la. The name of the mosaic, meaning the little ship.

"Assisi," as-see'see. A picturesque town of central Italy, chiefly noted as the birthplace of St. Francis, who founded the Franciscan order of monks.

"Podesta," po-des-tâ'. In 1207 the chief executive power of Flor-

ence was put into the hands of a single officer called the *podesta*; hence the reference is to the chief magistrate's palace.

"Chiaro-scuro," chi-â'ro-ôs-cu'ro. The effective distribution of lights and shades in a picture.

"Guido di Pietro," gwée'do de pe-a'trô.

"Fiesole," fyes'o-lâ. A town of Italy, near Florence.

"Vicchio," vek'kee-o; "Mugello," mu-gel'lo.

P. 385, c. 2.—"Orvieto," or-ve-a'to. A town of central Italy, not far from Perugia.

"Luca Signorelli," lu'ca sen-yo-rel'lee. (1439-1521.) An Italian painter, a nephew of Vasari. His frescoes are his most noteworthy pieces.

"Scudi," skoo'dee. The plural of scudo, an Italian coin used in Italy and Sicily, and worth about 96 cents.

"Santa Maria delle Grazie," sânt'â mâ-ree'a-del'la grât'se-a.

"Marco d'Oggione," mar'co dôd-go'na. (1470-1530.) A pupil of Leonardo. He made two copies of "The Last Supper"—his most important works.

P. 386, c. 1.—"Cloux," clou; "Amboise," almost ônb'wiz'. A town on the Loire, in western central France.

"Vasari," vâ-sâ'ree. (1512-1574.) A pupil of Michaelangelo, and a successful painter. His fame rests on his "Lives of the most excellent Painters, Architects and Sculptors," one of the most valuable books ever written on the subject.

"Trattato," etc. Treatise on painting.

"Castel Caprese," kâs-tel/kâ-pres'a; "Arezzo," â-ret'so.

"Ghirlandaio," gêr-lân-dâ'yo. (1451-1495.) A painter famous for his invention. His chief works, "The Massacre of the Infants" and "The Death of St. Francis" are still preserved in the Sistine chapel.

"Fuseli," fu'seh-le. (1742-1825.) A celebrated historical painter.

"Monochrome," môn'o-chrôme. A painting with a single color.

P. 386, c. 2.—"Sandro Botticelli," bot-te-chel'lee. (1440-1515.) An eminent Italian painter. His frescoes in the chapel of the Vatican are his most powerful works.

"Cosimo Rosselli," ro-sel'lee. (1439-1506.)

"Perugino," pâ-roo-jee'nô. (1446-1524.) The master of Raphael. He received his name, "The Perugian," from the work which he did at Perugia, where there still exist some of his best frescoes.

"Raffaello Sanzio," râ-fâ-ê'lô sânzio-o; "Pinturicchio," pen-too-rek'ke-o. (1454-1513.)

P. 387, c. 1.—"Francia," frân'châ. (1450-1533?) A celebrated Italian painter.

"Fra Bartholommeo," bar'to-lo-mâ'o.

For help in pronouncing the Italian names which are so numerous in this paper, we give a set of simple rules for Italian vowels and consonants.

A like *a* in father.

E like *e* in met, more prolonged and open at the close of a syllable.

I like *ee* in feet.

O. Pronounce *roll* and stop on the middle of the word, and it is precisely the Italian *o*.

U like *oo* in root.

C or *g* followed by *a*, *o* or *u*, as in English, but followed by *e* or *i*, *c* has the sound of *ch* as in cherry, and *g* is like *g* in gem.

Gn is like *ni* in poinard.

Gl as in English, except before *i*, when it has the sound of *ll* in brilliant.

S at the beginning of a word has the hissing sound, as between two vowels, or followed by *b*, *d*, *r* or *v*, is pronounced like *z*.

Sc, followed by *e* or *i*, like *sh*.

Z like *ds* in words which have *z* in the English word; like *ts* when preceded by *t* or *r*, or followed by two vowels, and in nouns ending in *zzo*.

Single consonants are generally soft; double consonants are pronounced in one sound, but stronger and more marked than when single.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 393, c. 2.—"En bloc." In a lump.

"Genre." A style; a peculiar kind or species.

"Du Maurier," dû mo're-a. An English caricaturist who for over twenty years has been connected with *Punch*.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Most indefinite ideas exist among even very well informed people concerning the Soudan and its tribes. What is the Soudan? Who people it? What does England want of it? Such questions are worrying many heads, and there has been a general search for information. A very timely book to those interested, is "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan."* The author, so late as December, 1881, started on a trip of exploration and sport through the Basé country—a small part, it is true, of the Soudan, but the people, customs and country serve as reliable examples. The experiences of this company of sportsmen with the people, their adventures and dangers, furnish us with much useful information about a people in whom we are all just now interested. The book is furnished with excellent maps.

The erudition embraced in Dr. Winchell's digest† of Cosmical Science exhausts the contributions of the French, German and English languages, and is simply enormous. As the author *con amore* has made this subject the study of an average lifetime, his personal contributions of original thought constitute a large part of the book. It is written in a calm, judicial spirit and incisive style, and increases in strength and interest to the close. The universe of matter is the field of observation, and starting with the principles which are worked out before our eyes on this planet, the mechanism of the solar system is subjected to analysis in regard to the order of its structure and final destiny. He then passes into the stellar universe, and finds evidence that the same kinds of substances are there, subject to the same laws, and tending to the same results. The speculative reasoning of the volume of course covers much space, but the trustworthy information obtained is all that could be expected; in fact, all that is known to science. We know of no other book which gives to the mind so clear a view of the incomparable vastness of the universe, and the *rationale* of its existing as does this. The conclusion reached is, that the surface of our moon is made up mostly of the craters, cinders, and lava-beds of spent volcanoes. All the other planets, the sun included, are tending in the same direction and destiny. In the stellar world other systems of sun and planets have reached this goal of desolation; others are on the way, and new systems, originating in nebule, are taking on form and order. When a cycle is once completed by a system its career is ended forever and ever. On the whole, this is one of the most instructive and fascinating volumes we have read for a long time.

"Oregon"‡ is one of a series of volumes entitled "American Commonwealths," edited by H. E. Scudder. The monograph was furnished by W. Barrows, D.D., and is both well written and carefully edited. The subject the narrative and the sources from which the materials were drawn may have somewhat affected the style of the writing, which is exuberant and picturesque. Suppository details are suggested with a freedom that shows a desire to make the account impressive without lessening its historical value. The most valuable part is given to the question of national right, and the long struggle of England and America for possession. Americans who found fault with the Ashburton-Webster treaty as conceding too much, while Oregon was left out, should read this book.

"Arius The Libyan"|| is a historical romance, and one of the very best of the class. It deals vigorously with early ecclesiastical matters, and draws, with consummate skill, some well known prominent characters of the third and fourth centuries. Its literary merits are of a high order, and whether we do or do not accept the doctrines as true, and the estimates of the characters introduced as just, all will confess the story is well planned, and told with great power. Constantine is sketched as a very able, far-seeing, but intensely selfish and unscrupulous politician, a man evilly ambitious, and the lust of power his ruling passion. He and the bishops he influenced completely secularized the Church, left the common primitive Christianity, and established a politico-ecclesiastical

institution intended to conserve the interests of the empire. The book is thoroughly self-consistent, and all the characters, good and bad, are well sustained.

There are few women in the country who do not know something of Mary A. Livermore, who directly or indirectly have not been influenced by her earnest pleas for strong, self-reliant, womanly living among women. When she began her lectures several years ago, she was ahead of her time, but public sentiment has made rapid strides, and is fast gaining pace with her. The need of physical culture, of higher education, of practical training for women is acknowledged on every side, and has never been more clearly shown than by Mrs. Livermore in her lectures. The hope that these lectures might have a wider influence by publication has led to their being put into book form, under the title of "What Shall we Do With our Daughters?"**

"Mexico and the Mexicans"† is a very readable book; not specially fascinating in style, but of substantial value. It is modest in pretensions, as real worth usually is. Promising only a narrative of personal observations and experiences, the writer has managed to collect from reliable sources much information concerning the country, its people and institutions, that will be of interest to American freemen and philanthropists. We like it as a clever, matter-of-fact book, whose author, fitted for the work assumed, does not attempt fine writing, or the role of delineator. Not much attention is given to the religious phase of society. In a single paragraph of ten lines, respectful mention is made of the fact that the American Board has a station at Monterey, and that the Baptists have some zealous missionaries in the same region. In the capital, Roman Catholic institutions alone seemed worthy of notice. A longer stay and closer observation would have discovered Protestantism established there also.

"Great Events of History"‡ is a well written, readable book from the pen of W. F. Collier, LL.D. It presents important facts succinctly, yet with sufficient fullness, and so clearly that the memory can easily retain them. It presents the great events from the commencement of the Christian era to the present century in *eight periods*, without confusion, and so clearly as to give assured possession of the facts, while much is done to lessen the labor of the learner, and sweeten the toil that to many is irksome. The geographical appendix will prove very useful, as the kindred studies of history and geography are pursued with best advantage when taken in connection.

* "What Shall we Do with our Daughters? Superfluous Women, and other lectures. By Mary A. Livermore. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

† Mexico and the Mexicans; or Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1883. By Howard Conkling. With illustrations. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrell & Co. 1883.

‡ Great Events of History. By W. W. Collier, LL.D. New York: Nelson & Sons.



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* The Wild Tribes of the Soudan. An account of Travel and Sport, chiefly in the Basé country. By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† World-Life, or Comparative Geology. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., of the University of Michigan. S. C. Gregg & Co., Chicago. 1883.

‡ Oregon, the Struggle for Possession. By William Barrows. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

|| Arius, The Libyan. An Idyl of the Primitive Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.